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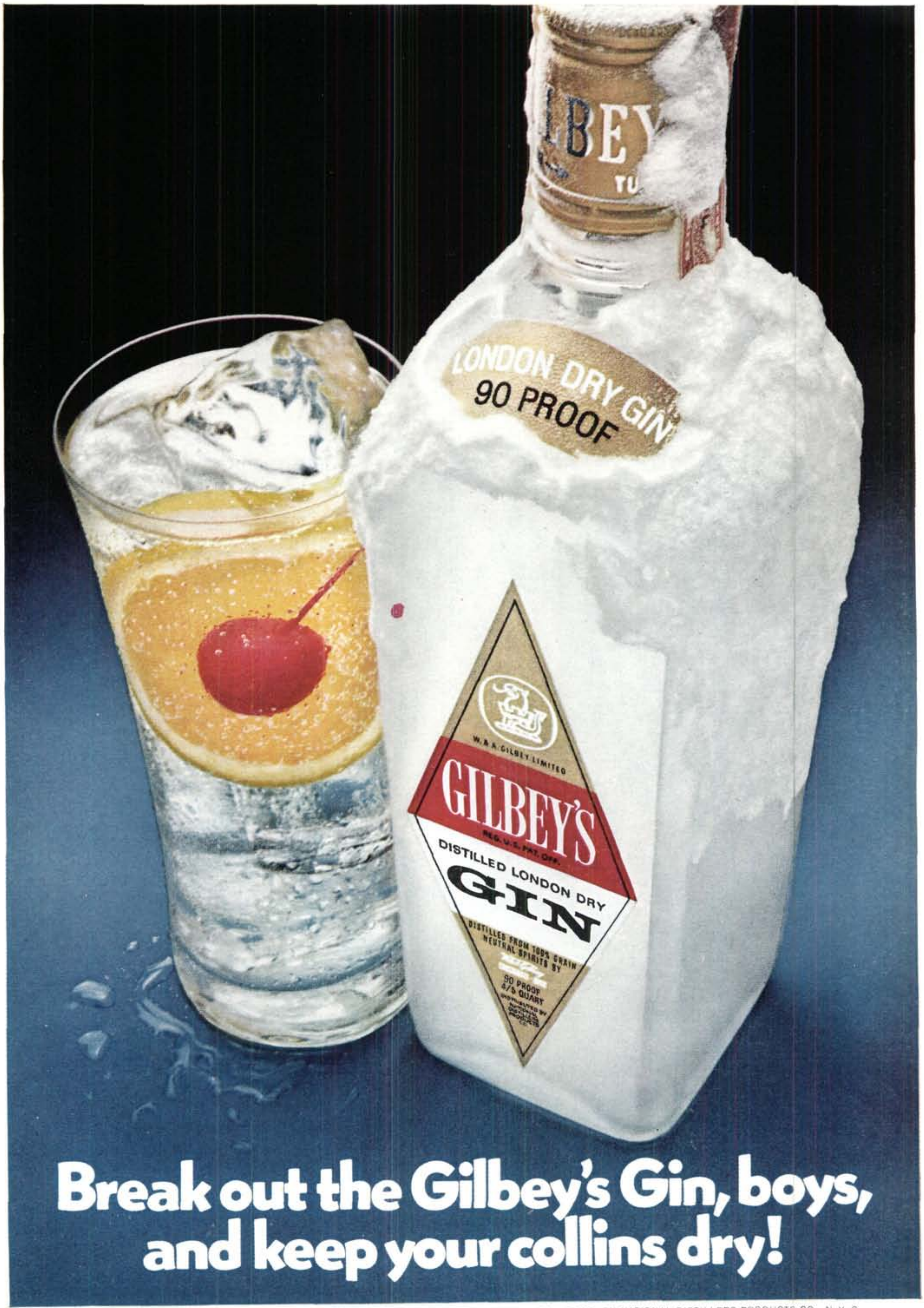
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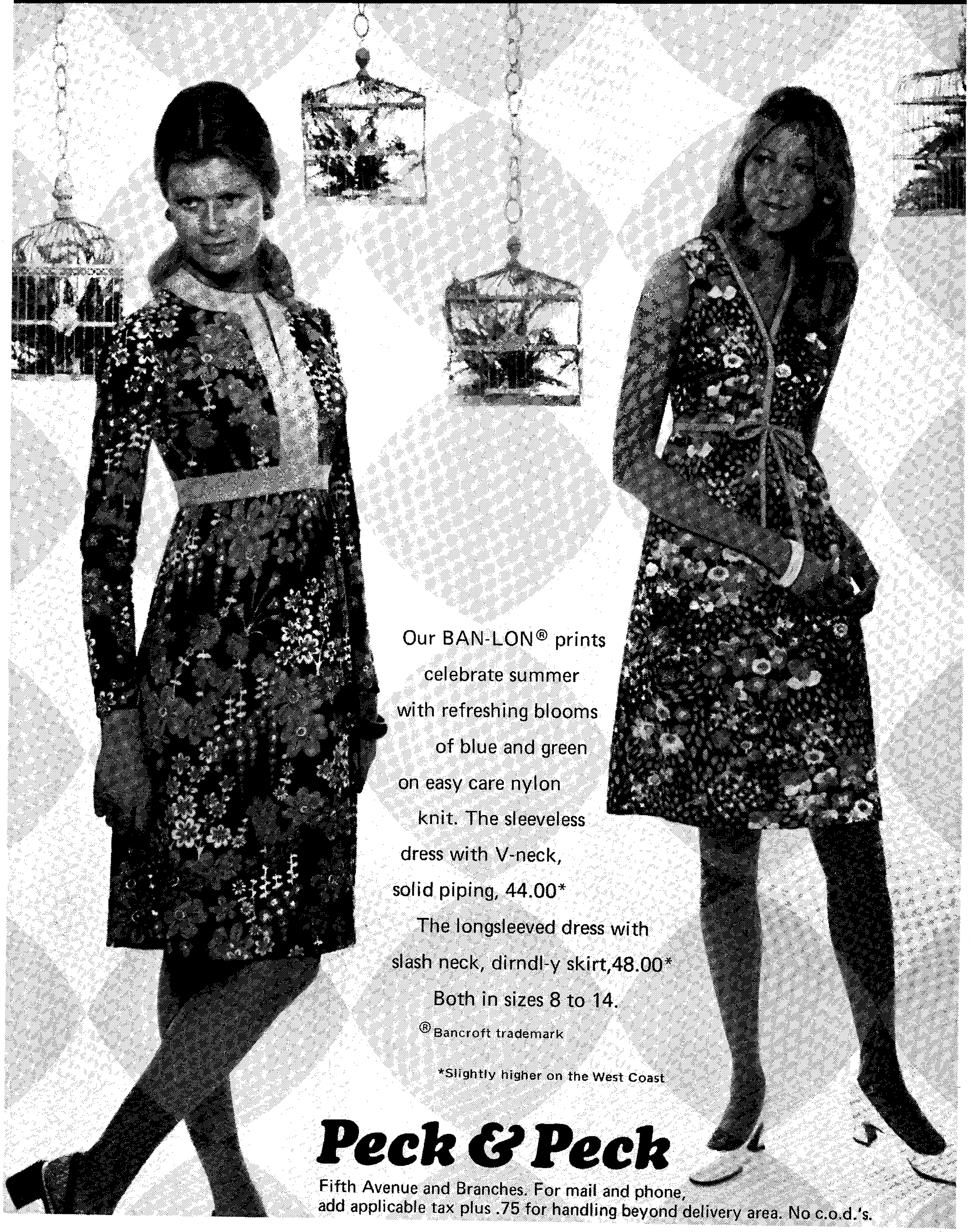**In the cool of blue and green**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A bitter, funny, and affecting musical by Melvin Van Peebles. The cast is all black and superb. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is very mad. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Country Girl—A revival of the Odets play of 1950, which wasn't very good even then. Maureen Stapleton, Jason Robards, and George Grizzard are all fine in the three big roles. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

Different Times—A musical written and directed by Michael Brown. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the enchanting Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the Porter-Fields-DeSylva DU BARRY WAS A LADY. Opens Thursday, May 4, and will run through Sunday, May 21. (Master, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

An Evening with Richard Nixon and . . .—Gore Vidal's unofficial and very funny impeachment proceedings against President Nixon. George S. Irving's takeoff of Nixon is scary and hilarious. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden are superlative in this revival, which, for a wonder, is superior to the original. Ably directed by Burt Shevelove. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Glickl Hameln Demands Justice—A four-week engagement of Max Bauman's play, presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. (Kaminska Art Theatre, 123 E. 55th St. 751-8224. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

God Bless Coney—A musical by John Glines, with Bill Hinnant. Opens Wednesday, May 3. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kaddish—A gloomy, non-dramatic adaptation of Allen Ginsberg's poem. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lost in the Stars—A musical by Kurt Weill and Maxwell Anderson about black and white relations in South Africa, very well sung and acted by Brock Peters and a large company. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Metamorphosis—A play adapted by Charles Dizenzo from two short stories by Franz Kafka. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

Night Watch—Not a good thriller, but an amiable evening in the theatre. Joan Hackett and Edward Winter are the stars. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Persia, a desert cheapie—An outlandish, intrusive, and thoroughly tiresome put-on by the

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"ESCAPE FROM CIVILIZATION" . . . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 34

"THE BOTTLE" (POEM) . . . . . . *Al Levine* 36

"RUNNING NICELY" . . . . . . *Morris Lurie* 38

"THE SPRING FESTIVAL ON THE RIVER" (POEM) . . . . . . *John Peck* 40

PROFILES (DICK CAVETT) . . . . . . *L. E. Sissman and Charles Saxon* 42

THE THEATRE . . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 54

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 61

THE RACE TRACK . . . . . . *Audax Minor* 63

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (ABOUT THE HOUSE) . . . . . . *Janet Malcolm* 69

"THE LOOK BACK" (POEM) . . . . . . *Arthur Gregor* 86

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 88

A REPORTER IN CHINA . . . . . . *Joseph Kraft* 98

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 121

JAZZ RECORDS . . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 123

BOOKS . . . . . . *Dwight Macdonald* 129

BRIEFLY NOTED 145

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Playhouse of the Ridiculous. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon writes the funniest lines in the world, and Lee Grant and Peter Falk deliver them superbly. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Promenade, All!—Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Richard Backus have a splendid time showing off their acting skills in a complicated trifle by David V. Robison. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. With Carrie Nye, Tom Lacy, David Rounds, and Remak Ramsay. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—An excellent revival of Arthur Miller's **THE CRUCIBLE.** (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)... ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **SUGGS,** by David Wiltse, will be the final play of the season. Preview Wednesday, May 3. Opens officially on Thursday, May 4, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, May 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two excellent performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-3240. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

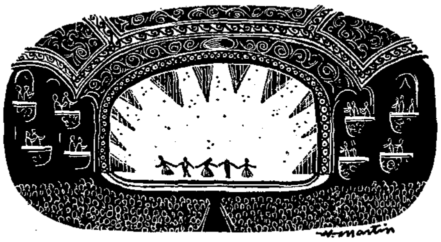
That Championship Season—A play by Jason Miller. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Tough to Get Help!—John Amos and Dick O'Neill in a comedy by Steve Gordon. Carl Reiner directed. Preview Wednesday, May 3. Opens officially on Thursday, May 4. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Twigs—A play about four women (all of them played by the incomparable Sada Thompson) and the men who live with her/them, not always equably. The author is George Furth and the director Michael Bennett. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A musical descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Arlene Dahl, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood are now in this machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 14.)... **FOLLIES:** Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 28.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LENNY:** Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,781 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,998 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,176 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,684 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, May 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 3, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: "Chopiniana," "Pas de Deux," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday, May 5, at 8: "Four Temperaments," "Illuminations," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2: "Chopiniana," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Watermill," and "Symphony in C." ... ¶ Sunday, May 7, at 1: "The Cage," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Western Symphony." ... ¶ Sunday, May 7, at 7: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Apollo," "Prodigal Son," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Friday, May 12, at 8: "Watermill" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Chopiniana," "Episodes," "Pas de Deux," and "PAMTGG." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

Royal Ballet—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 3: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 4: "The Dream," "Triad," and "La Bayadère."... ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Anastasia" (première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010.... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 6: "Anastasia."... ¶ Monday evening, May 8: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 9; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 10; and Thursday and Friday evenings, May 11-12: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 13: "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 3.)

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens—Performing The Who's rock opera "Tommy" (to music recorded by The Who), prefaced by "Ceremony" on Wednesdays and Thursdays and at the Friday and Saturday early shows, and by "Hip and Straight" at the Friday and Saturday late shows and Sunday matinées. A four-week engagement that starts Wednesday, May 3, and will run through Sunday, May 28. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Charles Weidman and His Theatre Dance Company—A program of modern dance. (Kaufman Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 4, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—What ever happened to Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of basketball and hockey playoffs, the evening performances Wednesday through Friday, May 3-5, and both performances on Sunday, May 7, will be cancelled, and the performances on Wednesday and Thursday,

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May 11-12, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 29. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Groucho Marx—An evening with Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The benches haven't got any softer. John Stewart, long ago a member of the Kingston Trio, will be rambling along the folk-song trail through Monday, May 8. Bette Midler, a versatile "Fiddler on the Roof" veteran, arrives Wednesday, May 10. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. The Kenny Barron trio plays Wednesday, May 3, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10. Thursdays through Sundays, May 4-7 and May 11-14, pianist Ray Bryant will lead a threesome. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, usually on piano and bass. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player sub for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten until four, bassist Earl May leads a quartet that reconstructs standard tunes. Sundays, from eight until two, guitarist Roland Prince works with a bass player. Mondays, from eight until two, Larry Willis, an inventive jazz pianist, leads a duo.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—One of those *rarae aves* where the music begins reasonably early. Eddie Heywood, for whom the sunset is always Canadian, does amiable things at the Steinway six nights a week from eight until one. Sundays, from seven until midnight, Dick Hyman subs for him. Dining.

Fiddlestix, 1487 First Ave., at 77th St. (RE 4-9777)—An informal music house that has sprung to life as part of the current Uptown drift of the jazz scene. Dizzy Gillespie—once a bebop innovator and now a recognized jazz giant—will direct his quintet through Saturday, May 6 (from about nine-thirty). Reed man Bobby Jones leads a hard-hitting group Sundays from six-thirty to ten-thirty and Mondays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Italian food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist every night but Sunday. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument, and no city on earth could come up with a better matched guitar-bass team than Jim Hall and Ron Carter, who will be performing here Wednesday through Sunday, May 3-7. Tuesday through Saturday, May 9-13, Carl Thompson will handle a guitar and Bill Crow a bass. Nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds here, and sometimes there is brilliance, too. Tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims will be around with his quartet through Sunday, May 7. On Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Closed Mondays. Light Italian dishes are available.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim *boite* in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when John Foster takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine.

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Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Jimmy McPartland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. But that's no reason to miss hearing Tim Hardin, one of today's most interesting young singers, who will perform Wednesday through Saturday, May 3-6, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Thursday, May 11, some bluegrass people called the Country Gentlemen will turn up. On Mondays and Tuesdays, people may dance to records from midnight until two. Drinks and snacks.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Thursdays, from eight to two-thirty, Nina Sheldon plays and sings *con brio*. Friday through Sunday, May 5-7, a foursome called Jus Makin It will be onstage. Soul-food dinners.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—After the final curtain—or if you just happen to be passing by—this main-floor eatery and drinkery offers sounds from nine-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday. Gene Bertoncini, the present sound-maker, is the possessor of a persuasive jazz guitar.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Jazz and soul food, together, are thought to generate a whole greater than the sum of its parts. Thursday through Sunday, May 4-7, Betty Carter will be turning songs inside out and every which way, backed by Danny Mixon's mind-propelled threesome. The Cecil Young trio moves in on Thursday, May 11. Music from nine until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Drums are at the center of things, with Elvin Jones leading a quintet through Sunday, May 7, and Roy Haynes bringing in a quintet on Tuesday, May 9. You just can't get much more thunderous than that. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bill Evans, whose piano excursions can be jewel-like or labyrinthine, is leading a trio in this house of good cheer. Bill Rubenstein plays between sets. On Tuesday, May 9, pianist Charles Earland will come in with a sextet. Mondays are problematical, with new talent turning up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Thelonious Monk, for whom a piano is a piano is a piano, will be in charge of his quartet through Sunday, May 7. Charles Mingus starts a gig with his new, solid-fuel, twenty-piece ensemble on Tuesday, May 9. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band—fresh from its tour of the U.S.S.R.—has the place to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Michael Fleming Monday through Wednesday, and by other musicians Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from six-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. On Sunday, May 7, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, the Pastor Brothers do pop songs. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other odd dishes) from eight until three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

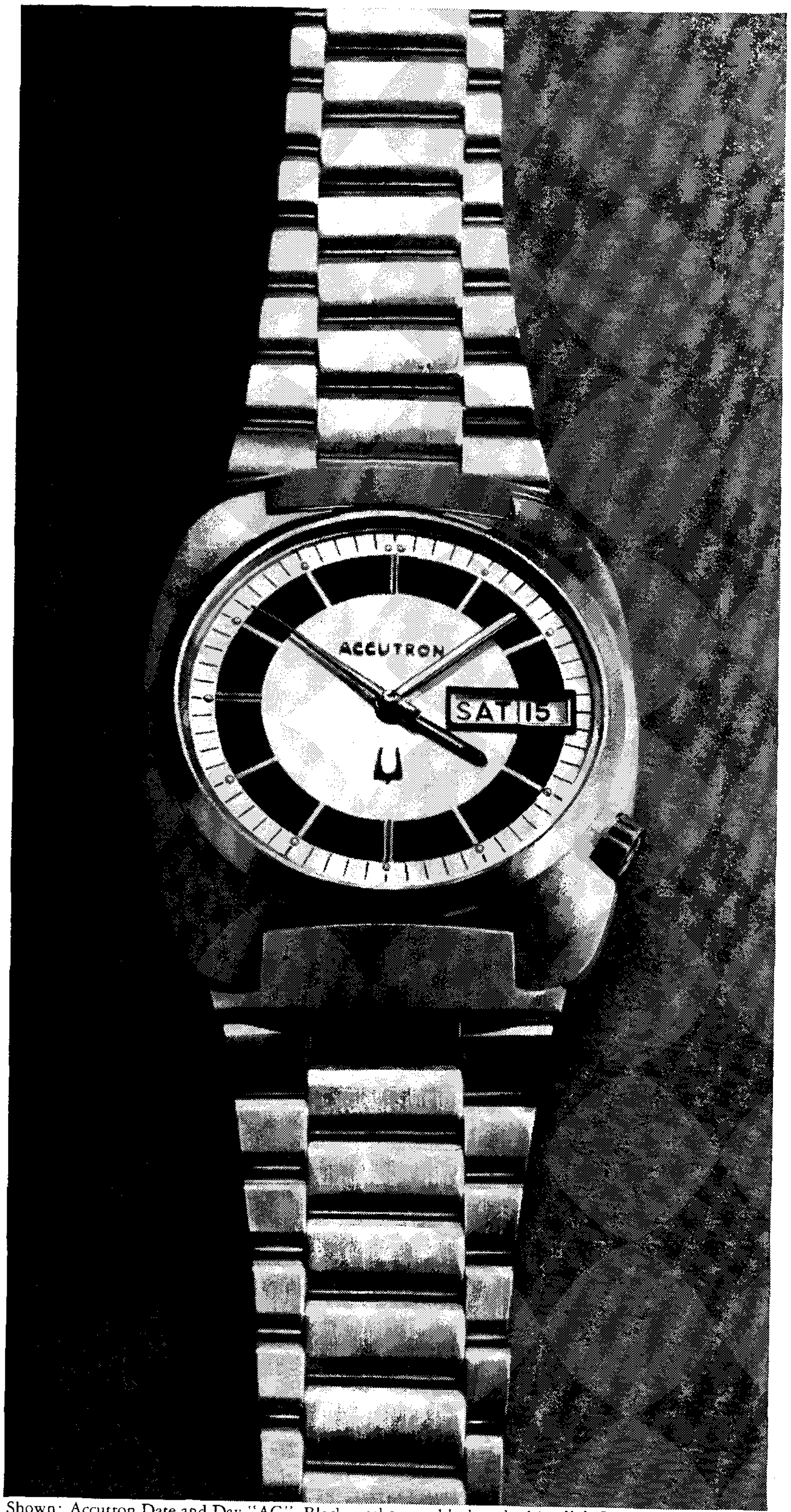
Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Irwin Corey does the narration here; the song is the work of Alice Whitfield, a graduate of "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris." Their hours are nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—A high-energy performer named John C. Attle sings of the heart and the head as he prances about the second floor Blue Room Cabaret. A power-plus group led by pianist Michael Tschudin backs him. Shows Fridays through Tuesdays at ten and eleven. Cocktails and snacks.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave., at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—A revue christened "Look

IS YOUR WATCH PULLING A FAST ONE ON YOU?



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Me Up" (because it is built around songs of another era) is in service at eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays and at five and eight on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—So Ottilie and Hans are plighting their troth, and all the merry villagers (singing, dancing, oompahing) are getting their big feet into the troth, too. Incomprehensible and cluttery, but fun. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** the Lettermen go about the leisurely completion of their appointed rounds of song. A Ray Bloch orchestra and the Arturo Arturos band provide the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—No Spanish moss has time to grow under the feet of Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, May 3, is the final night for comedian Marvin Braverman and the rhythm-and-blues team known as the Three Degrees. Next evening, singer Julie Budd and humorist Mickey Marvin move in. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The enchanted woodland called **LA FORÊT** is in season, to the tunes of the Peter Duchin orchestra (the young maestro himself is at the moment an absentee landlord). Merely Tuesdays through Saturdays, however, for this enterprise. But the **CAFÉ,** equally de rigueur, has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the guest of honor is John Davidson, who sounds like a great admirer of good lyrics and looks like a handsome young scion of a first family. Shows at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Burt Farber's euphoric orchestra and Mark Monte's band fill in all the coffee breaks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, two musicians, cryptically entitled Sig and Gary, tiptoe through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** it's tea for two to the violin of Sandu Marcu, four-thirty to seven-thirty, and cakes and ale to Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano, eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this mountaintop, the pièce de résistance on the menu (at dinner and supper) is Sarah Vaughan, who concocts some health-enhancing prescriptions for the songs she sings. The dance music starts at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **MAISONETTE** affords the songs of Lou Rawls. On Monday, May 8, George Shearing brings himself, his piano, and his quintet back to town. The music for featly footing it comes from the George Cort orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers only the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, who always gets her wisdom teeth into the best-ever ballads about the best-ever emotion (the one that makes the world go round), has just been installed in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Buddy Barnes is her excelling accompanist. Starting time is nine. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The nightingale in the **EMPIRE ROOM** is Lana Cantrell, and a fervent one she is. Her dinner and supper recitals end on Saturday, May 6. The Room reopens on Friday, May 12, to receive Tony Bennett, the epitome of sunny disposition and sunny singing. Dance tunes by Charles Turecamo and his band and the Felipe Yanez trio.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

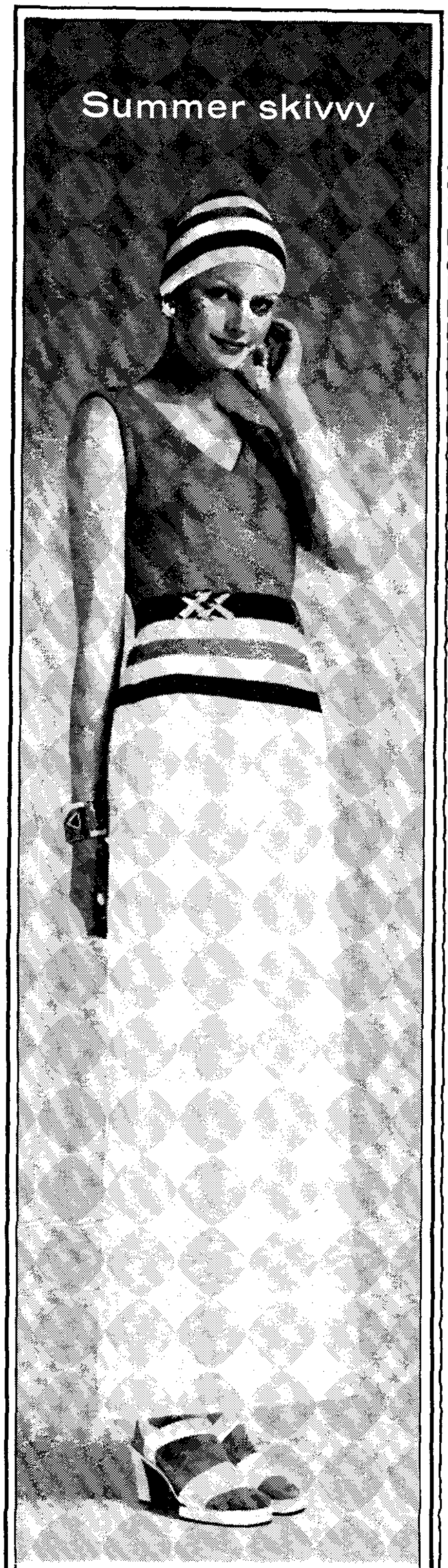
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Worldling without end; i.e., Bobby Short and his wiry, wily words and piano. Beverly Peer on bass, Dick Sheridan on timpani—these, as they should be, are his backstops. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DUNCAN'S,** 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of dinner and supper to chirrup the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **RUBY FOO,** 240 W. 52nd St. (541-9230): When Danny Apolinar sits at the piano and sings (which he does, in the lounge, from eight-thirty), it's a great big beautiful show-business world. Between his up-beat sets, it's Peking, or Shanghai, or what you will. Silent Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. On a lower deck, and one that is distinctly not steerage, a dance triad inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Signor Palermo has been known to visit this, too, on his rounds. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty



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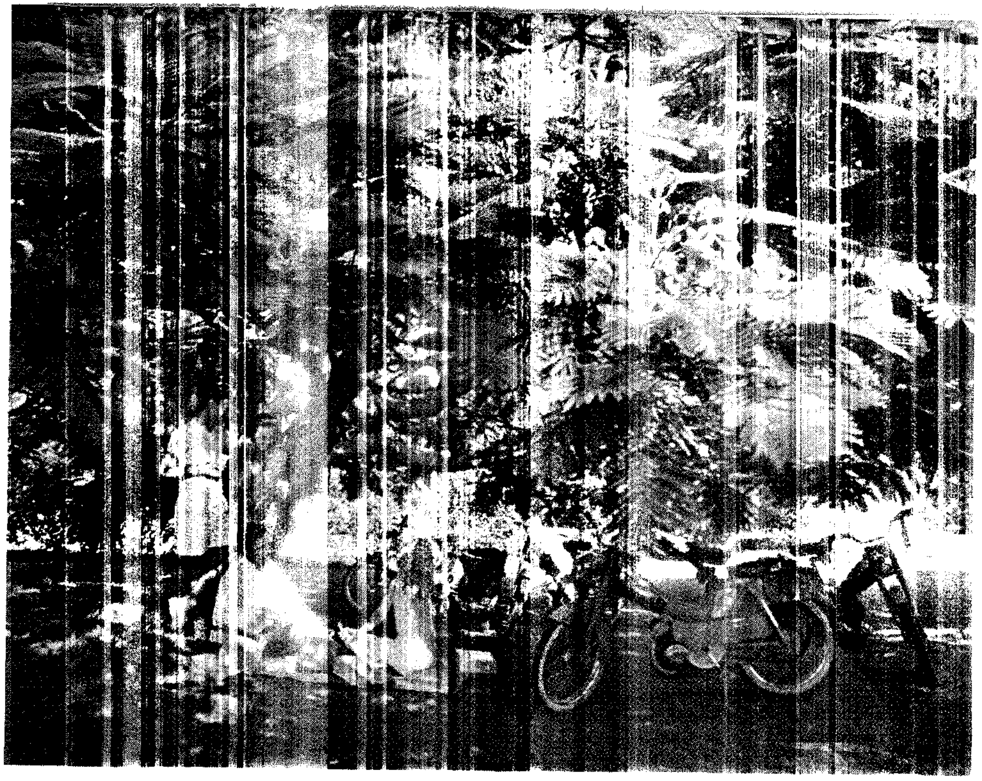

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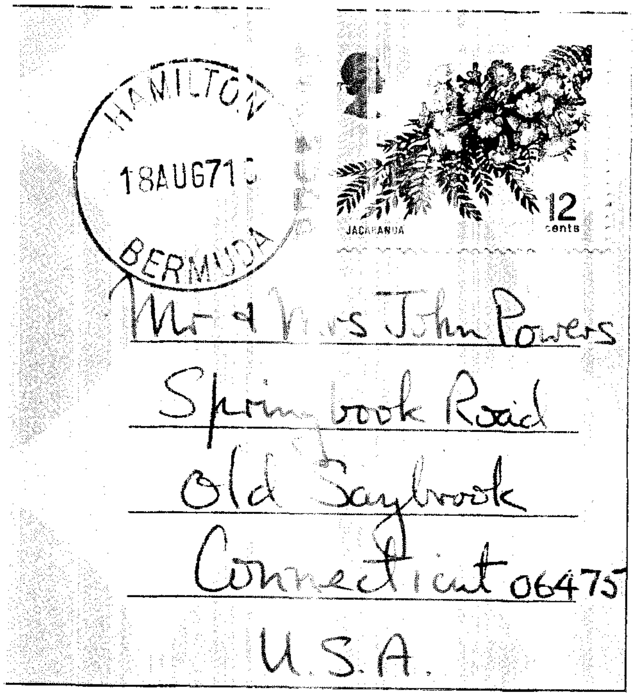

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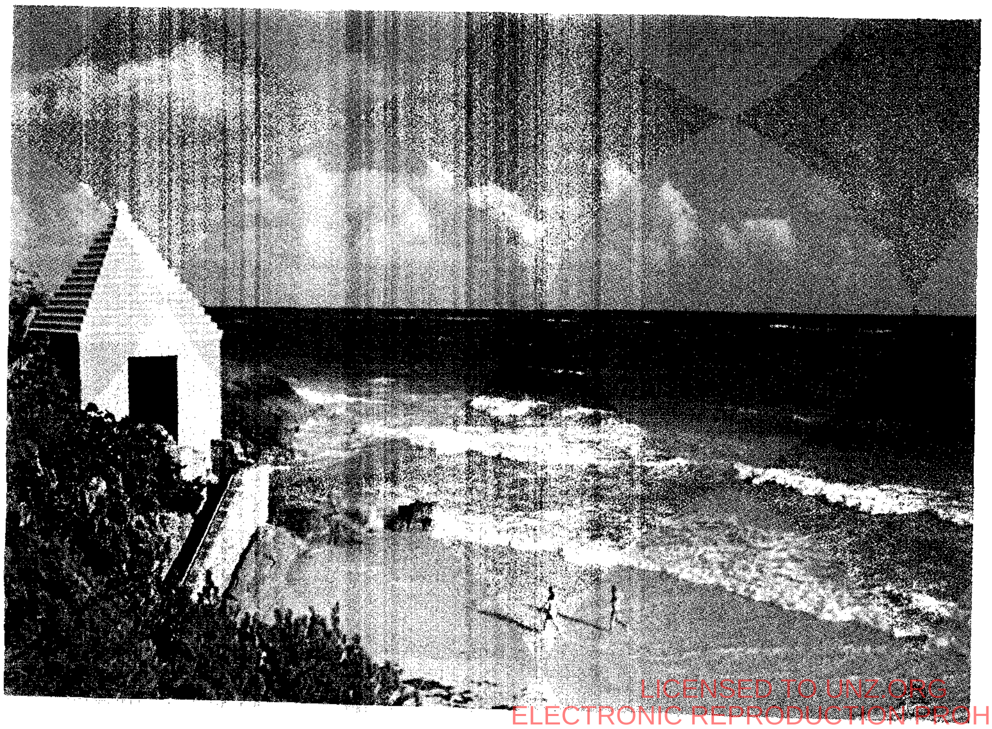

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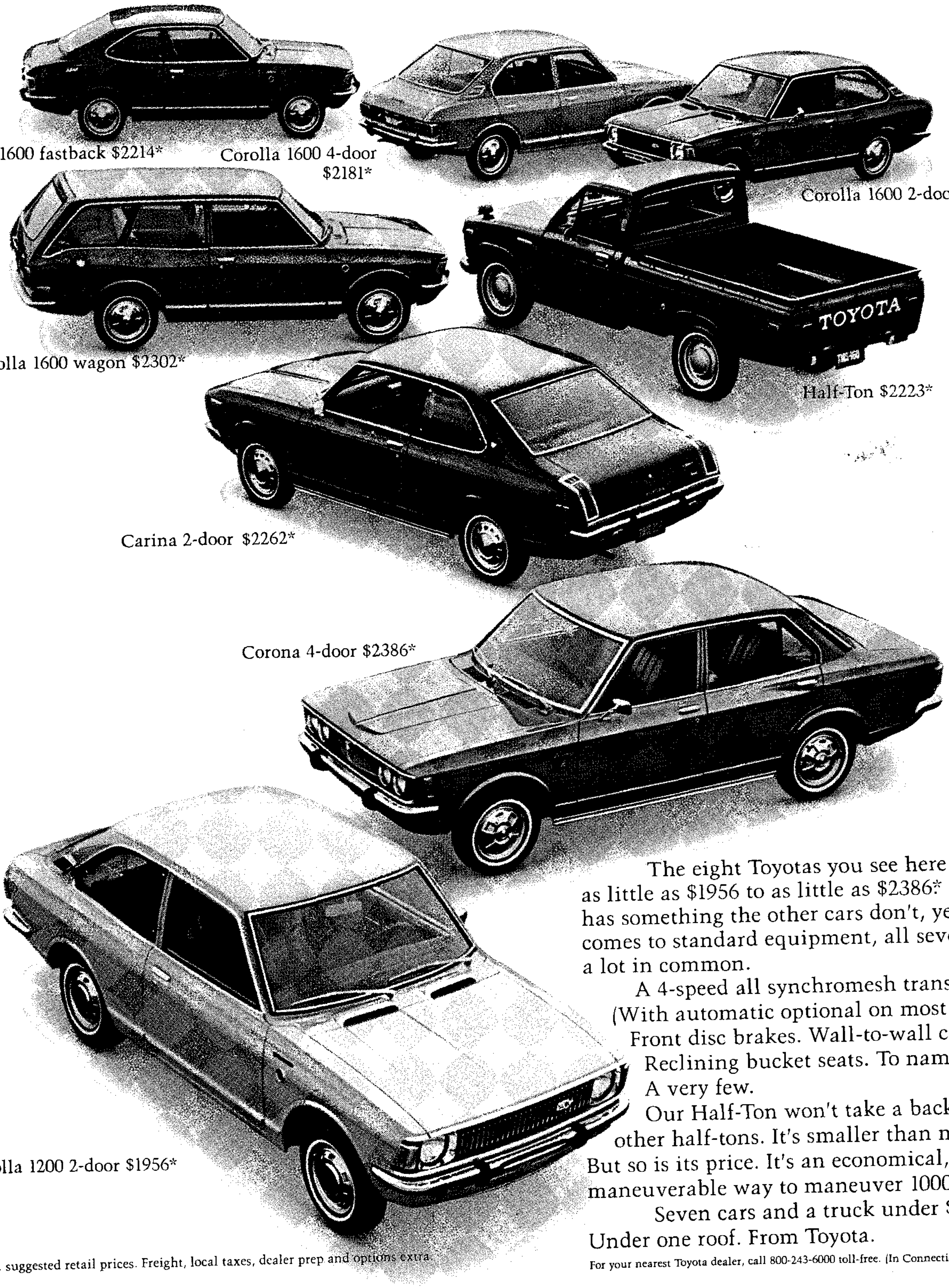
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano is Ronny Whyte, whose course runs from nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the intricately architectural piano of Ray Onley, from seven-thirty to eleven). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE**, 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F. B. I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE**, 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): The second edition of the foregoing, bound in a summer-gardeny green and white, with music by John Adamo's trio from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life, garnished, from seven until a late bedtime, by a group of ambulatory musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY**, 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when nightlife ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every night but Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BENNY ANDREWS—A huge (ten feet by twenty-eight feet) mural in oil, depicting the struggle of minorities in the United States, plus forty sketches for the work; through Saturday, May 13. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ZOE APOSTOLIDES—Blotted Abstract Expressionist acrylics and watercolors; through May 20. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE ARNOLD / SALLY DRUMMOND—Oversize domestic animals of polyester resin and plywood. / Paintings by an artist who creates tone surfaces by means of dots of color. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Through May 17. Closed Mondays.)

JO BAER—White canvases with colored edges;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through May 24. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

JOHN BATTENBERG—Cast-aluminum and bronze sculptures representing details of the oil spill on the West Coast and objects of daily life; starting Tuesday, May 9. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings on a mythological theme by a figurative artist; through June 3. (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LELAND BELL—Nudes, self-portraits, and still-lifes by this veteran figurative painter; through Thursday, May 11. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS (1883-1970)—A memorial exhibition of this twentieth-century "naïve" painter of landscapes, nudes, and circus figures; through Saturday, May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

KEN BOWMAN—Constructions based on photographs of America in the early part of this century; starting Saturday, May 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JOHN BUTTON—Landscapes, plus works based on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings; through May 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A show of twenty-six handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Whitney Museum; through May 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; through Saturday, May 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL—Paintings and gouaches from 1969 to the present; through May 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILY CUSHING (1909-69)—A hundred and fourteen Impressionistic landscapes, flowers, and portraits; through May 20. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—About thirty paintings, plus four large "holograms," which create a three-dimensional effect through the play of light; through Saturday, May 13. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

LADDIE JOHN DILL—Sculptures made of cement, glass, sand, and wood; through May 20. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEF DRAPELL—Huge canvases with thick layers of pigment; through May 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD DWORKIN—Kinetic light works; through May 14. (Flatsfixed, 453 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

SOREL ETROG—Bronze and marble sculptures of interlocking machinelike forms; through Saturday, May 13. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Twenty watercolors and twenty-two drawings; through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collage-paintings of visionary landscapes; through May 26. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEON GOLDIN—Abstract New York cityscapes in oil and gouache; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JAN GROTH—Tapestries with white chalklike lines on a black ground; first show here by this Norwegian artist. Through May 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Figurative paintings with the effect of blown-up photographs; through Saturday, May 6. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910)—A benefit exhibition of more than a hundred paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering all phases in the career of this American landscapist; starting Thursday, May 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Emblematic paintings that make use of the motif of the circle; through Saturday, May 6. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

WILL HORWITT—Abstract sculptures in bronze and cast iron; through Saturday, May 6. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

ALFRED JENSEN—Recent paintings of checkerboards of thick color with arcane references; starting Saturday, May 6. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILLIAN KAHNER—Expressionistic landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through Saturday, May 13. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

GYORGY KEPES—New paintings by a well-known Constructivist; through May 20. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK LEVINE—Twenty paintings and drawings done in the past three years by this artist of social comment; through Saturday, May 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

MORRIS LOUIS—"Stripe" paintings; through Wednesday, May 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN MANNING—Paintings of upstate New York barns which emphasize gradations of color; starting Thursday, May 4. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through May 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A new series of landscapelike paintings done in France by a leading "second-generation" American Abstract Expressionist; through June 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MORRIS—A variety of conceptual materials with some theatrical references. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Through Saturday, May 13. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through Saturday, May 6.)

SHOZO NAGANO—Large shaped canvases composed on the theme of "crystallization;" through May 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—A single abstract sculpture in eight bronze castings of different tones; starting Tuesday, May 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Recent paintings by this artist known for his spray-gun color fields, through May 24. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Nine canvases by this figurative painter; through Saturday, May 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MILTON RESNICK—The first exhibit in New York since 1964 by a familiar ex-Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, May 6. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

HERMAN ROSE—Paintings by an artist who has long specialized in New York cityscapes; through May 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONIO SEGUI—Paintings and drawings on the theme of boats, in an atmosphere of nostalgia; first one-man show here by this Argentine artist. Through May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH SHANNON—Paintings of groups of figures depicting contemporary life by a Washington, D.C., artist; through Thursday, May 11. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Realistic paintings, some of which include famous people; through May 27. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—More than a hundred lithographs and etchings done during the past fifty-six years; through May 20. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

FREDERIC THURSZ—Heavily textured geometric paintings; through May 31. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK TWORKOV—Geometrically organized paintings by a former Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, May 11. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

RICHARD VAN BUREN—Sculptures, some multi-sectioned, in poured pigmented fibre glass; starting Saturday, May 6. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of paintings done in the past

Do you only love us for our money, America?

You love us, America, according to the surveys you always seem to be taking. But, alas, it seems you only love us because:

(A) "They paid back their war debts", and,

(B) "What's his name, the Flying Finn, came from there."

Well, we *are* proud of that very fast man, Paavo Nurmi, *and* that after World War I, we paid you back for all the help you gave us. But one day we noticed that there are many, many more reasons why you should think well of us and our country Suomi (Finland). And now we are busy telling you.

For instance, Santa Claus, who lives in Finnish Lapland. And very strange midsummer nights, where midnights are lit by a burnt orange sun you see all through the night. And our amusing custom of running naked out of a hot *sauna* into an ice-chunked lake. And our lovely and very sexy Legend of the White Reindeer. And our *new* drink, the Spirit of the White Reindeer: it is Finlandia, Vodka of Finland.

Our vodka is called *snaps* when drunk straight and very cold, usually together with a meal. Or not with a meal also. You should try this *special* drink.

Keep Finlandia Vodka in the freezer so it gets very, very cold. You will taste how delicious it tastes. And even though it is very, very cold, it will make you very, very warm.

Lately, also, we know of your fine Bloody Marys, Martinis and Gimlets. They are fine with Finlandia Vodka. And we think you should also try our Finlandia Cocktail:

2 parts Finlandia Vodka
2 parts Cointreau Liqueur
1 part Lime Juice
Decorate with a cherry

Finnish vodka is the favorite vodka in all Scandinavia. So we guess that it is good and different. First, because we distill it from good grain. But the thing mostly, that makes our vodka so good is our water. It is very pure, very soft, very delicious. For Finlandia, the water is even more delicious because it all comes from *one* 60-foot well under an ice-age moraine formation.

Finlandia comes in an icicle kind of bottle designed by Tapio Wirkkala, our famous designer. It shows two fighting reindeer, which reminds us of our Legend of the White Reindeer, all about a beautiful girl who was turned into a reindeer and had to battle the young hunter who had been her lover.

If you would like to drink the Spirit of the White Reindeer which cools you and warms you, try our Finlandia Vodka. It tastes like it would be very expensive. And it is.

And now we say *"Kippis"*. It means "cheers" the way you talk.

Here's a very unusual salt and pepper set, which is two small replicas of our beautiful bottle for just $2 in American money, postpaid. Send the $2 to Finlandia Salt and Pepper, P.O. Box 4217, Long Island City, N.Y. 11104. You will also find around the neck of Finlandia Vodka a booklet, which tells you the whole Legend of the White Reindeer and some amusing new drinks you can make from vodka.

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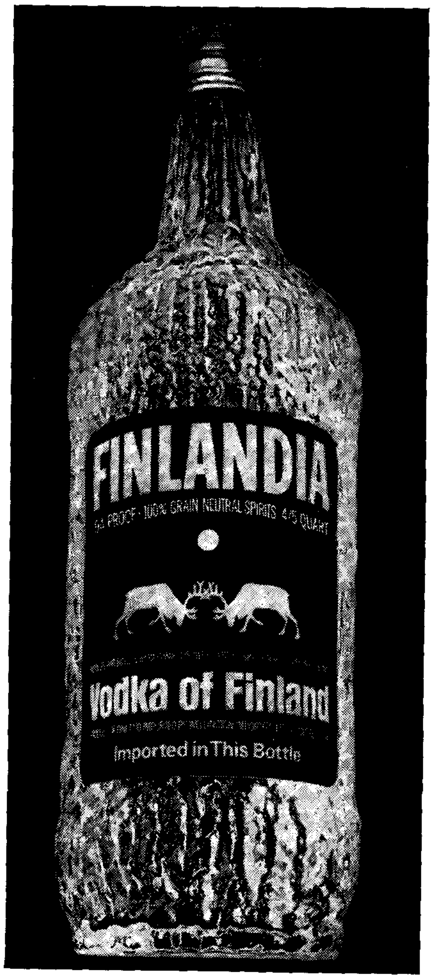

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

two years by this outstanding Optical artist; through Saturday, May 6. (Janis and René, both at 6 W. 57th St.)

Esteban Vicente—New paintings by the veteran Abstract Expressionist; through May 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

David von Schlegell—Two huge abstract steel and aluminum sculptures; through May 20. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Nineteen drawings by a leading American modernist; starting Tuesday, May 9. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Young—Lyrical abstractions with mathematical restraints; through Saturday, May 13. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **berry-hill**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by prominent American landscapists; through May 31.... **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A version, including some of the same artists, of the "Degenerate Art" exhibit held in Germany under Hitler; through May 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: A benefit of works from the fifteenth century through the twentieth; starting Tuesday, May 9.... **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Collages and sculptures by seven women artists whose medium is needlework; through May 20.... **marlborough**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Bauermeister, Bonnard, Kokoschka, Moore, Pissarro, and Tanguy; through Saturday, May 13. (Closed Mondays.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of flowers by such gallery artists as Waldo Peirce, Roy Moyer, and Robert Vickrey; starting Tuesday, May 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **o.k. harris**, 465 West Broadway: Works by two sculptors (Sig Rennels and Paul von Ringelheim) and one painter (Eleanore Mikus); starting Saturday, May 6.... **pratt graphics center**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Woodcuts, etchings, and screen prints by forty artists from thirteen Latin American countries and Puerto Rico, selected from the second Bienalle of Latin American Prints held in San Juan this year; through May 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)... **bertha schaefer**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by artists associated with the gallery now or in the past; through Thursday, May 11.... **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: A hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by artists of the Barbizon School and their followers; through June 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **terrain**, 39 Grove St.: Paintings, drawings, objects, prints, and photos by artists exemplifying the theories of "Aesthetic Realism;" through May 31. (Mondays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: The gallery will be divided into cells, in which will be shown photographic and video-tape records by, among others, Vito Acconci, Bill Beckley, Terry Fox, Howard Fried, and Dennis Oppenheim; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **willard**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Paintings by Morris Graves, Mark Tobey, and others, plus two eighteenth-century Japanese screens; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of Chinese calligraphy, including inscribed bronze and wood objects, seals, paintings, and fans and scrolls, from ancient times through the nineteenth century; through Sunday, May 7. ...¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5....¶ Seventy-six miniature paintings from a sixteenth-century manuscript, plus decorative objects; starting Thursday, May 4. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight paintings, angelic in theme, by Emanuel Pereire, a contemporary French artist; through May 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Modern master works by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; starting Tuesday, May 9....¶ An exhibition comparing drawings by Rodin with forgeries of this artist's works—a hundred originals and twenty-eight forgeries; through Sunday, May 7. (*Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission* charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-three paintings and twenty-four drawings created over a period of fifty years by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906), one of America's outstanding genre painters; through May 14....¶ About seventy paintings, sculptures, and "environments," constituting a retrospective of the work of James Rosenquist, a leading figure of the Pop movement; through May 29....¶ Paintings, ink drawings, gouaches, and wire and bronze sculptures by Alexander Calder, related to the artist's miniature "Circus," which is at the Whitney; through June 11. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.... ¶ Fifty sculptures, the majority of stainless steel, copper, or aluminum, covering forty years of the career of José de Rivera, of New York; starting Tuesday, May 9....¶ Paintings by Alma Thomas, a seventy-seven-year-old black artist from Washington, D.C.; through May 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit representing a hundred years of American illustration. Included (for $1 admission) are eighty original paintings by Norman Rockwell. Through May 14....¶ The new Costume Galleries present fashions dating from 1800 to the present. (Mondays and Tuesdays, 1 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—An exhibit depicting the research conducted on Great Gull Island, New York, where the study of nesting birds revealed the effects of environmental pollution; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; *Sundays, 1 to 5.*)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An impressive collection of rugs and other weavings done in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and the Balkans; through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Dragons in Chinese art since the sixteenth century B.C. in ceramic, bronze, painting, lacquerware, jade, and textile; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Marcel Proust. On display are first editions, proof sheets evidencing his meticulous revisions, literary and personal correspondence, and photographs and portraits. Through June 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

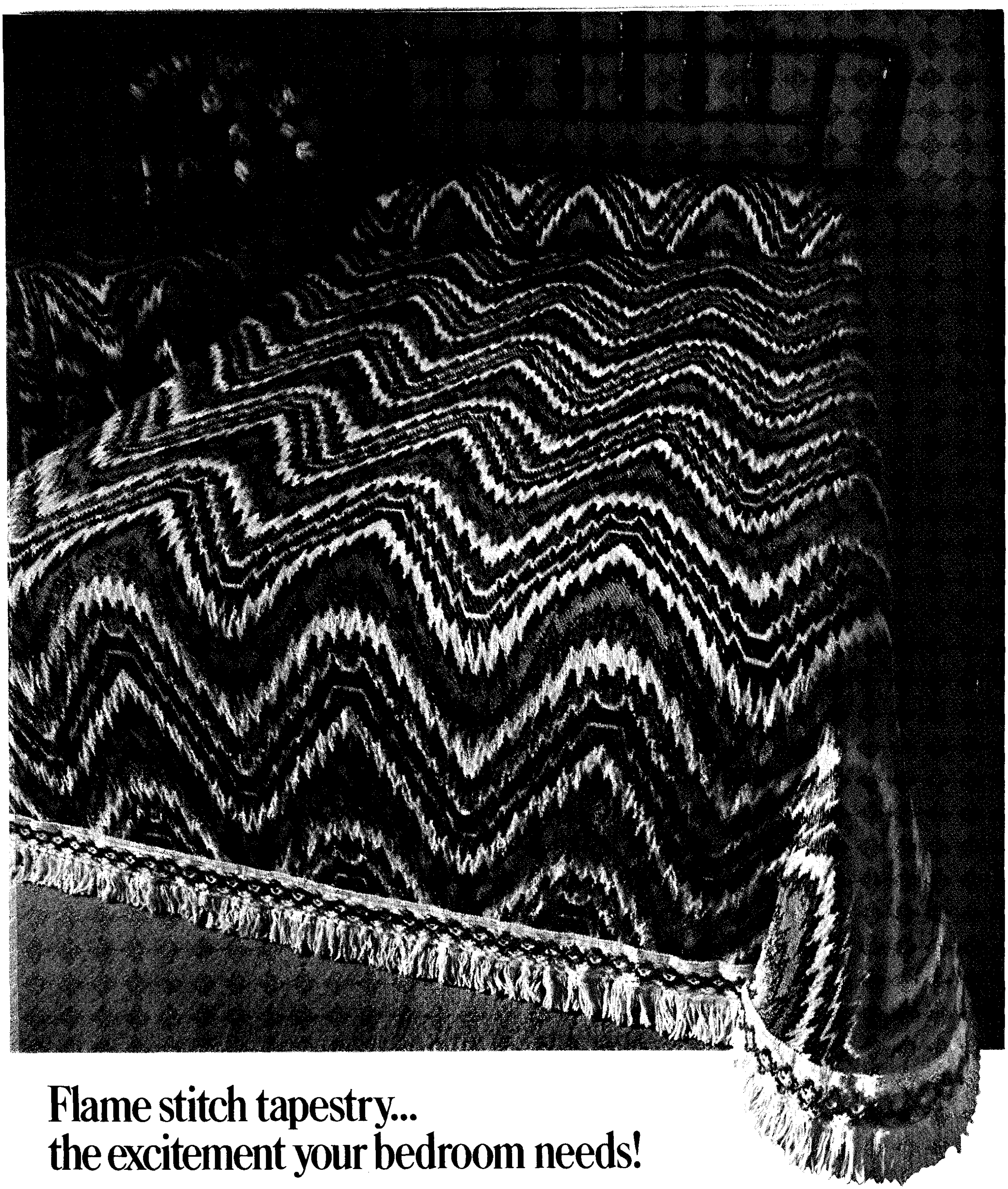
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The Mellon collection of a hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors, most from 1750 to 1850; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A private collection of folk art, ranging from paintings to whirligigs; through May 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Books and manuscripts published in 1922, a year that opened with the publication of "Ulysses" and closed with "The Waste



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Land," the working drafts of the latter being a part of the display. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Seventy paintings and drawings on autobiographical themes by LeRoy Clarke, an artist from Trinidad now in residence at the Museum; through June 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—The first performances here of Hans Werner Henze's "Boulevard Solitude," in English. Conducted by Anton Coppola, and staged by Basil Langton. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, May 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, May 14, at 3. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Lorin Maazel conducting the final performances of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30; Friday, May 5, at 2; Saturday, May 6, and Thursday, May 11, at 8:30; Friday, May 12, at 2; and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30.) . . . NOTE: An hour before the concert on Saturday, May 13, André Watts will give a half-hour all-Liszt piano recital.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting the final performance of the season here, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, May 9, at 8:15.)

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 3, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and the women's voices of the Rutgers University Choir. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting the final concerts of the season, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 2:30, and Tuesday, May 9, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Berlioz-Britten benefit program, with John McCollum, tenor; a combined school chorus of three hundred voices; and an orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Abbott Ruskin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Lu Sheng Ensemble—Ceremonial music of Shantung Province, China. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Christopher Czaja Sager—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, May 5, and Friday, May 12, at 8, the last two in a series of all-Beethoven programs. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guarneri Quartet—In a concert postponed from Jan. 15. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of twentieth-century music, conducted, in part, by Charles Wuorinen. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

New York Brass Quintet—A program of works by Morris Knight. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 12, at 8.)

Suk Soon Kim—Soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4356. Saturday, May 13, at 5:30.)

Jan Jozef Wnek—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

An Entertainment for Elizabeth—An Elizabethan masque presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, dancers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 3, at 5:45: NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 5:45: AL CARMINES, with others.

Stephen Stills—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8.

Jeff Beck Group—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8 and 11:30.

Jim Dawson, David Bromberg, and Carolyn Hester—Town Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8.

Joe Newman's Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8.

Gil Evans Orchestra—Westbeth Cabaret, 155 Bank St. Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30.

Youngbloods—With Batdorf & Rodney. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 8.)

Everly Brothers, Fleetwood Mac, and Long John Baldry—Philharmonic Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8.

Black on Black—"A Joyful Noise!," the last in a series of concerts by the Rhythm Associates, this one with the support of the Community Ensemble Gospel Choir. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8.)

Eddie Thompson—With Lyn Christie. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8.)

The James Gang and Jake Jones—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8.

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Oscar Peterson and Tommy Flanagan trios. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. California, Wednesday, May 3, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, May 5, at 8:05; Saturday, May 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 7, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, May 9-11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:15.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Championship Playoffs, Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, May 3, and Friday, May 5, at 8:40, and, if necessary, Wednesday, May 10.)

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 13.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Thursday through Saturday, May 11-13.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup Playoffs, Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, May 4, at 8:35; Sunday, May 7, at 2:05; and, if necessary, Thursday, May 11.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 6.) . . . ¶ Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Wednesday, May 10, and Saturday, May 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30;

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And shades of brilliant hue,
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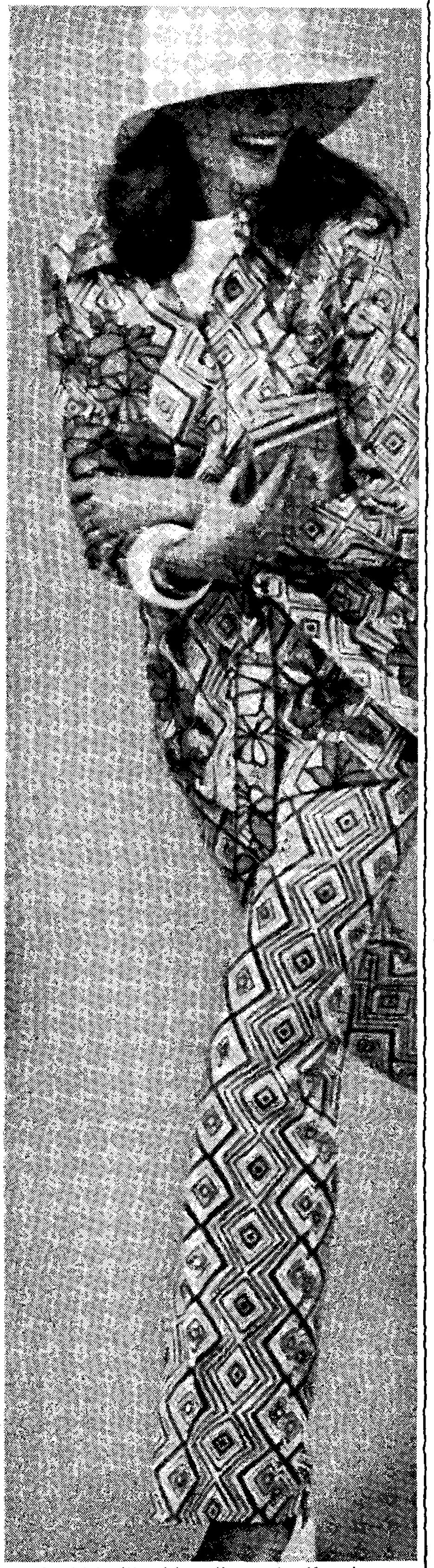

Tunic shirt with wide collar and self sash belt, of wicker and poppy cotton print, $25.
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Both in green or yellow, sizes 6-16.
Designed by Melba Hobson.

TANNERWAY
530 Seventh Ave., New York 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, May 13. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, May 6; the Toboggan Handicap, Wednesday, May 10; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 13. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, May 29. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan—"H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, May 13, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, May 6, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, May 7, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **KING'S PLAYERS**: "The Adventures of Peter Pan." (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dance Program—The Qwindo Foundation of Dance Theatre for Children presenting "Qwindo's Window." (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11.)

Movies—"The Red Balloon," a French film without dialogue. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Saturday, May 13, at 11. Admission is free.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Eclipse at Gaspé." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of prints and poems by Japanese children; through May 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Children's Zoos—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, and rabbits. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, kids, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Mark Van Doren, Robert Fitzgerald, William Meredith, Adrienne Rich, and James Wright reading from the works of the late John Berryman. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, May 9, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

Discussions—*Neil Simon and Leonard Harris* discussing Mr. Simon's plays and his involvement with the theatre. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 7, at 8.)

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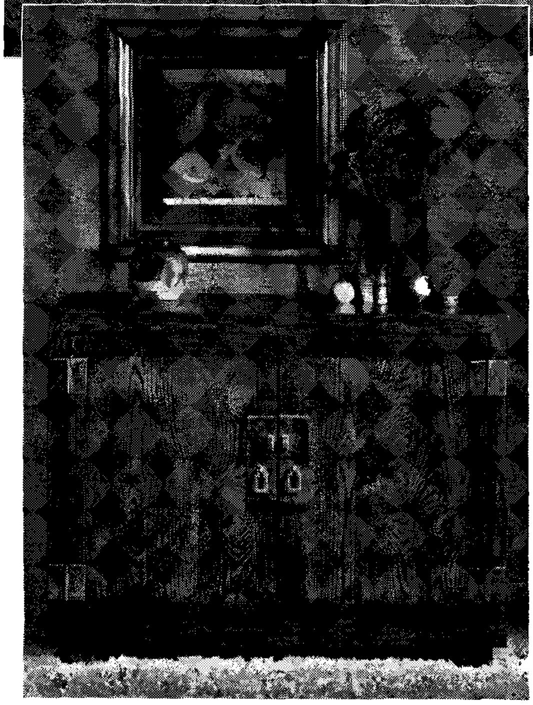
GARDENS—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 9, from 2 to 5:30, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mr. and Mrs. Frank William Packard and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Halleran, 1021 Park Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Raymond M. Higgins, 325 E. 79th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey E. Fulton, 510 E. 85th St.; and Mr. I. Richard Mandel and Dr. and Mrs. George E. Murphy, 130 East End Ave. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 1.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—The Columbia University Concert Band, conducted by Donald Barra, will give a concert at Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, on Sunday, May 7, at 2.... ¶ Antiques buffs and buyers from the environs display wares they've carted (via car and trailer) to The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to sundown.... ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.... ¶ The Antiques Flea Fair (York Ave. at 90th St.), a benefit show, is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Six sales of an eight-day auction of property from the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Wednesday, May 3, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures.... Thursday, May 4, at 2: Egyptian and other antiquities, Indian and Islamic art, and pre-Columbian and African art.... Friday, May 5, at 2: Oriental art. ... Wednesday through Friday, May 10-12, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and old-master prints. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 4.... ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2: French, Italian, and other furniture and decorations; from many owners.... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, from various collectors.... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 2: Modern and illustrated books, from a number of sources.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 3 at 2: "The Diary of a Shinjuku Thief" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.... ¶ May 3 at 5:30: "The Pleasures of the Flesh" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Oshima.... ¶ May 4 at 2: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.... ¶ May 4 at 5:30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu.... ¶ May 4 at 8 and May 5 at 2: "Ordet" (1954), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer. ... ¶ May 5 at 5:30: "Late Spring" (1949), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.... ¶ May 6 at noon: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström.... ¶ May 6 at 3: "The Story of Floating Weeds" (1934), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; no English titles.... ¶ May 6 at 5:30: "Floating Weeds" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.... ¶ May 7 at 12:30: "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne" (1958), directed by Karel Zeman.... ¶ May 7 at 3: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), a French film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Maria Falconetti.... ¶ May 7 at 5:30 and May 8 at noon: "Trial of Joan of Arc" (1962), in French, directed by Robert Bresson.... ¶ May 8 at 5:30 and May 9 at 2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928).... ¶ May 9 at 5:30: "Floating Weeds" (1959).... ¶ May 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Diary of a Country Priest" (1951).... ¶ May 11 at 2, 5:30, and 8: Films by Bruce Baillie. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showings or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through May 4: "The Lineup" (1958), directed by Don Siegel, with Eli Wallach.... ¶ May 5-7: "Pendulum" (1969), directed by George Schaeffer, with George Peppard and Jean Seberg.... ¶ May 10-11: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946), directed by George Marshall, with Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of



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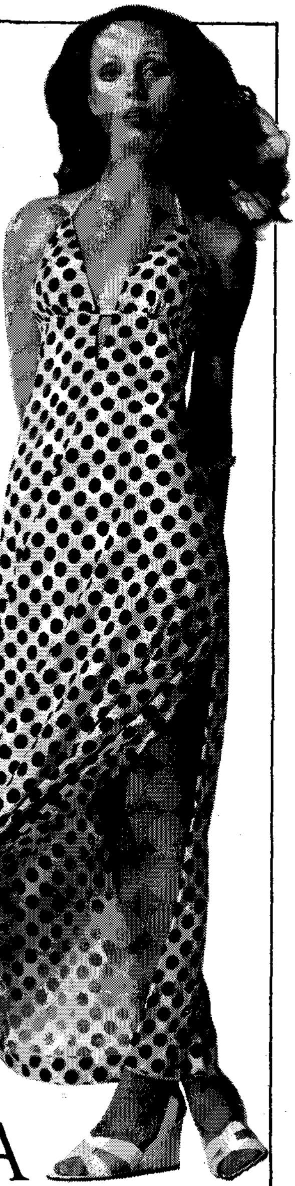

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Flaherty, Dreyer, Eisenstein, MacLaine, Frampton, Griffith, Kubelka, Hanoun, Jacobs, Markopoulos, Jordan, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except May 3, 5, and 7) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—May 3: "Sacred Art of Tibet," directed by Larry Jordan. . . . ¶ May 4-10: "Choice Chance Woman Dance," directed by Ed Emshwiller and "Circus Girls," directed by Walter Gutman. . . . ¶ Starting May 11: Highlights of the 10th Ann Arbor Film Festival. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At **INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY**: May 29. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK**, Lime Rock, Conn.: May 29.

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Vs. San Francisco, May 14 (day). Montreal, May 15-17 (night) and May 18 (d). Philadelphia, May 30-June 1 (n). Atlanta, June 2 (n) and June 3-4 (d). Cincinnati, June 6-7 (n) and June 8 (d). Houston, June 9 (n) and June 10-11 (d). . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Vs. Boston, May 19 (night) and May 20-21 (day). Cleveland, May 23-24 (n) and May 25 (d). Detroit, May 26 (n) and May 27-29 (d). Chicago, June 13-15 (n).

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 1-3.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 17.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. June 1-4.) . . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich, June 6-7.) . . . ¶ Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. June 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 26-27 and May 29-June 3.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury May 28.) . . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 4.) . . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 8-11.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club. (Darien. June 14-18.)

HUNT RACING—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 20.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. May 27 and June 3.) . . . ¶ Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. June 10.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: May 15-June 17. The Belmont, June 10. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 20. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: May 30-Aug. 19. . . . **EPSOM**, England: The Derby, June 7.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: May 25-July 22.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 3-4.)

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): A three-week Verdi Festival, June 5-24. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's four-week season of "Promenades" will run from May 17 through June 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra, May 19. . . . ¶ Monteverdi's opera "L'Orfeo" in concert form, May 20. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Collegiate Chorale, May 18. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Isaac Stern, violin, May 20.

OTHER DATES—United Nations Economic and Social Council, May 15-June 2. . . . ¶ May Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., May 17. . . . ¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 20. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 26-June 11. . . . ¶ Memorial Day is Monday, May 29. . . . ¶ Commencements: Smith and Vassar, May 28; N.Y.U., May 31; Barnard, Columbia, and Princeton, June 6; Annapolis and West Point, June 7; Dartmouth, June 11; Yale, June 12; and Harvard, June 15. . . . ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, June 15.

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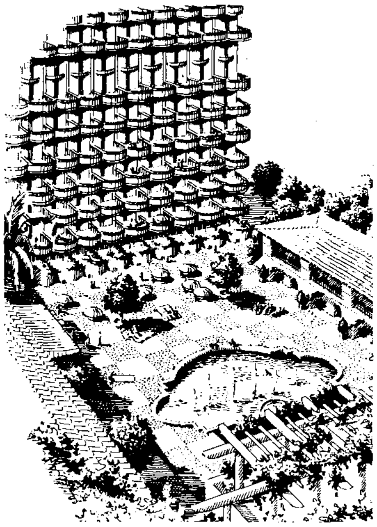

And we probably wouldn't have taken the trouble to finish our new pool with hand laid mosaic tile. Or deck the patio with tile and brick. Gas lamps light the area. Dozens of lemon and orange trees surround it. And for the moments between sun and swim, there is a mini gym, a sauna and the Don Quixote snack bar.

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Charcoal imparts absolutely no flavor to what you're cooking. All it actually does is provide the meat with the necessary cooking heat.

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Also, unlike gas barbecues, there is no costly installation or propane tanks to worry about. The Electric Char-B-Que plugs into any ordinary outlet. Use it outdoors, on apartment terraces, or in the fireplace.

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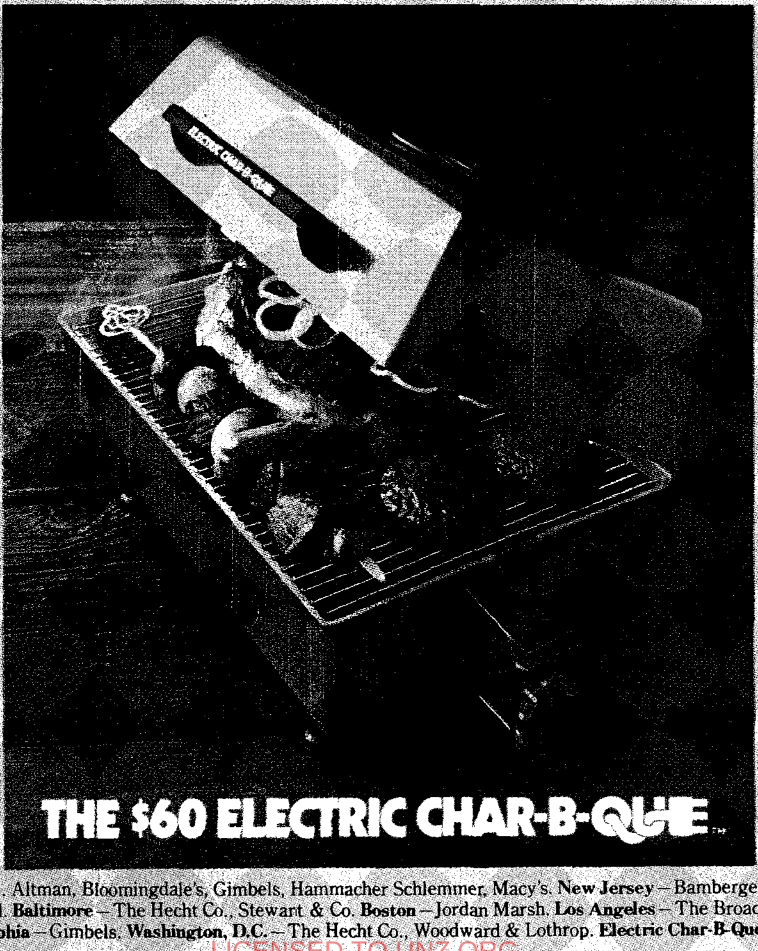

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7	8	9	10	11		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
May 3: "Minnie and Moskowitz."
From May 4: "My Uncle Antoine."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 6: "Some Like It Hot" and "Reckless."
May 7-9: "100 Men and a Girl" and "There's Magic in Music."
From May 10: "Bells Are Ringing" and "Hooray for Love."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
May 3: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "Elvis: That's the Way It Is," and "Groupies."
May 4-7: "Death in Venice," "The Damned," and "Borsalino."
May 8-10: "Little Murders," "The Collector," and "Pretty Poison."
From May 11: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 9: "Straw Dogs."
From May 10: "The Boy Friend" and "Point Blank."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 9: "Silent Running."
From May 10: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Duck Soup" and "Horsefeathers."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Culpepper Cattle Co."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Ten Days' Wonder."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Fritz the Cat."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The French Connection."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Concert for Bangladesh."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Puppet on a Chain."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Policeman."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through May 8: "The Last Picture Show."
From May 9: "J. W. Coop."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Buck and the Preacher."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
May 3: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
From May 4: "What's Up, Doc?"

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Tomorrow."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 9: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From May 10: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through May 9: "The Cowboys."
From May 10: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Ten Days' Wonder."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fritz the Cat."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 9: "The Hospital."
From May 10: "Bedroom Mazurka."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Cool Breeze."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Puppet on a Chain."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 9: "The Bicycle Thief" and "Open City."
From May 10: "Gumshoe" and "Beat the Devil."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 9: "Straw Dogs."
From May 10: "The Boy Friend" and "Point Blank."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 4: "Without Apparent Motive."
From May 5: "Macunaima."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 9: "Mary, Queen of Scots."
From May 10: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 7: "The Joyless Street."
From May 8: "A Face in the Crowd" and "East of Eden."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 9: "Straw Dogs."
From May 10: "They Call Me Trinity" and "C. C. and Company."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Klute" and "Summer of '42."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
May 3: "What's Up, Doc?"
From May 4: "Play It Again, Sam."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through May 9: "Mary, Queen of Scots."
From May 10 (tentative): "Faces" and "Shadows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Straw Dogs."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 9: "The French Connection."
From May 10: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"City Lights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
May 3: "My Uncle Antoine."
From May 4: "The Sorrow and the Pity."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 9: "The Carey Treatment."
From May 10: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 9: "Gumshoe" and "Welcome to the Club."
From May 10: "Bedroom Mazurka."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 9: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From May 10: "A Man for All Seasons" and "The Pursuit of Happiness."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 5: "Tokyo Story" and "A Full Life."
From May 6: "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 9: "Mary, Queen of Scots" and "They Might Be Giants."
From May 10: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" and "How to Commit Marriage."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 3: "$20 a Week" and "Police Call."
May 4: "Ship of Wanted Men" and "The Big Race."
May 5: "An Old Spanish Custom" and "No Man's Land."
May 6: "He Loved an Actress" and "Public Stenographer."
May 7: "Within the Rock" and "Rebel Priest."
May 8-9: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Dames."
May 10-11: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "The Roaring Twenties."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 9: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From May 10: "Klute" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie, because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; May 8-9.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Waverly; starting May 10.)

Bedroom Mazurka—With Ann Grete, directed by John Hilbard. (86th St. East and Regency; starting May 10.)

Bells Are Ringing (1960)—The famous Adolph Green-Betty Comden-Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she has such obvious brains. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 10.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Waverly; through May 9.)

The Big Race (1934)—With John Darrow and Boots Mallory. (Thalia; May 4.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-7.)

The Boy Friend—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 10.)

Buck and the Preacher—With Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte, directed by Poitier. (Columbia II.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

The Carey Treatment—Amiably idiotic private-eye story, directed by Blake Edwards, about a pathologist (James Coburn) who signally neglects his job to save the honor of an eminent young Chinese surgeon colleague falsely accused of murdering a fifteen-year-old girl by doing an amateur abortion. There is a ravishingly silly subplot about a beautiful hospital dietitian (Jennifer O'Neill) who first attracts the terse-spoken pathologist by the smell of the vanilla that, she says dewily, she spilled down her front when she was trying to improve the egg pudding. (Cinema Studio; through May 9.)

C. C. and Company (1970)—Joe Namath as a motorcyclist, and Ann-Margret as a fashion writer. Directed by Seymour Robbie. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 10.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the

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work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (St. Marks Cinema; May 8-10.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Coronet.)

Cool Breeze—A black version of the familiar white man's thriller about a jewel robbery that comes undone through the frailties of the thieves. (But key figures in the setup—including the producer, Gene Corman, and the writer-director, Barry Pollack—are white men, as ever.) The prevailing note is bitten with irony, and the best performances are the sad ones, not the many griping ones that have to cope with speeches about identity. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Cowboys—Blood and homilies on one of the most torpid cattle drives since the invention of motion pictures. Eleven good boys, aged nine to fifteen, are so well trained by their surrogate big daddy, John Wayne, that when he is shot by a rustler they wipe out the whole seventeen-man gang. The point of view of the movie is that this makes them men. Mark Rydell directed this pious muck. As the cook on the drive, Roscoe Lee Browne does his charming urbane number. (Juliet 1; through May 9.)

The Culpepper Cattle Co.—With Gary Grimes, directed by Dick Richards. (34th St. East.)

Dames (1934)—Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, and Dick Powell singing "I Only Have Eyes for You." Ray Enright directed. (Thalia; May 8-9.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-7.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (St. Marks Cinema; May 4-7.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Murray Hill.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of the Cain and Abel story, from Steinbeck, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Elgin; starting May 8.)

Elvis: That's the Way It Is (1970)—Elvis in Las Vegas. (St. Marks Cinema; May 3.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Elgin; starting May 8.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Festival; starting May 10, tentative.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Baronet and Juliet 2. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through May 9.)

Fritz the Cat—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity: everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Fine Arts and U. A. East.)

A Full Life (1962)—The Japanese director Hani, working at the top of his bent and managing to make a famous screen heroine act like an amateur, in the best sense. The actress is Ineko Arima, playing an unrooted city girl who eventually falls in love with a devoted man much older than she is. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through May 5.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Little Carnegie; starting May 10.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

Groupies (1970)—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (St. Marks Cinema; May 3.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad of an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-send-up, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Regency; through May 9. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting May 10.)

He Loved an Actress (1938)—With Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyons. (Thalia; May 6.)

Hooray for Love (1935)—With Ann Sothern, Gene Raymond, and Bill Robinson, directed by Walter Lang. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 10.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (Murray Hill.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (86th St. East; through May 9.)

How to Commit Marriage (1969)—With Bob Hope and Jackie Gleason, directed by Norman Panama. (Symphony; starting May 10.)

Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (New Yorker; starting May 6.)

The Joyless Street (1925)—The great G. W. Pabst, directing Garbo in a dark picture about prostitution. (Elgin; through May 7.)

J. W. Coop—With Cliff Robertson and Geraldine Page, directed by Robertson. (Columbia I; starting May 9.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 9. . . . ¶ Greenwich and Olympia; starting May 10.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I; through May 8.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin.

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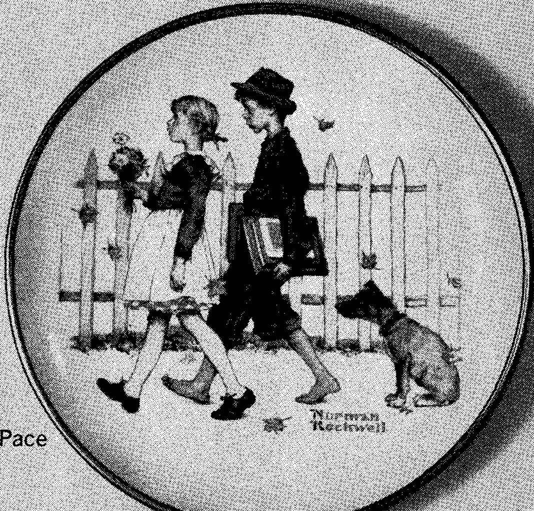

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (St. Marks Cinema; May 8-10.)

Macunaima—Directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade. In Portuguese. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting May 5.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen (1971)—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (St. Marks Cinema; May 3.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 10.)

Mary, Queen of Scots—Mary's story may be a great one, but periods of history "fraught with intrigue"—as they used to say—don't film well. Mary's "tragic destiny" has always been a movie flop; it was already a joke back in 1925, when Hal Roach made the comedy "Mary, Queen of Tots." There's no motivating idea visible in this version, produced by Hal Wallis, and the leaden script, by John Hale, lacks romantic spirit and dramatic sense. Vanessa Redgrave brings a tremulous, romantic-goddess quality to Mary; Glenda Jackson, likable but as contemporary as Bette Davis, gives Elizabeth a sort of camp humor. Her red wigs seem almost prankishly terrible, as if designed to subvert the imposing production. The director, Charles Jarrott, struggles to give it all a little lift, but without a script Hercules couldn't raise this story off the ground. (Greenwich, Festival, and Symphony; through May 9.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Olympia; starting May 10.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remains embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Art; May 3.)

My Uncle Antoine—A good French-Canadian picture about rural Quebec, made by Claude Jutra. The sense of small-town society is accurately serious and funny—whispers, giggles, children spying, flurries of love affairs. Jutra himself plays a village-store clerk; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence. In French. (Paris; May 3. . . . ¶ Art; starting May 4.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion.)

No Man's Land (1933)—With Vladimir Sokoloff and Lewis Douglas. (Thalia; May 5.)

An Old Spanish Custom (1939)—With Buster Keaton. (Thalia; May 5.)

100 Men and a Girl (1937)—Deanna Durbin singing with Leopold Stokowski. High spot for Durbin, if you don't feel the way W. C. Fields felt about her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7-9.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Waverly; through May 9.)

Play It Again, Sam—Written by, and starring, Woody Allen, directed by Herbert Ross. (Music Hall; starting May 4.)

Point Blank (1967)—A brutal, visually stunning account of a crook who seeks justice on his own murderous terms. With a superb performance by Lee Marvin. John Boorman is the director. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse; starting May 10.)

Police Call (1933)—With Nick Stuart and Myrna Kennedy. (Thalia; May 3.)

The Policeman—In Hebrew. (Cinema II.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (St. Marks Cinema; May 8-10.)

Public Stenographer (1934)—With Lola Lane, William Collier, and Jason Robards, Sr. (Thalia; May 6.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Pursuit of Happiness (1971)—The disenchantment of youth, and the hypocrisy of the Establishment. With Michael Sarrazin and Barbara Hershey and a good supporting cast (Arthur Hill, Robert Klein, and Ruth White in her last appearance). Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 10.)

Rebel Priest (1927)—Directed by Hans Kyser. (Thalia; May 7.)

Reckless (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 6.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. Too mechanical a view of character; the whole thing is a little simple-minded. Raoul Walsh directed. (Thalia; May 10-11.)

Shadows (1961)—An original exercise in improvisation by a group of players who do their ad-libbing, sometimes to great effect, in a scattering of places around this city. John Cassavetes' direction is also effective and self-effacing. (Festival; starting May 10, tentative.)

Ship of Wanted Men (1933)—With Leon Waycoff, Dorothy Sebastian, and Jason Robards, Sr. (Thalia; May 4.)

Silent Running—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic than it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Kips Bay; through May 9.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 6.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Beekman; May 3. . . . ¶ Paris; starting May 4.)

Straw Dogs—A picture that will be talked about for many years. Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial im-

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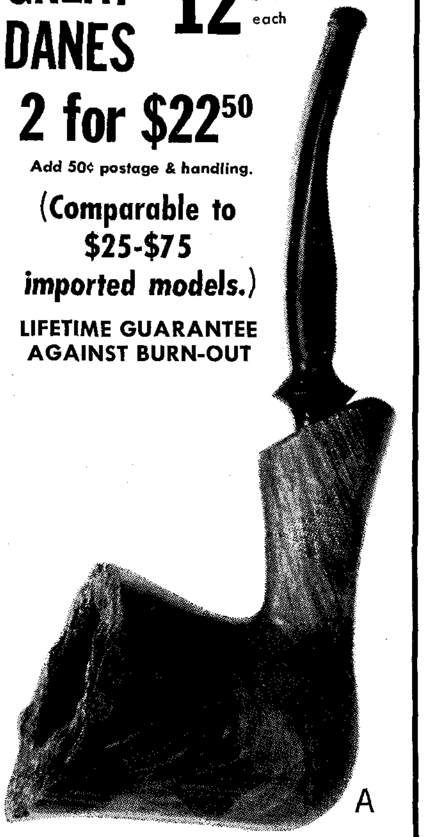

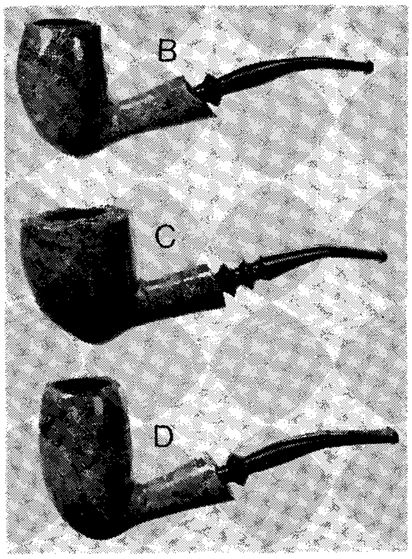

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perative. (Playboy. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through May 9.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 9. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting May 10.)

Ten Days' Wonder—A chic thriller by Claude Chabrol, his first film made directly into English, of fairly unfathomable idiocy and sacrilegious pretensions. Anthony Perkins and Orson Welles have to deal with some quite amazingly dumb lines. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

There's Magic in Music (1941)—With Susanna Foster and Allan Jones. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7-9.)

They Call Me Trinity—With Terence Hill and Bud Spencer, directed by E. B. Clucher. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting May 10.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; through May 9.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Symphony; starting May 10.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (New Yorker; through May 5.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (68th St. Playhouse.)

$20 a Week (1935)—With Pauline Stark and James Murray. (Thalia; May 3.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Olympia; through May 9. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 11.)

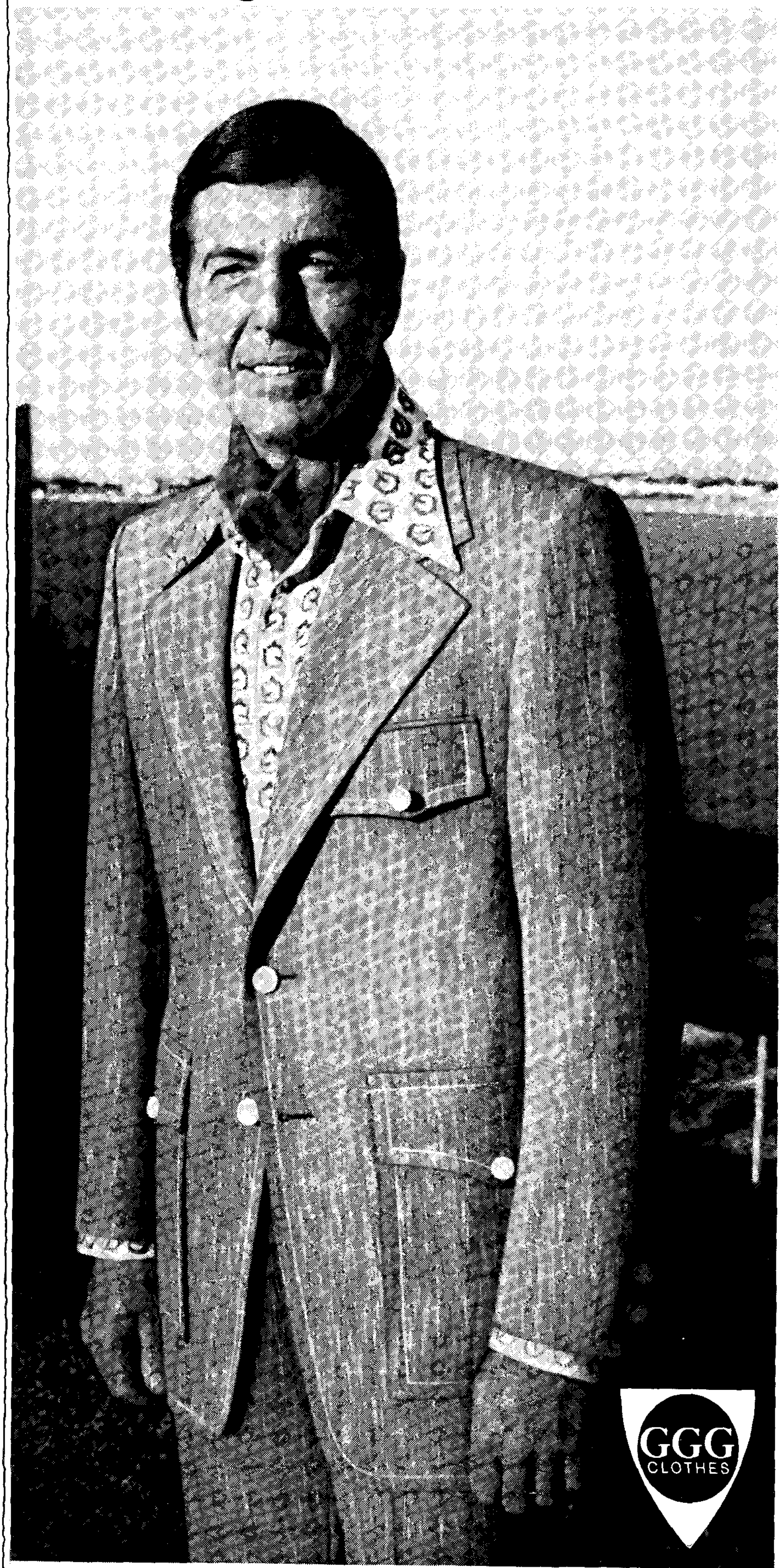
Welcome to the Club—With Brian Foley and Jack Warden, directed by Walter Shenson. (Regency; through May 9.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Music Hall; May 3. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting May 4.)

Within the Rock (1935)—With Lon Chaney, Jr., and Lila Lee. (Thalia; May 7.)

Without Apparent Motive—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 4.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—The astonishingly versatile James Cagney as George M. Cohan in a big, enjoyable musical well directed by Michael Curtiz. With Walter Huston. (Thalia; May 10-11.)



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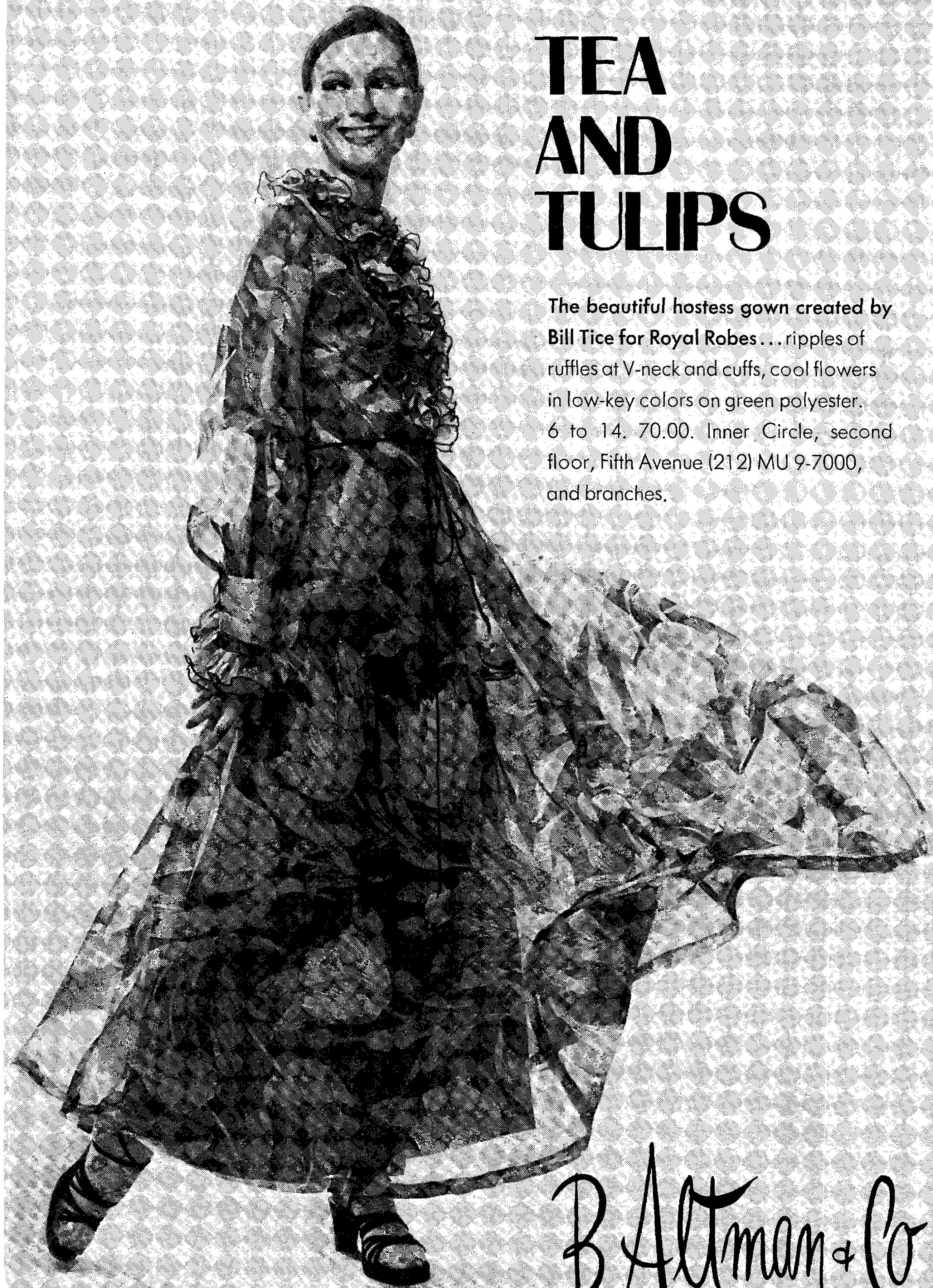

TEA AND TULIPS

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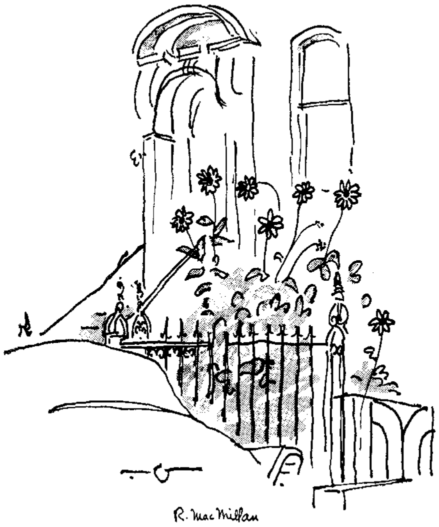
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

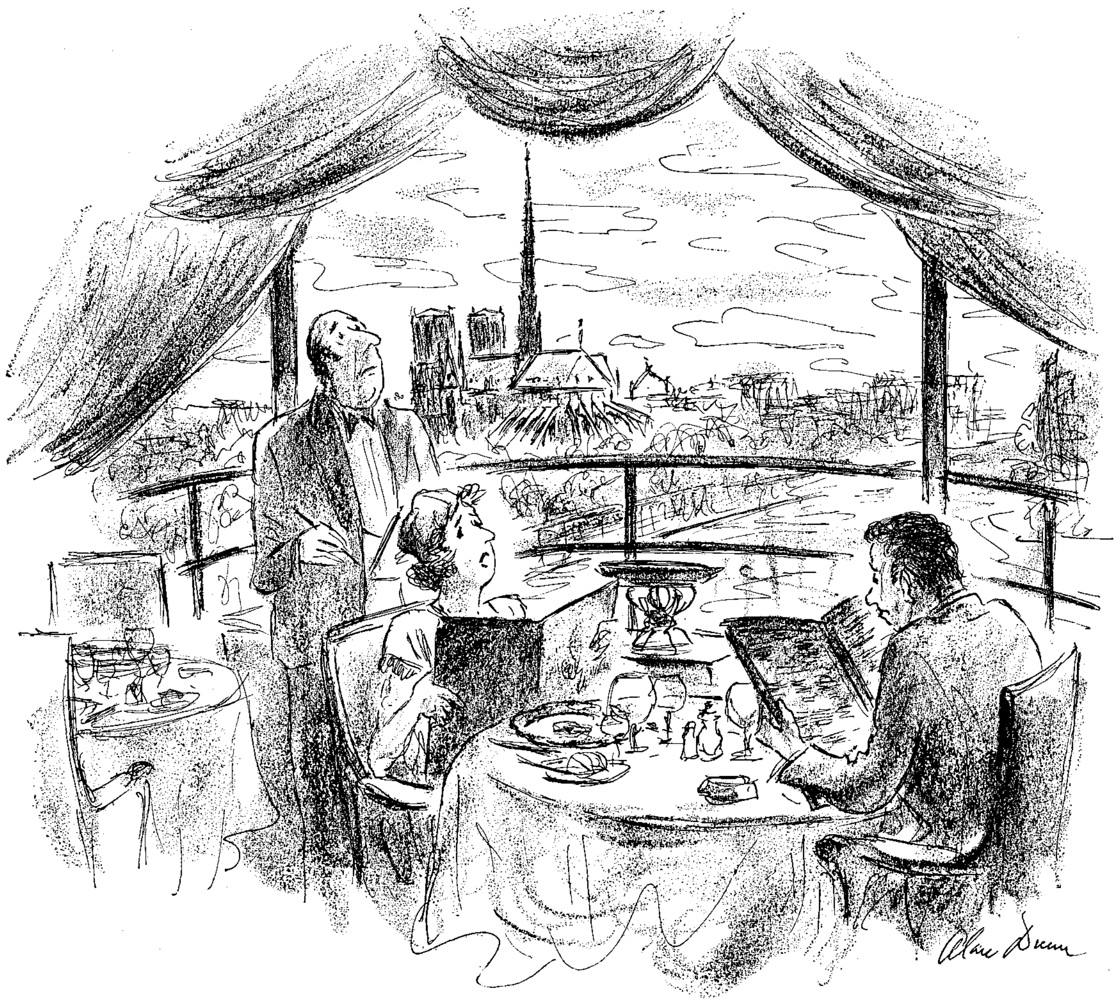
Notes and Comment

TIME is running out in Indo-China, and events there may be rapidly approaching their conclusion. But in the United States we are transfixed. The responses we have managed to the present crisis have been merely repetitious. The bombers bomb. Demonstrators demonstrate. Senators question Cabinet members. Congress considers legislation against the war. The President gives his speech on the war. Everyone does what he has done many times before, only more feebly. A new political system has apparently come into being in which all these supposedly clashing and disruptive activities have been accommodated into a single, smoothly functioning process. President Nixon's recent speech on the war was like a speech out of the nineteen-fifties. "We will not be defeated and we will never surrender our friends to Communist aggression," he said, lumping Americans and South Vietnamese into a single "we," and lumping all Communist countries into a single "they" capable of concerted aggression. Yet later on he mentions his "historic" journeys "for peace" to the two largest of these same aggressor nations, and goes on to say, "I . . . know that future Presidents will travel to nations abroad as I have on journeys for peace. If the United States betrays the millions of people who have relied on us in Vietnam, the President of the United States, whoever he is, will not deserve nor receive the respect which is essential if the United States is to continue to play the great role we are destined to play of helping to build a new structure of peace in the world." In other words, we have to fight wars with Communist aggressors so that we can simultaneously go on missions of peace to their capitals. After all, how can you be a peacemaker if there aren't any wars to stop? But in another part of the speech the President, after urging us on to victory, suggests that we are not, after all, fighting in Vietnam. He tells us that the South Vietnamese "are now bearing the brunt of the battle" and that "we can now see the day when no more Americans will be involved there at all." But if we are not fighting there, how can we suffer a defeat? And if the stakes for us are as great as the President says they are—if they include, as he puts it toward the end of his speech, "not just peace in our time but peace for generations to come"—why are we withdrawing our troops? We should be sending them in. Be this as it may, while Americans are arguing over whether we're in Vietnam or not, whether or not it's worth it to be there, whether or not we should get out if we are there—even whether or not there's a war going on at all—the North Vietnamese may well destroy the regime in Saigon. If this happens, the crisis that has lurked at the heart of the war all along will be upon us, and we will be in uncharted territory. None of the promises made so far will hold, and no form of escalation will be absolutely out of the question. The President asks us all to be steadfast. Steadfast on a disaster course. In other words, our whole tired crew—with the driver's foot pressed firmly on the accelerator—may be hurtling toward a brick wall at sixty miles an hour.



Tree

AT last. A balmy day. No rain. Bright-blue sky with a few fluffy-looking clouds. New green baby leaves on trees, and the magnolia, dogwood, and cherry blossoms in full bloom all over Central Park. Fresh sand in the playground sandboxes. Hats off. Bareheaded babies. The tennis courts officially open and nicely rolled, with hordes of players lining up to play. Plenty of baseball games going on. The rowboats out being rowed on the lake, and, back at the boathouse, the ducks fattening up on all the scraps being thrown to them by eager-beaver picnickers on the boathouse veranda overlooking the lake. The pigeons less frenzied over crumbs and plopping around, content. The squirrels less jumpy and leading their own lives in the bushes. Hot dogs and French fries doused in ketchup being gobbled up by all the boathouse schmoosers—long-haired jean-and-Army-jacketed types who didn't seem to give a damn about macrobiotic or organic-food diets. And water, finally, in the model-sailboat pond. The statue of Alice in Wonderland, to the north, mobbed and hugged by busy, climbing toddlers. The statue of Hans Christian Andersen, to the west, surrounded by the clubs of yakking nannies with their prams. To the south, at the top of the hill leading to Seventy-second Street, the venders, in full force—Good Humors, ice-cream pops, Italian ices, pretzels, Cracker Jack, Cokes, balloons. A great setting to the east, in the little wooded area alongside the Kerbs Boathouse, for some kind of celebration. Which is just what we went to last week: the planting of an English oak tree to commemorate the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Frederick Law Olmsted, the



“If we can’t afford escargots, then the dollar is *no longer meaningful.”*

• •

pioneer landscape architect who, with Calvert Vaux, designed Central Park in the eighteen-fifties.

The official planting was supposed to be done by August Heckscher, Administrator of Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs for the city, but when we arrived, a few minutes before the ceremony, the tree was already upright, in a neat circle of freshly turned dirt, and Cornelius M. O’Shea, Parks Director of Horticulture, was standing around looking at it, while Allen Cataldi and Edward Flynn, who wore the dark-green uniform of the Parks Department, laid out three clean spades in a neat row. We stood around looking at the tree with Mr. O’Shea, a friendly, gray-haired man, who had on gray trousers, a black jacket, and a necktie decorated with a ticktacktoe motif and a tie clip that was a real working scissors about two inches long. Mr. Cataldi and Mr. Flynn told us that, starting an hour before, they had dug a thirty-inch-deep hole for the tree. They lighted cigarettes and stood around looking at the tree, too. The tree was twenty feet tall and had burlap wrapped about its trunk, which was approximately four inches in diameter. The only other citizen who had turned up for the ceremony so far was a young man named Raymond MacDonald, who had red hair and freckles, and was sporting a black corduroy big-apple cap. He told us he was eighteen, made deliveries for the Carlyle Chemists, in the neighborhood, and liked to mosey in the Park on his lunch hour.

“Is something happening?” Raymond MacDonald asked.

“Not yet,” we said. “But stick around.”

We turned to Mr. O’Shea. “Where did you get the tree?”

“From Long Island,” he said. “From Vincent Mirando’s nursery, out in East Moriches.”

“It looks good, just sitting in there,” Mr. Cataldi said.

“We brought in topsoil and humus and fertilizer a few days ago,” Mr. O’Shea said. “We try to treat a tree like this with consideration, even give it some coddling. You know, encouragement.”

“Any other English oaks in Central Park?” we asked.

Mr. O’Shea held up a forefinger. “One. Over near the Bowling Green. We planted it a couple of years ago.”

Mr. Cataldi and Mr. Flynn, still smoking their cigarettes, retired to a Parks Department truck nearby, looking back at the tree as they left.

“How’s it doing?” we asked Mr. O’Shea.

“The other oak? Very well. English oaks were in the Park originally, but they gradually disappeared. Attrition. They petered out. They got out of favor. They got forgotten about. That’s what happens,” he added, looking almost reproachfully at Raymond MacDonald, who was still the only person in the Park who seemed to be nonprofessionally interested in the tree, and in the coming ceremony. “Then you finally wake up,” Mr. O’Shea continued, “and you find you don’t have this wonderful thing around anymore.”

We all looked at the tree and then around at all the other trees. The cherry blossoms were especially pretty in the sunshine.

“The surest way to eliminate a type of tree is not to plant them,” Mr. O’Shea said.

“It’s a very handsome tree even at this young age,” somebody behind us said. The speaker turned out to be Donald Simon, executive assistant to Mr. Heckscher and also curator of Prospect Park. He is a stocky, serious young man, and was wearing a dark suit.

“Well, with Olmsted, I thought we should have something of the unusual,” Mr. O’Shea said. “Our hope is to make this part of the Park an arboretum.”

“What’s an arboretum?” Raymond MacDonald asked, pushing his big-apple cap up and over to one side of his head.

“A place where you grow trees,” said Mr. Simon.

“I thought it was a dance,” Raymond MacDonald said.

We were joined by John Devlin, a reporter for the *Times*. He looked solid and affluent—sort of like a country squire who loves trees.

"This morning, another English oak tree was planted for Mr. Olmsted, in Prospect Park," Mr. Simon said. "And we had a tree planted in the other parks designed by Mr. Olmsted, too—Morningside Park and Fort Greene Park. We'll *really* celebrate Mr. Olmsted's birthday, though, at a big party in Central Park on Sunday, and the whole public is invited."

We looked at a small aluminum plaque attached to the trunk of an older tree behind us. It read, "The pin oak gets its name from short pinlike twigs that stand out from its branches."

"A gentleman gave us a grant for those plaques," Mr. O'Shea told us. "His name is Benjamin Graham, of California, and also of Paris. But he loves New York, so he gave us ten thousand dollars in 1969."

Raymond MacDonald said he had to get back to his job at the drugstore, but he lingered when Mr. O'Shea said, "Here comes Heckscher, walking, with his car riding behind him." Then he greeted Mr. Heckscher, who had a beard that made him look like Hal Prince-with-a-beard, and who was wearing a dark suit and a navy-and-white polka-dotted bow tie.

"Did you hear the good news?" Mr. Heckscher said to the assemblage. "This morning, George Delacorte gave us five thousand dollars to plant trees. That will buy us a lot of trees. Maybe some cucumber trees, in the magnolia family. Or some sugar maples. We have one cucumber tree left in the Park, but it's an old one, and now it's on its last legs."

"How shall we identify Mr. Delacorte?" Mr. Devlin asked Mr. Heckscher as he held his pencil to paper.

"Well, he's been a benefactor," Mr. Heckscher said. "Call him a publisher and benefactor."

"And how many trees would you say five thousand dollars would buy?" Mr. Devlin asked.

Mr. Heckscher said about fifty, and looked around happily at the five people gathered for the ceremony.

A Parks Department photographer turned up, and then a young man with shoulder-length blond hair and gold-rimmed octagonal spectacles. He said he was Billy Barth. He wore old track shoes and bluejeans and carried a zippered briefcase. "I'm from Volunteers for Earth," Billy Barth said to Mr. Heckscher, who nodded at him and looked at the English oak tree about to be officially planted.

"Volunteers for Earth specializes in doing cleanups," Billy Barth said. "Last summer, we did the Rockaway River, in Dover, New Jersey. We got ten or twenty tons of garbage out. We got a lot of scrap metal out."

Mr. Simon moved in on Billy Barth. "You should call Dave Zelman. He's in charge of Volunteers in Parks—V.I.P. Telephone 360-8165. Write it down. They supply brooms, shovels, rakes, plastic bags."

"I don't have a pencil," Billy Barth said.

Mr. Simon wrote down the number and gave it to him.

"Do you know what a dawn redwood is?" Mr. Heckscher asked us.

We said, "No."

"It's a conifer, but it loses its needles," Mr. Heckscher said. "They thought it had been extinct for forty million years. But in 1941 it was found in China. And we planted one in this park, just to your left as you enter the walk into the Park at West Eighty-fifth Street. We put five, as street trees, outside Bryant Park, on Forty-second Street. That's the kind of thing I'd like to get some private money for to plant in the parks. I don't know how someone who *has* money can get more pleasure than by giving it for trees and flowers in our parks."

"Mr. Heckscher, I met a girl in the Shakespeare Company—Karen Grassle," Billy Barth said. "She said that last summer it was so hot she wanted to jump into the pond."

"Yes," Mr. Heckscher said, trying to focus on Billy Barth but looking around at the small assemblage for the ceremony.

"She couldn't, because it was so dirty," Billy Barth said.

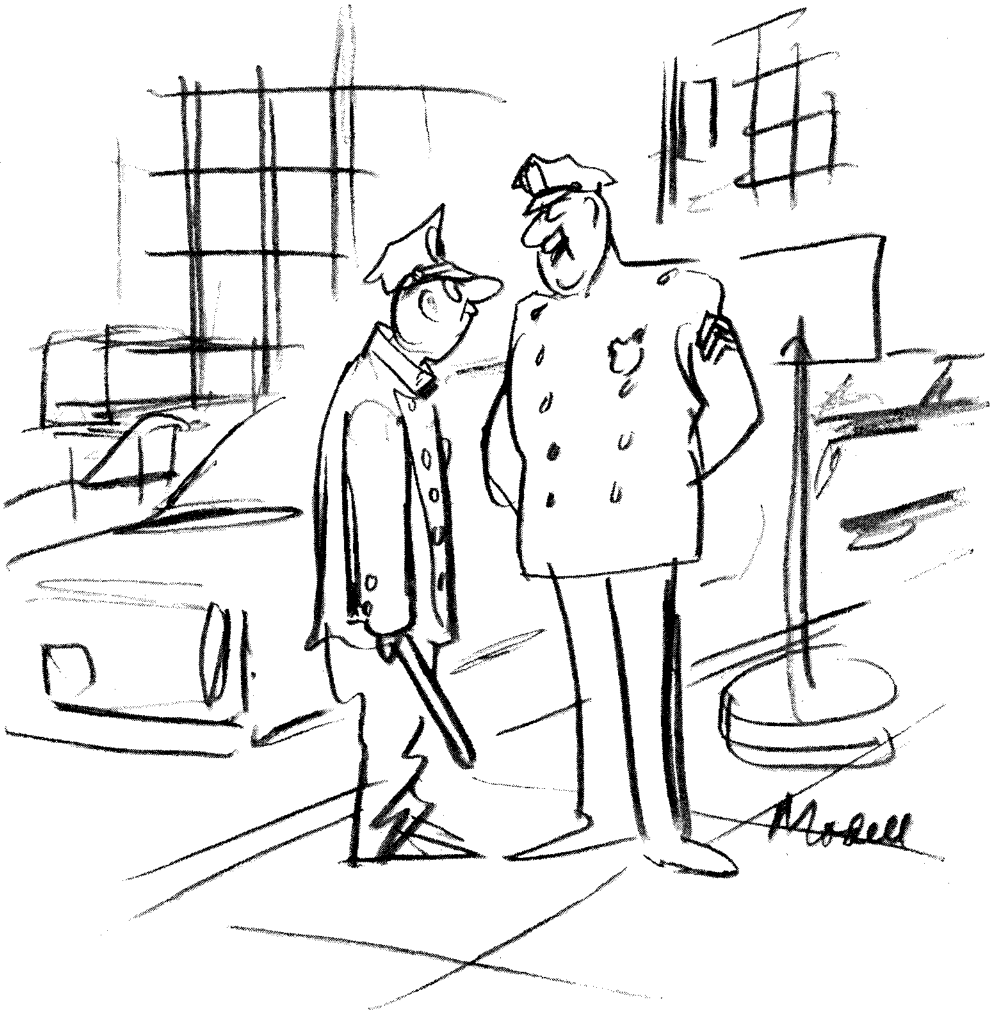
"Oh, yes," said Mr. Heckscher.

"The pond next to the Delacorte Theatre," Billy Barth said, desperately. "She wanted to do a cleanup on it."

"V.I.P.," Mr. Simon said meaningfully. "Call V.I.P."

"I just planted a tree up at my place in Connecticut," Mr. Devlin said to Mr. Heckscher. "I'm so *stiff*."

"Look at that!" Mr. Heckscher called out suddenly, indicating two small children who had just broken two large branches from a nearby cherry-blossom tree. Mr. O'Shea instantly went after the culprits, whose names were Charlie and Nadia, and so



"And don't think Commissioner Murphy won't notice how you've slimmed down, Reilly."

did Mr. Heckscher, and so did the rest of us. Mr. O'Shea wrested the branches from the children and bawled them out. Mr. Heckscher told the children's mother that he was the Parks Administrator and that mothers should explain to their children at an early age that they must not break branches off trees. Then everybody returned to the English oak tree.

Raymond MacDonald said he had to get back to his job in the drugstore. That left Mr. Heckscher, Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Simon, Mr. Devlin, Billy Barth, the photographer, and us to attend the ceremony. Mr. Heckscher and Mr. O'Shea each picked up a spade, and Mr. Cataldi came over and put the third spade back in the truck. Mr. Heckscher threw a spadeful of dirt against the base of the tree, and Mr. O'Shea did the same. The photographer took the official picture. The ceremony was over. The tree looked lovely.

The Truth About Chow Mein

CHOW MEIN, that ostensibly Chinese dish which is now being sold in cans on supermarket shelves, and which has become such a standby in school and college dining halls (where it tastes as if it came from the same cans), is a bastardized form of an authentic dish called, in Mandarin, *ch'ao mien*, or "stir-fried noodles." The authentic dish is prepared by frying boiled noodles together with a few bits of meat and vegetables. It is regarded as a simple dish suitable for a quiet family luncheon. In this country, its principal ingredient—the noodles—has been transformed into those crispy, crunchy brown things which the waiter in a Chinese restaurant brings to your table for you to munch on while you have your drinks, and which you later sprinkle over the rice and vegetables of your chow mein to lend them a texture they would otherwise lack. Those crispy, crunchy things will not be found in China. They are manufactured in America in factories owned by Chinese. A Chinese waiter in this country who is asked whether those crispy, crunchy things are truly Chinese is likely to reply that they are, but in so doing he merely provides evidence of (a) his desire to make you feel more generous and (b) the quality in Chinese culture known as syncretism—the willingness to accept a range of foreign beliefs, from Buddhism to Communism, in a not wholly honest way. The waiter himself will not eat those crispy, crunchy things; he sticks to his *ch'ao mien*, which is smooth, oily, and totally different. Chow mein can easily be confused with chop suey, though to Chinese people the difference hardly matters. Chop suey originated in a legendary California mining camp, where a legendary Chinese cook found himself shorthanded one day and made do by giving his Occidental customers a mishmash of whatever was lying around. When asked what the dish was called, the man said "chop suey" (or, in Mandarin, *tsa sui*), which can be translated as "miscellaneous broken pieces." There is no such dish in China as *tsa sui*.

These facts were given us, with just this vehemence, by our friend Milton Liu, who recently, as some of our readers may recall, also had a thing or two to say about Chinese calligraphy. We, of course, had known that chow mein and chop suey were not authentic, but we were glad to get a complete explanation from a Chinese person. Our conversation took place at the Peking, a large L-shaped restaurant, decorated with incongruous Tiffany lamps, that opened last year on Broadway at Ninety-fourth Street. Over a delicious meal of ham-and-winter-melon soup, shredded beef with Peking sauce, and sautéed mixed vegetables, all served with impressive hauteur by red-jacketed waiters, Milton shared with us some random observations on the cuisine of his native land, and we will summarize them here. In Milton's opinion, the best Chinese cooking is simply fresh materials cooked quickly, so that they still taste fresh and distinct. He likes the plain combinations served by ordinary restaurants—beef with broccoli, carp with bean curd, Chinese cabbage with ham and mushrooms. He thinks that the Chinese and the Italians are the only people who sauté the stalks and leaves of vegetables, thus saving the juices and textures of those parts. This kind of Chinese cooking is done in a round-bottomed pan called a *kuo* (or, in the Cantonese dialect spoken by most Chinese in America, a *wok*), but, says Milton, "Mere utensils are never as important as ideas. *Think* of fresh, good things, and you will prepare delicious Chinese dishes in your own frying pan."

For fancy cooking, Milton considers the French superior to the Chinese—and, indeed, to everyone else. He says that Chinese banquet dishes such as shark's fin have cachet because of their exotic names and because they sometimes (as in the case of shark's fin) have to be ordered a day in advance. In China, *haute cuisine* has generally meant the rare and the strange. Milton told us to look up something called the Great Chinese Banquet in a book (which he highly recommended, even though a few of its illustrative Chinese characters have been printed upside down) entitled "Chinese Gastronomy," by Hsiang Ju Lin and Tsuifeng Lin, which was published by Hastings House in 1969. The banquet, a product of Ch'ing Dynasty decadence, went like this:

Bird's Nest Soup
Slices of Unicorn
Cassia Flowers on a Moonlit Boat
Roast Whole Suckling Pig
Deer Heart Garnished with Plums
Lady's Grace

Fish Maw with Six Spices
Deer Tail with Clams and Duck
Dragon Liver and Phoenix Marrow
Chicken Testicles
Whole Squabs, Garnished
Seal
Clam Cakes

Felicitous Harmony
Bear's Paw and Partridge
Imperfect Pearls
Squab As You Like It
Sparrows' Tongues
Whole Roasted Raccoon
Honours and Rewards

Phoenix Bursting through the Clouds
Delicacies from Sung River
Jade on a Blue Field
Sautéed Shark's Fin
A Pair of Nanking Ducks
Sparrows and Pine Nuts
Deep-Fried Lobster Balls
Frogs

Etc.

The Chinese are fascinated by what can and cannot be eaten ("I've just swallowed a fly!" Milton's grandfather announced one day, as if he expected to explode), and they have tried to eat

SARHA
BOOTH

"The seventies are going to be perkier than the sixties were."

• •

just about everything; witness what can be found even in ordinary Chinese restaurants—shark's fin, sea cucumber, bird's nest, dandelion stems, tree fungus, and so on. For some reason, though, cheese is entirely un-Chinese. Of the vegetables associated with Chinese cooking—black mushrooms, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, snow peas, Chinese cabbage, and bean sprouts—the most important may be bean sprouts, or just the beans themselves. These are used not only for soy sauce and bean curd but for the mock meats (duck, beef, lamb) eaten by sophisticated Buddhists. Another important vegetable, for some reason hard to find in America, is *ch'ing ts'ai*, or "green vegetable," which resembles what is sold here as Chinese cabbage, except that it is green instead of white, and smaller. Some Chinese insist on having *ch'ing ts'ai* at every meal, the way some Americans insist on having salad, although the *ch'ing ts'ai* is cooked. A similar vegetable is *po ts'ai* (spinach); during Milton's childhood, which was spent on Manhattan's upper West Side, his mother would serve enough spinach to fill both the *ch'ing-ts'ai* and the *po-ts'ai* quotas, thus preparing her son for a boarding-school education.

As for regional differences in Chinese cooking, Milton suspects that Chinese people show less regard for these than Americans do. The typical Chinese restaurant in New York will say on its menu, "We specialize in Peking and Shanghai cuisine. Cantonese dishes also served," and, in addition, it will list a column of Western dishes for people who wish they were elsewhere. This shows not only that the proprietor wants to make money but that (syncretism again) he is open to different ways of doing things. Szechwan cooking, however, is being represented by more and more restaurants in New York, which serve little else. Most of the foods of Szechwan Province are extremely hot, perhaps because experience has shown that hot foods help relieve the symptoms of malaria, which has been prevalent there, and perhaps because Szechwan's humid climate makes people want to eat hot things.

Milton has heard of the so-called Chinese-restaurant syndrome, and he believes that it exists. The syndrome, which has afflicted both Orientals and Occidentals, consists of such symptoms as faintness, weeping, numbness, and tightening of the face, all of which may be felt after visits to Chinese restaurants. A number of correspondents writing to the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1968 reported having experienced the syndrome, and a few of them suggested that the high salt content of Chinese food, and particularly the salt called monosodium glutamate (MSG), was responsible. Milton, being a young person in America today, distrusts anything with a name like monosodium glutamate. Although he himself has never suffered from the syndrome, he suggests that anyone who has should tell the waiter that MSG should be left out of his order. This may not do any good, but if enough people complain something might happen. Milton's mother almost never used MSG, and his father assures him that his family was no different from any family in China. Chinese cookbooks in English generally include MSG in their recipes, but then these cookbooks are likely to be written by people who don't believe in the syndrome at all. (According to Milton, the cookbooks also advise more cornstarch, as a thickener, than is necessary.)

In general, Milton believes that when it comes to food people should do whatever they feel like doing. He never ate oysters on the half shell until he visited Paris in 1965; then, once he began, he did not stop until he ran out of money, two weeks later.

ESCAPE FROM CIVILIZATION

I BEGAN to plan my escape from civilization not long after learning the meaning of the word. But the village of Bilgoray, where I lived until I was eighteen, didn't have enough civilization to run away from. Later, when I went to Warsaw, all I could do was run back to Bilgoray. The idea took on substance only after I arrived in New York. It was here that I started to suffer from some kind of allergy—rose fever, hay fever, dust, who knows? I took pills by the bottleful, but they didn't do much good. The heat that early spring was as intense as in August. The furnished room where I lived on the West Side was stifling. I am not one to consult with doctors, but I paid a visit to Dr. Gnizdatka, whom I knew from Warsaw and who faithfully read anything that I managed to get published in the Yiddish press.

Dr. Gnizdatka inserted a speculum into my nostrils and a tongue depressor into my mouth and said, "*Paskudno*." ("Bad.")

"What should I do?"

"Move somewhere near the ocean."

"Where is the ocean?"

"Go to Sea Gate."

The moment Dr. Gnizdatka spoke the name, I realized that the time had finally come to escape from civilization, and that Sea Gate could serve the same purpose as Haiti or Madagascar. The following morning, I went to the bank and withdrew my savings of seventy-eight dollars, checked out of my room, packed all my belongings into a large cardboard suitcase, and walked to the subway. In a cafeteria on East Broadway, someone had told me that it was easy to get a furnished room in Sea Gate. I carried a few books to be my spiritual mainstay while away from civilization: the Bible, Spinoza's "Ethics," Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea," as well as a textbook with mathematical formulas. I was then an ardent Spinozist and, according to Spinoza, one can reach immortality only if one meditates upon adequate ideas, which means mathematics.

Because of the heat in New York City, I expected Coney Island to be crowded and the beach lined with bathers. But at Stillwell Avenue, where I got off the train, it was winter. How surprising that in the hour it took me to get from Manhattan to the Island the weather had changed. The sky was overcast, a cold wind blew, and a needle-like rain had begun to fall. The Surf Avenue trolley was empty. At the entrance to Sea Gate there was actually a gate to keep the area private. Two policemen stationed there stopped me and asked who I was and what business I had in Sea Gate. I almost said, "I am running away from civilization," but I answered, "I came to rent a room."

"And you brought your baggage along?"

These interrogations in a country that is supposed to be free insulted me, and I asked, "Is that forbidden?"

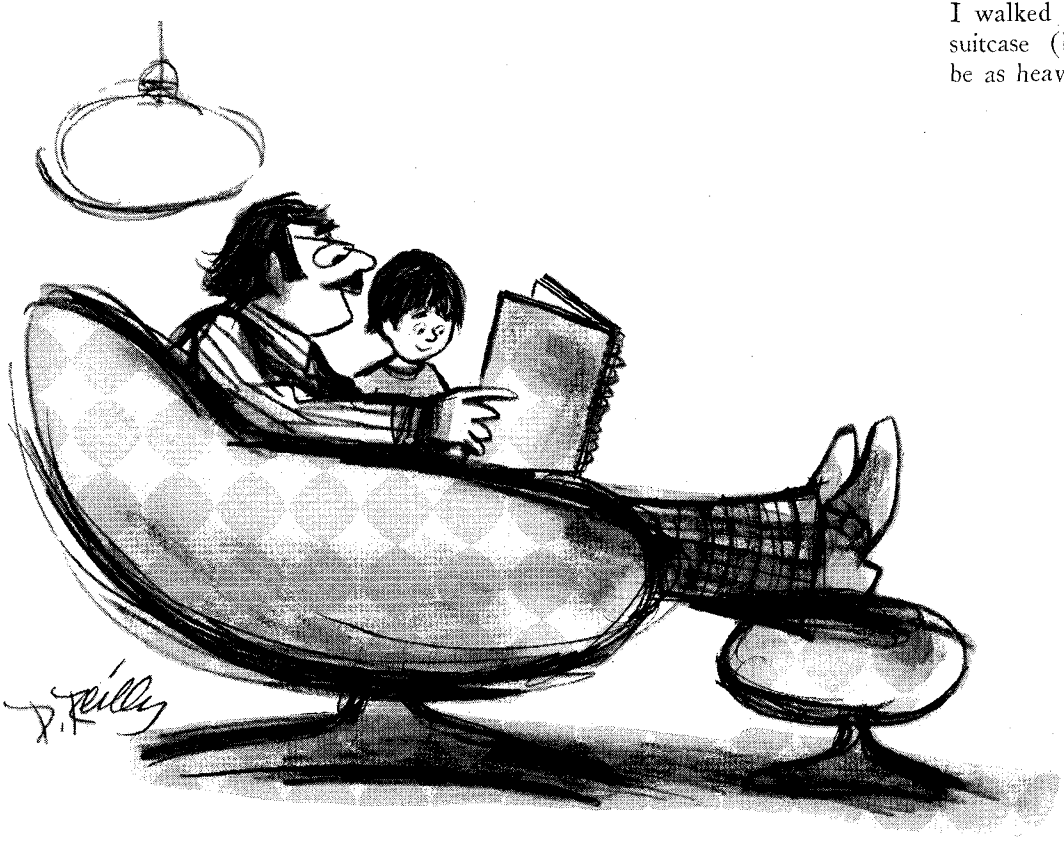
One policeman whispered something to the other, and both of them laughed. I received permission to cross the frontier.

The rain intensified. I would have liked to ask someone where I could get a room, but there was no one to ask. Sea Gate looked desolate, still deeply sunk in its winter sleep. For courage I reminded myself of Sven Hedin, Nansen, Captain Scott, Amundsen, and other explorers who left the comforts of the cities to discover the mysteries of the world. The rain pounded on my cardboard suitcase like hail. Perhaps it *was* hailing. The wind tore the hat off my head, and it rolled and flew about like an imp. Suddenly through the downpour I saw a woman beckoning to me from the porch of a house. Her mouth moved, but the wind carried her voice away. She signalled me to come over and find protection from the wild elements. I found myself facing a fancy house with a gabled roof, columns, an ornate door. I walked onto the porch, dropped my suitcase (books and manuscripts can be as heavy as stones), wiped my face with a handkerchief, and was able to see the woman more clearly: a brunette who seemed to me in her thirties, with an olive complexion, black eyes, and classic features. There was something European about her. Her eyebrows were thick. There was no sign of cosmetics on her face. She wore a coat and a beret that reminded me of Poland. She spoke to me in English, but when I answered her and she heard my accent she shifted to Yiddish.

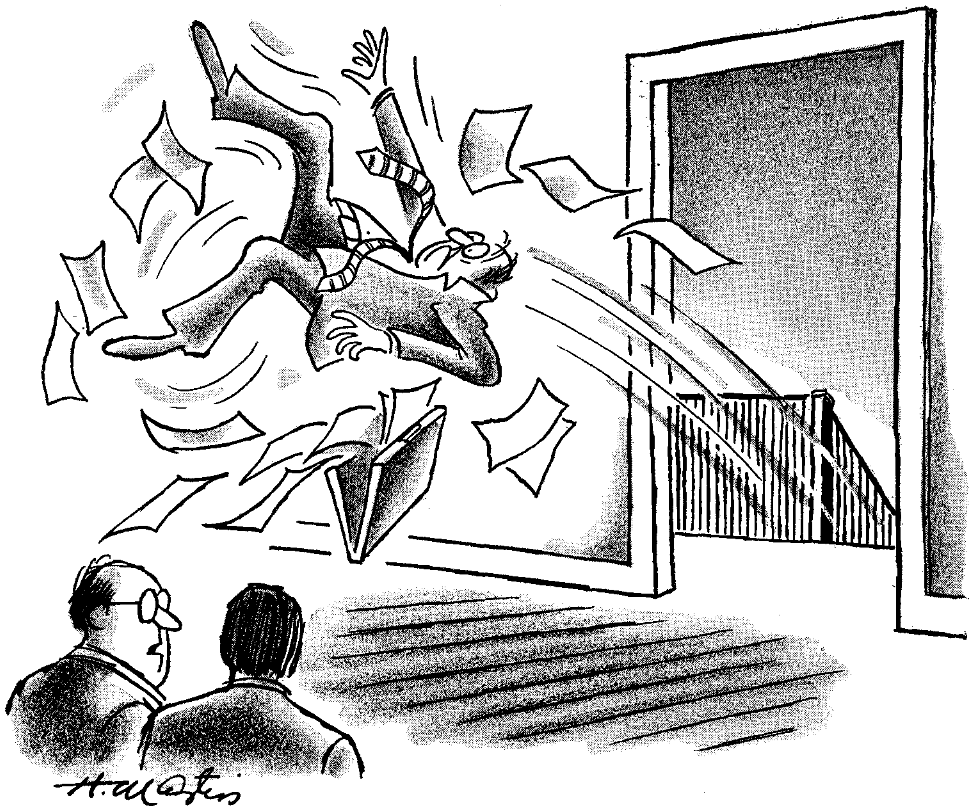
"Who are you looking for? I saw you walking in the rain with that heavy suitcase, and I thought I might . . ."

I told her I had come to rent a room and she smiled, not without irony.

"Is this the way you look for a room? Carry-



". . . and here's a shot of the swinging East Side singles bar where Mommy and Daddy first began to get it all together."



"Live and learn! I thought being 'kicked upstairs' was always just a figure of speech."

ing your luggage? Please come inside. I have a house full of rooms that are to let."

She led me into a parlor, the like of which I had seen only in the movies—Oriental rugs, gold-framed pictures, and an elaborate staircase with carvings and a red velvet bannister. Had I entered an ancient palace? The woman was saying, "Isn't that odd? I've just opened the house this minute. It's been closed for the winter. The weather turned warm and I decided perhaps it's time. As a rule, the season here begins in late May or early June."

"Why is the house closed in the winter?" I asked.

"There's no steam. It's an old building—seventy or eighty years old. It can be heated, but the system is complicated. The heat comes through here." She indicated a brass grate in the floor.

I now realized it was much colder inside than outside. There was a staleness in the air characteristic of places that have been without sun for a long time. We stood silent for a moment. Then she asked, "Are you wanting to move in immediately? The electricity isn't turned on yet and the telephone hasn't been connected. Usually boarders come to make arrangements, pay a deposit, and move in when the weather has become really warm."

"I gave up my room in the city."

The woman looked at me inquisitively and after some hesitation said, "I could swear I've seen your picture in the newspaper."

"Yes, they printed my photograph last week."

"Are you Warshawsky?"

"That's me."

"God in Heaven!"

DARKNESS had fallen and Esther Royskes lit a candle in a copper candlestick. We were sitting in the kitchen eating supper, like man and wife. She had already told me her whole story: the trouble her ex-husband, a Communist poet, gave her; how she finally divorced him; and how he ran away with his lover to California and left Esther to take care of their two little girls. Two years ago, she had rented this house with the hope that she could earn a living from it, but it did not bring her enough income. People waited until after the Fourth of July and tried to get bargains. Last year, a number of her rooms remained empty.

I put my hand into my pocket, took out the seventy-eight dollars, and offered to give her a down payment, but she protested. "No, you are not going to do that!"

"Why not?"

"First, you have to see what you are taking. It is damp and dark here. You may, God forbid, get a cold. And where will you eat? I would gladly cook for you, but since you tell me you plan to become a vegetarian it may be difficult."

"I will eat in Coney Island."

"You will ruin your stomach. All you get there is hot dogs. A man who packs his valise and comes to Sea Gate without any forethought is not practical. It's a miracle that brought you to me."

"Yes, it is a miracle."

Her black eyes gazed at me half mockingly, and I knew that this was the beginning of a serious relationship. She seemed to be aware of it, too. She spoke to me of things that are usually not told to a stranger. The shadows cast on her face by the candlelight reminded me of a charcoal sketch on a canvas. She said, "Last week I was lying in bed reading your story in the paper. The girls were asleep, but I love to read at night. Who writes about ghosts nowadays, I wondered, and in a Yiddish newspaper to boot! You may not believe me but I thought that I would like to meet you. Isn't that strange?"

"Yes, strange."

"I want to tell you that there is a romantic story connected with this house. A millionaire built it for his mistress. Then Sea Gate was still a place for the rich and American aristocrats. After his death, his mistress remained here until she died. The furnishings are hers—even the library. She seemed not to have left any will, and the bank sold everything intact. For years it remained unoccupied."

"Was she beautiful?"

"Come, I will show you her portrait."

Esther picked up the candlestick. We had to pass through a number of dark rooms to get from the kitchen to the parlor. I stumbled on the thresholds and bumped into rocking chairs. I tripped over a bulge in a rug. Esther took me by the wrist. I felt the warmth of her hand. She asked me, "Are you cold?"

"No. A little."

In the flickering light of the candle, we stood and gazed at the portrait of the mistress. Her hair was arranged in a high pompadour; her low-cut dress exposed her long neck and the upper part of her breasts. Her eyes seemed alive in the semidarkness. Esther said, "Everything passes. I still find pressed flowers and leaves in her books, but there's nothing left of her."

"I'm sure her spirit roams these rooms at night."

The candlestick in Esther's hand trembled and the walls, the pictures, and the furniture shook like stage props in a theatre. "Don't say that. I will be afraid to sleep!"

We looked at each other like two mind readers. I remember what I thought then: A situation that a novelist would have to build up slowly, gradually, through a number of chapters, over months or perhaps years, fate has arranged in minutes, in a few strokes. Everything was ready—the characters, the circumstances, the motivations. Well, but in a true drama one can never foresee what will happen the next instant.

THE rain had stopped and we were back in the kitchen, drinking tea. I thought it was late, but when I looked at my wristwatch it showed twenty-five past eight. Esther glanced at her watch, too. We sat there for a while, silent. I could see that she was pondering something that required an immediate decision, and I knew what it was. I could almost hear a voice in her mind—perhaps it was the genus of the female species—saying, "It shouldn't come to him so easily. What does a man think when he's able to get a woman so quickly?"

Esther nodded. "The rain has stopped."

"Yes."

"Listen to me," she said. "You can have the best room in this house, and we will not haggle about money. I will be honored and happy to have you here. But it's too early for you to move in. I intended to spend the night here, but now I am going to lock up the house and go home to my children."

"Why don't you want to stay over? Because of me?" I asked, ashamed of my own words.

Esther looked at me questioningly. "Let it be so."

Then she said something that, according to the rules of female diplomacy, she should not have said: "Everything must ripen."

"Very well."

"Where will you sleep now that you've given up your room?"

"I will manage somehow."

"When do you intend to move in?"

"As quickly as possible."

"Will May 15th be too long for you to wait?"

"No, not too long."

"In that case, everything is decided."

And she looked at me with an expression of resentment. Perhaps she expected me to implore her and try to persuade her. But imploring and persuading have never been a part of my male strategy. In the few hours I spent with Esther I had become somewhat surer of myself. I figured that she was about ten years my senior. I had girded myself with the patience necessary to one prepared to give up civilization and its vanities.

Neither of us had removed our coats—it was too cold—so we didn't have to put them on. I took my suitcase, Esther her overnight bag. She blew out the candle. She said, "If you hadn't mentioned her spirit, I might have stayed."

"I'm sure that her spirit is a good one."

"Even good spirits sometimes cause mischief."

We left the house and Esther locked the door. The sky was now clear—light as from an invisible moon. Stars twinkled. The revolving beam from a nearby tower fell on one side of Esther's face. I didn't know why, but I imagined that it was the first night of Passover. I became aware that the house stood apart from other houses and was encircled by lawns. The ocean was only a block away. Because of the howling wind I couldn't hear its sounds earlier, but the winds had subsided and now I heard the waters churning, foaming, like a cosmic stew in a cosmic caldron. In the distance, a tugboat was towing three dark barges. I could barely believe that just an hour away from Manhattan one could reach such quiet.

Judith Shahn

Esther spoke haltingly. "You wanted to give me an advance before, but I refused to take it. If you are serious about the room, I will accept one, just to make sure that . . ."

"Will twenty dollars be enough?"

"Yes, enough. I ask for it only so that you won't change your mind," she said, and she laughed self-consciously.

In the night light, I counted out twenty dollars. We walked together to the gate. I recognized one of the policemen who had been on duty when I arrived. He looked at us and our suitcases knowingly, as if, like a wizard, he had guessed our secrets. He smiled and winked, and I heard him say, "Are you two going back to civilization?" —ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Ruth Schachner Finkel.*)

THE BOTTLE

I have in my hand here a brown bottle.
Guess what's inside.
It's not an imp, or a devil, or a magical porter
Who will carry you and your chattels away from Isfahan.
It's not a poison to remove the king like a blot,
Or a bomb to blow the president out of his chair.
It's not even nothing,
Or a dust-filled syrup with the properties of gall
    and eglantine,
Or a droplet of the blood of St. Mercurius the Alchemist.
It's not even Coca-Cola.
It's not anything at all.
It's simply what it is.
Here, drink it.
The cork is old and thin.
The liquid itself runs smoothly from the lip.
The fragrance reminds one of a dead brick.
The texture is like rain lying in a puddle of blood.
The taste is a mixture of old iron and crows' tears
    compounded of straw and sticks.
It changes you
Into something different
From what you were before.
Actually it's plain water.
It's the act of guessing that changes you.
And it stings on the way down.

—AL LEVINE

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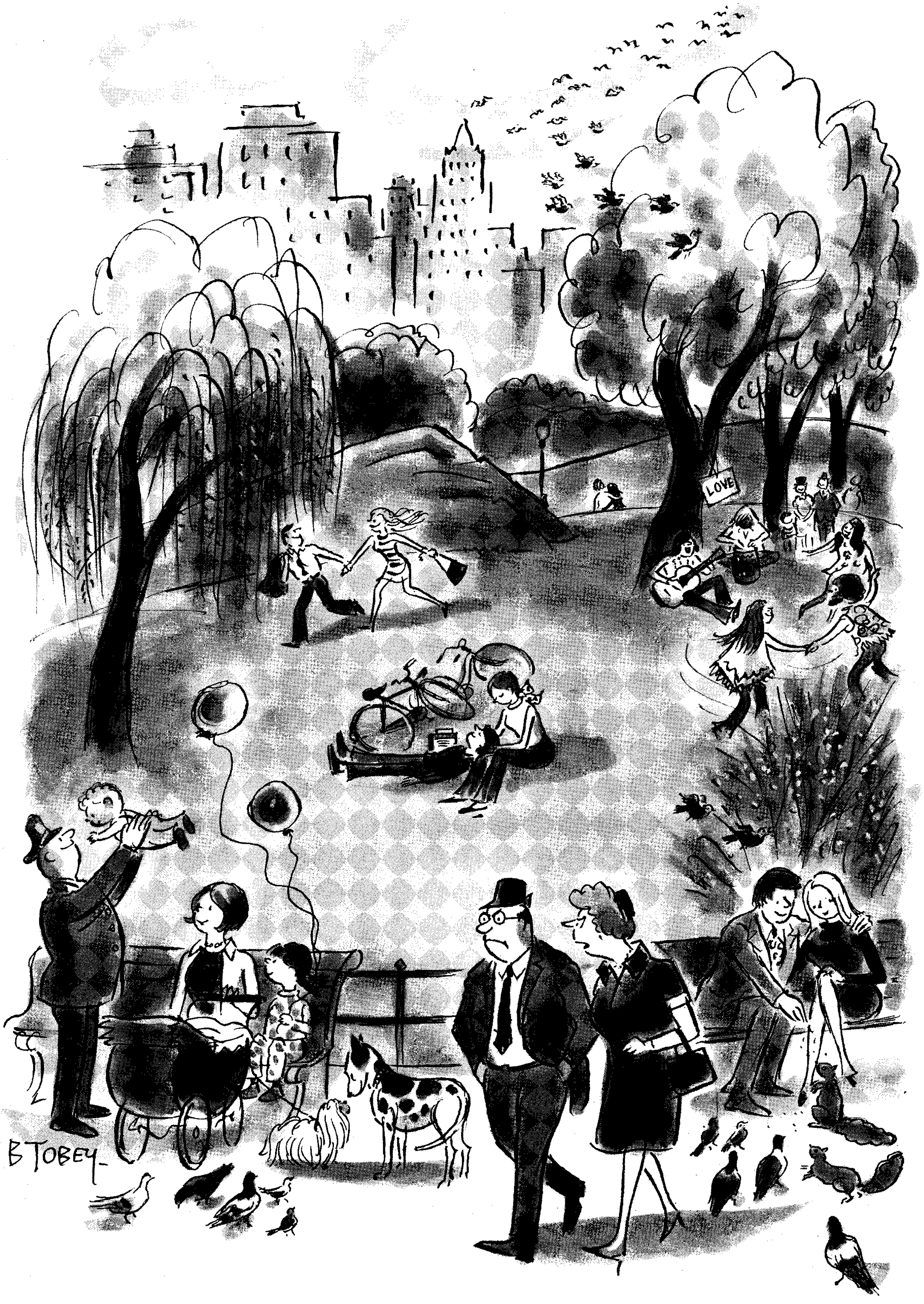

LOVE
B TOBEY

"I can't understand you, Harold. Why is it you're the only one who doesn't know it's spring?"

RUNNING NICELY

SEE them go! Clock their speed! Nightly at ten, the Birnstein boys run together along the quiet streets of suburban Melbourne, a mile and a quarter under the full-leaved summer trees. Here comes Moses, down the stairs from the flat. He's twenty-two, five five and a half, brown hair, dressed tonight in jungle-green shorts (deep pockets, balloon seat) and horizontally striped (maroon and cream) lightweight Italian mohair shirt, the collar stylishly flared. Brown shoes, blue socks. On his heels comes Ben, twelve, blondish, five eight, crisp and correct in sporting white, save for the soles of his tennis shoes, which pop up brick red. They jog to the front gate, and from here the run may be said properly to begin.

Go?

"You lock the door?" Moses asks.

"Yes," says Ben.

"Turn off the lights?"

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"You told me to leave one on."

"Where's the key? I don't trust your pockets."

Moses buries the front-door key in a pocket of his shorts under five ancient Kleenexes, tamping them down for extra security, and then, without further word, is suddenly off, assuming an instant five-yard lead. Ben narrows it at once to two, and, keeping this formation, they head down the road.

They're off!

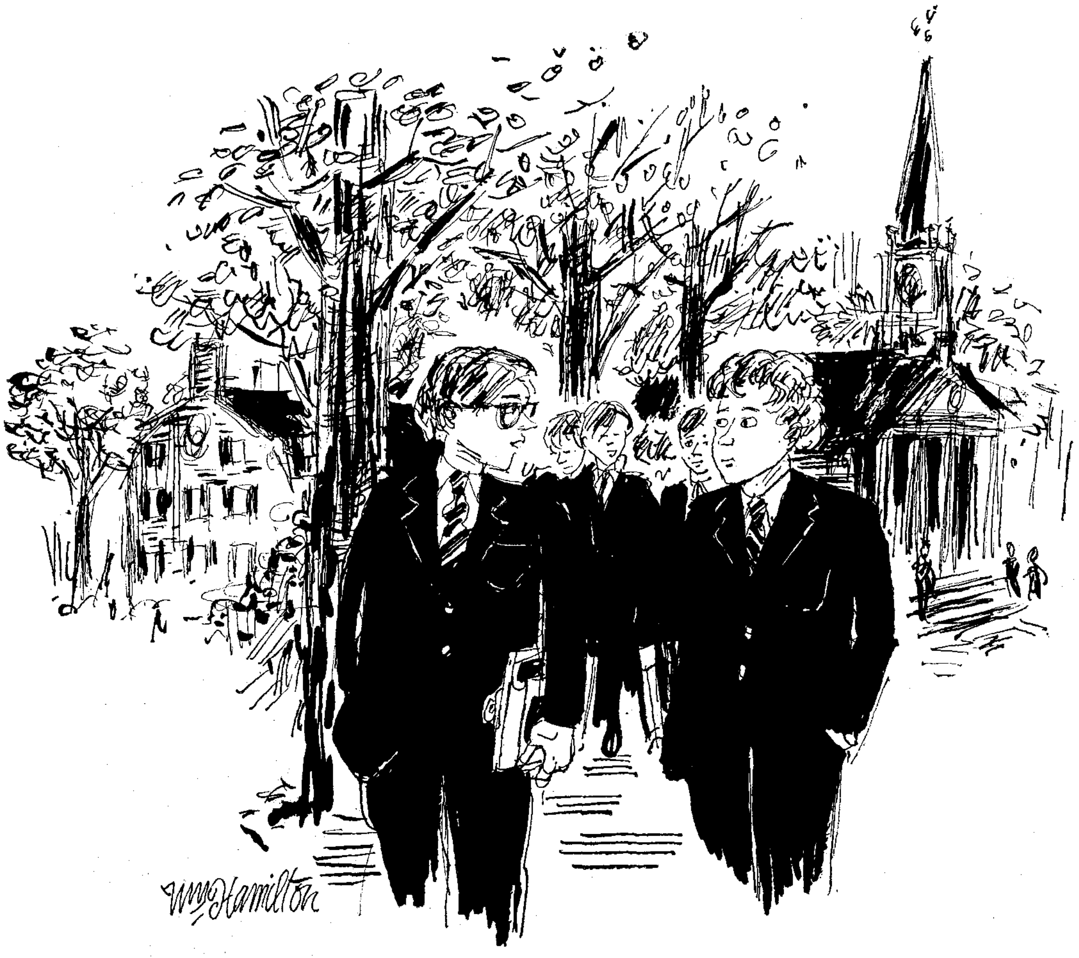
Not too fast, thinks Moses, pacing himself carefully, introducing the night air slowly into his lungs. Nice and easy, he thinks. There's a long way to go. A lifetime sufferer from flat feet, he concentrates on the proper placement of his toes, affecting a slight springy bounce. He wiggles his arms loosely by his sides. He throws back his head and takes some deep sniffs. Ah! Ah! Ben is a silent white blur in the corner of Moses' eye. Good, thinks Moses, pleased at the running order. A little respect.

Cars zoom. A heavy truck rumbles and roars. Next comes a bus, lit up like a travelling house. Overhead, the trees are a sickly yellow from the fluorescent lights on the main road, their leaves like old paper stuck up in the branches and twigs. Moses doesn't like this stretch of the run. He feels exposed. Anyone could go shooting past in a car and see them, running like lunatics in the night. Oh, it's the poor Birnstein boys! What a tragedy! To be orphaned so young! What are they doing, running at this hour? Look how thin they are! Anyone could see them here—Mr. Pincus, Mr. Sharp, Mrs. Goldberg and her three chins, an uncle, an aunt, an old family friend, all those sad faces at the funeral. Moses feels they're all watching, horrified, as he runs with his brother, and he is relieved when he and Ben turn the corner, off the main road, and true suburban night descends.

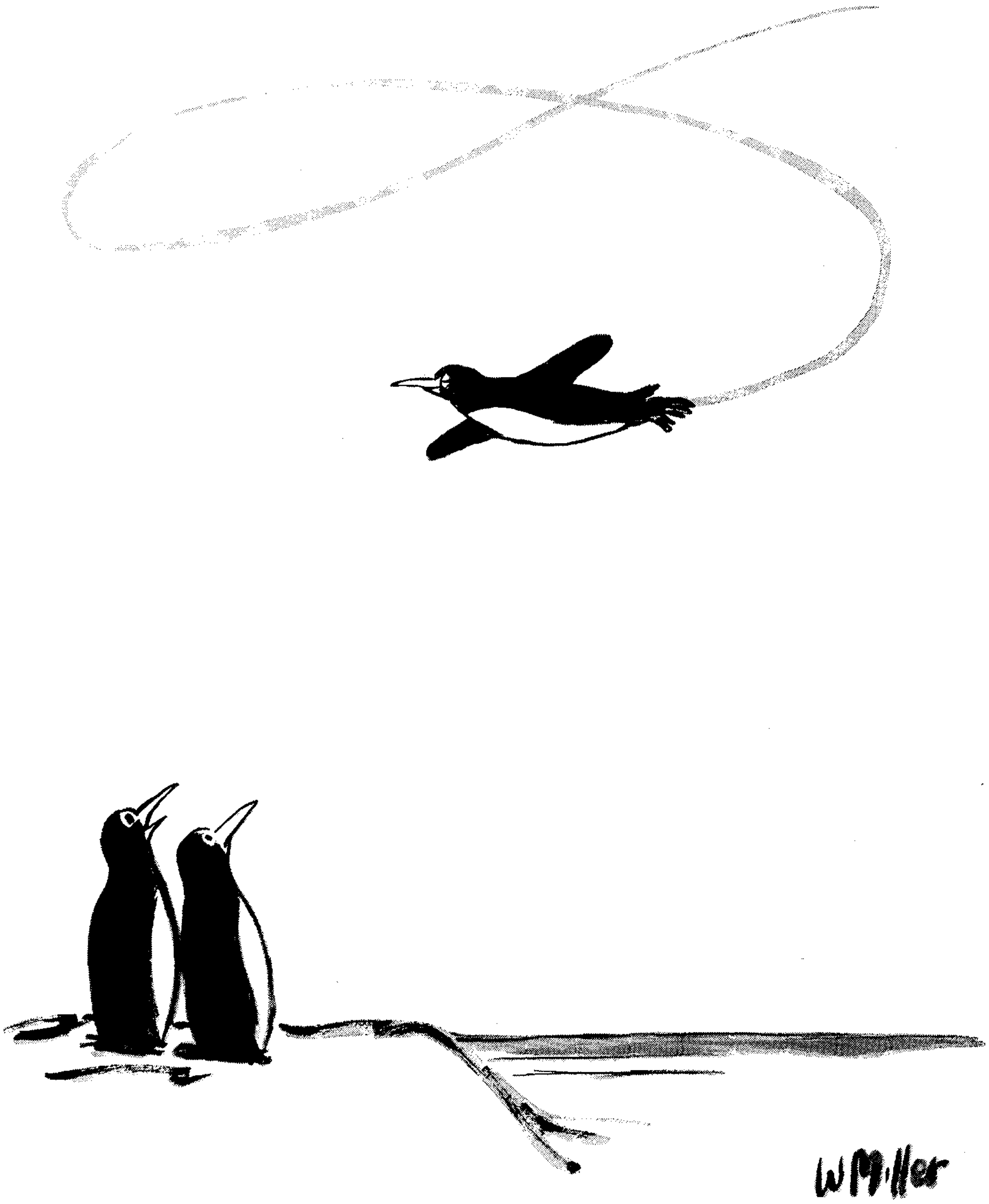
Now it's nice. The trees are leafier, the street is darker, private, and the roar of the traffic, like the sea, has dropped away; now the only sounds are the fall of their feet and the regular puffing of breath. Ben closes the gap and they run together, side by side.

There is a smell of water in the air here, a smell of flowers and moist earth, but the gardens, as they pass, are dark. Grass is dark. Flowers are dark. The trees are dark, except where at regular intervals the street lights shine through, a row of moons down the length of the street. They run from light to light, breathing easily, and the only other light is the weird flickering blue of television screens, one without fail in every house they pass.

Fools, thinks Moses, and feels a certain pride at how he has weaned his brother, a former three-hours-a-night man, of that awful habit. Not by any stern command—the set's there, and he can turn it on any time he likes—but by getting him interested in other things, widening his horizons. They watch reruns of "Naked City" and on Friday nights an old movie, if there's a good one, but the best evenings are when Ben has finished his homework and they turn on the hi-fi and listen to early Coleman Hawkins, Django, and Bird. "Listen to this," says Moses, popping on Art Tatum. "Just listen to that left hand!" And one afternoon, Moses remembers, he came home early from work, and there was the flat filled with his brother's friends, Lester Young soar-



"I'm sorry, Dewey, but I'm sure my sense of responsibility toward my family's fortune is far greater than your sense of responsibility toward your family's fortune."



"He does that in his sleep. You must never wake him until he lands."

• •

ing, and Ben delivering to his contemporaries an authoritative history of jazz.

There's another corner coming up. Moses feels Ben speeding up a fraction, and paces himself accordingly. They turn the corner in unison, running in step.

There's a cluster of shops here, five stores serving the neighborhood—there used to be six, but the grocer went self-service and swallowed up the lending library next door—and as they go past Moses sneaks a look at himself and Ben, mirrored in the dark windows. Ben, he sees, has his mouth open, but not too wide, breathing easily. He notes the steely concentration in his brother's eyes. A champion! He rejoices, and then almost lets out a small laugh as he sees himself, a crazy hotchpotch of patterns and colors, the collar of his Italian mohair poking up at the back like a foolish bird hanging on for the ride. Then his brother surges ahead five or six yards, and he lets him go. I can catch him in a second, Moses thinks. Let him run a bit.

Look at him, Moses thinks as Ben flashes past the last shop—a chemist's—his reflection riding over bottles and jars and the faces of beautiful women. Where'd he get that style? Where did he learn to run so nicely like that? Not from me, that's for sure. The thing is, he hasn't got my flat feet. Thank God.

Running behind his brother but keeping the distance between them steady, Moses thinks of many things, quickly, one after the other. How his brother is adept at tossing green salads, his French dressing a joy to behold. How his brother dresses neatly, the right tie with the right jacket, the right socks. How he comes home to find his brother has cleaned the flat, straightened the rugs, made the beds. How his brother can tell Charlie Parker from Sonny Stitt with his eyes closed. How his brother is halfway through "Catch-22." "You skipping?" Moses asked him. "Of course not," said Ben. "I'm reading every word."

"You know what you're doing to him," said Moses' girl, eating dinner at the flat one night. "You're taking away his youth."

"What?" said Moses. "What a load of rubbish. He's an intelligent kid, that's all."

And he could have said more, but he didn't feel, just then, like getting dragged into it.

A car goes past. For a second, Moses is annoyed. What's this intrusion? But the car is quickly gone, all trace of it, all sound, and once again they run through immaculate suburban night, past the houses with their weird blue lights, past the neat gardens, too dark to admire, under the canopy of black trees and the regular moons of the street lights shining through. And suddenly Moses has a vision. The whole world has been constructed for him and his brother to run through, the trees planted, the houses built, the television sets turned on, the smell of water in the air, even the stars in the sky, everything arranged and set into place—thousands of years of preparation for this moment in time, the whole world dark, at peace, with no sound allowed but his and Ben's breathing and the fall of their feet in the night.

Nice, thinks Moses, running easily. They're almost at the end of the street now, Ben still ahead. Well, thinks Moses, I'd better catch up, and he quickens his pace, coming up to his brother in a rush just as they get to Brown Street, where there's another corner to turn. Ben, on the inside, gets around nimbly, not losing an inch, but Moses overshoots, runs with a clump into the gutter and onto the road, and by the time he has sorted himself out and is running straight again Ben is fifteen yards ahead, maybe more.

Hey, what's he doing? thinks Moses. It's not a race. We're supposed to be running together. And he speeds up, flat feet thudding the ground, his hands balled into tight fists up by his heaving chest. Here I come, boy! he announces. Watch my speed.

Brown Street is famous in the neighborhood. Halfway along its length it takes a sudden plummet, a totally unexpected plunge. The incline is fantastic. Children love it. They roar down on their bikes, screams like streamers flying from their mouths. Wheee! Brown's Hill! Race ya to the bottom! The postman hates it, mothers with prams curse it, old people have to pause three times, gasping, as they slowly ascend, and here comes Moses, his flat feet making an unholy racket as he streaks after his sporting brother, all proper toe placement forgotten, his hair standing up wildly in the self-generated wind.

The gap whittles down. From fifteen it goes to ten, six, two, and—flash!—he's passed him, roaring like an engine, but what's this? he's forgotten the hill, aaarrrhhh, and down he goes, picking up speed by the second, his feet out of control—a terrible mistake. Tree trunks whip past, fences, windows, one street light after another. Moses is a train. Moses is the stagecoach racing driverless to the cliff. How to slow down? How to stop? Impossible. Can't be done. God, thinks Moses, I'm going to break a leg.

Ben is forgotten as Moses charges down the famous hill, insane thoughts of grabbing a tree or suddenly sitting down flying through his head. He's two-thirds of the way to the bottom, and by some manner unknown even to himself has managed to keep upright, when who should pop out from her gate but a little old lady from No. 26, her night of television viewing at an end, time to take the dog for a stroll. Her dog is the size of a handbag or muff, and is attached to the woman by a length of fine chain, and as Moses approaches, puffing like a furnace, the dog whips around and lets out a terrified squeaky bark, like one pump on an old pair of bellows. Reeee! The little lady turns, looks up, and sees, advancing in the night, a wild-eyed maniac streaked with sweat. A rapist! A fiend! Her small mouth falls open. Her rimless spectacles catch a street light and turn dead white. "Good evening and don't worry," Moses wants to say. "I intend you no harm." But of course he can't. It's all he can do not to crash into her, not to go flying over the thin chain connecting her to her petrified dog; somehow, miraculously, he veers around, panting madly.

But who is this streaking up behind him? Why, it's Ben, coming up with Olympic prowess, and for a moment, as Brown's Hill flattens, they're together, running side by side. For ten yards, they're neck and neck, but Ben is in fine control and Moses is not, and almost before he knows what's happening an assortment of belches escapes Moses' body, fine swinish snorts—a barnyard carnival no less.

"Hee hee," laughs Moses, and sees on the face of his brother the beginnings of an answering laugh, and as though to encourage him Moses laughs again. "Hee hee, ha ha," he laughs, and is about to do a "ho ho" when he sees a look of annoyance flick across his brother's face; then a mask of severe determination descends, and Ben is off, streaking free into the night.

Hold it a second, Moses wants to say, but can't. Something is happening to his lungs. His breath is all over the place. His running rhythm is upside down. "Ooooh!" he cries, feeling a sharp pain in his side, and then there flashes into his brain the rimless spectacles of the lady from No. 26, and he begins once more to laugh. "Ha ha," he laughs, "hee hee," but between

THE SPRING FESTIVAL ON THE RIVER

Crowd fear: blown paper and uprooted ferns,
Down newsreel streets, down spillways,
Hands at random over me, cold pork,
Sweat runneling down my back—
Then the bridge:
Like carpet bulging up, it heaved the bodies
Wedging above the river, over barges piled
With cargo to the edges of their curious roofs,
Hulls squatting low into the water, swaybacked,
While on the bridge the heads bobbed like balloons
Between shops perched on either side—
Women holding their children high
Out of the surge, awnings snapping.
Where have I seen that other ashen whir of images?
The public stairs at Chungking, after the air raids, after
The stampede crush: mothers as if asleep upon
The wide stone steps, their clothes torn back about them
By panic force of feet, their arms
Serene over the tiny bodies.

I cannot reach you now, how shall I find you?
Out of the back windows of shops quick with hands
Burdock and mangoes spill; the looser tiles
Like pebbles tumble off the eaves, and no one hears
Their sputter as they splash. Then, unmistakable
As bowstring past the ear, the whuck
Of separating cable. Massively,
Swarming with rucksack figures stabbing with long poles,
A barge piles out along the wharf beneath us, heeling
Into the current, its bow sucking fast;
The polers thrust, their mouths go wide and wait for sound,
Their arms stiffen, their poles bend, their arms rise,
Water spins its tons under sharp snailshell eddies,
The fine lines of that ink, how wet, how ancient.
Craning off the bridge, whole torsos
Lean down, grabbing stupidly, with knothole mouths.

I cannot reach you. Now it is I watch, farther along
The bank between two hulls, some boy oblivious
Who hunkers down, playing in shallows with a stick,
Picking his nose, poking mud into clouds of acid
Now it is that dust motes, boiling into light,
Spin heliographs, but to what date, what hour?
The hills beyond the city—was it them I saw,
Glancing and running? Red, then, they were,
And silent: the bright and the clear——
Slabs of jasper, crystals of mica.

—John Peck

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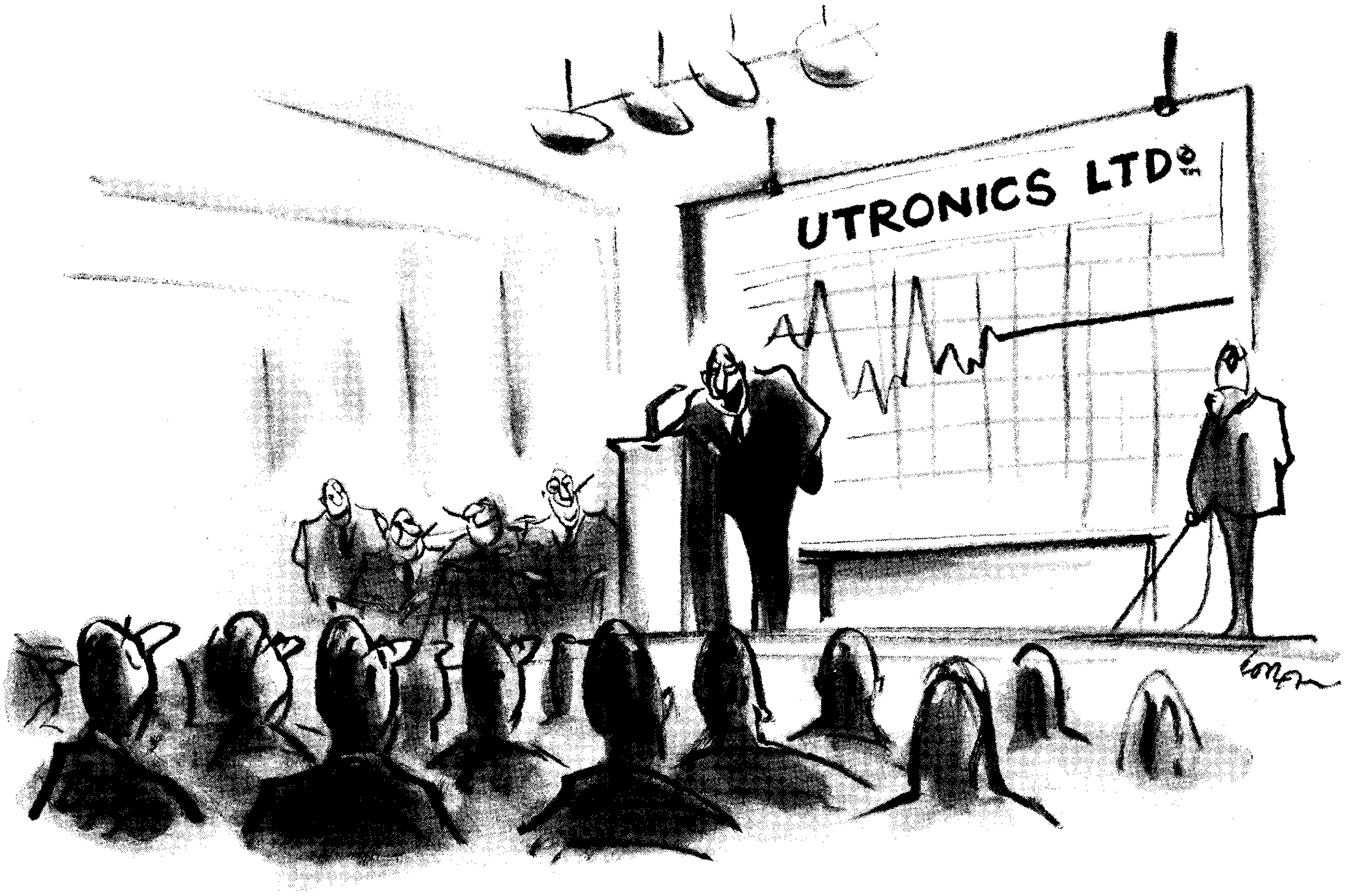
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laughs there is a stab of pain, and when he tries not to laugh, it's worse. "Ow!" cries Moses. "Oooh!" still running, blood pumping in his head.

He stops. His breath is a hot wind through parched lips. Black spots jump in front of his eyes. He stands, hands on hips, bent forward, shot through with pains. When at last he has calmed down enough to look up, Ben is a hundred yards away, running nicely, a crisp white figure diminishing in the night.

"Rat!" Moses calls, mopping his brow with a mohair sleeve. He's wet through. He's hot. His ankles are agony, his thighs throb with aches. "I'm not running with you again," he says and, pushing up his sleeves (Italian mohair for running? thinks Moses. Fool! Fool!), he starts again.

IT'S no good. He can't do it. Something's gone inside. He drops down to a jog, but even that's too much. He wants to sit down. He wants to lie down. He wants to close his eyes. Moses has run this course with his brother two dozen times at least, but it's never been like this before. Even the first time, completely out of training, he managed to jog home. And woke up the next morning full of aches and pains. But during the course of the day they lessened, and that night the two ran again—a little faster if anything.

Brown's Hill, thinks Moses. Never lose control on Brown's Hill.

It is all he can do to walk, past the quiet gardens, the flickering blue windows, under the dark trees, but it's not the same anymore, it's no longer that special world made for brothers to run in, it's not peaceful and private, it's all changed. He looks up and sees that Ben has gone. A champion, he thinks, but doesn't feel happy. He's alone. Stumbling home, he feels, all at once, a fool.

He sees himself—hypocrite!—lecturing his brother on fair play and sporting style. I never made the football team, he thinks. I was always the last one they picked for cricket. Pop goes the bat and out of the sky drops the shiny red ball, right to him with slow-motion ease, and—oh—he drops it. The crowd moans. Moses feels his face lighting up with shame, and is thankful for the dark.

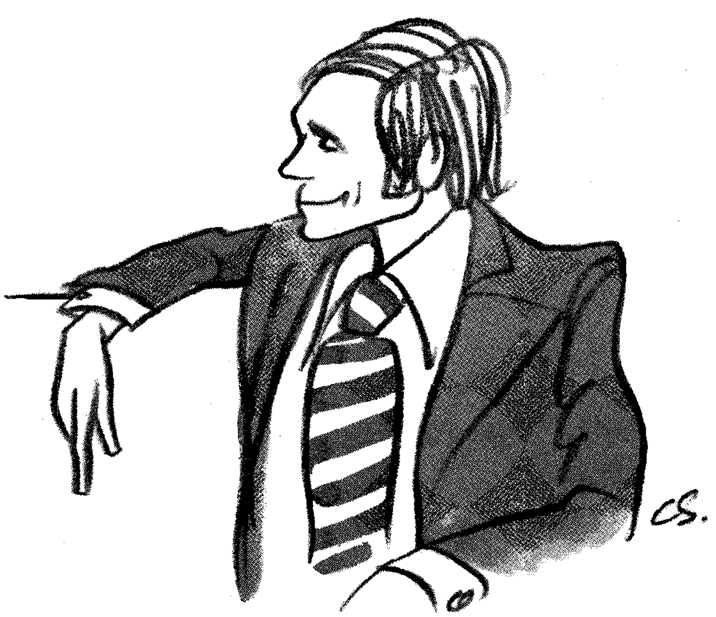
He stumbles on, the sweat on his face cooling down. Ahead, through the trees, he sees the main road again, cars and trucks rolling past, their bodies flashing with neon. He takes a breath, then another, and somehow gets running again for this last stretch, where everyone can see.

It's awful. He feels a thousand years old, half jogging, half limping, a ruined, broken man. He is about to give up and walk the rest of the way—what the hell, who cares about the Pincuses and Sharps and Goldbergs of this world who might be watching?—when he sees his brother waiting for him at the gate. Ben stands there, fresh and straight, in his crisp sporting whites, not a trace of the night's run on his face. Hey, I've *never* played him Thelonious Monk! Moses thinks. He'll love him! Ben raises both arms in the air, like a Grand Prix judge ready to bring down the winning flag, and not to disappoint him, his heart beating to burst, Moses finishes strong, the last surge of energy summoned up from God knows where carrying him all the way home.

—MORRIS LURIE

PROFILES

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING



Dick Cavett

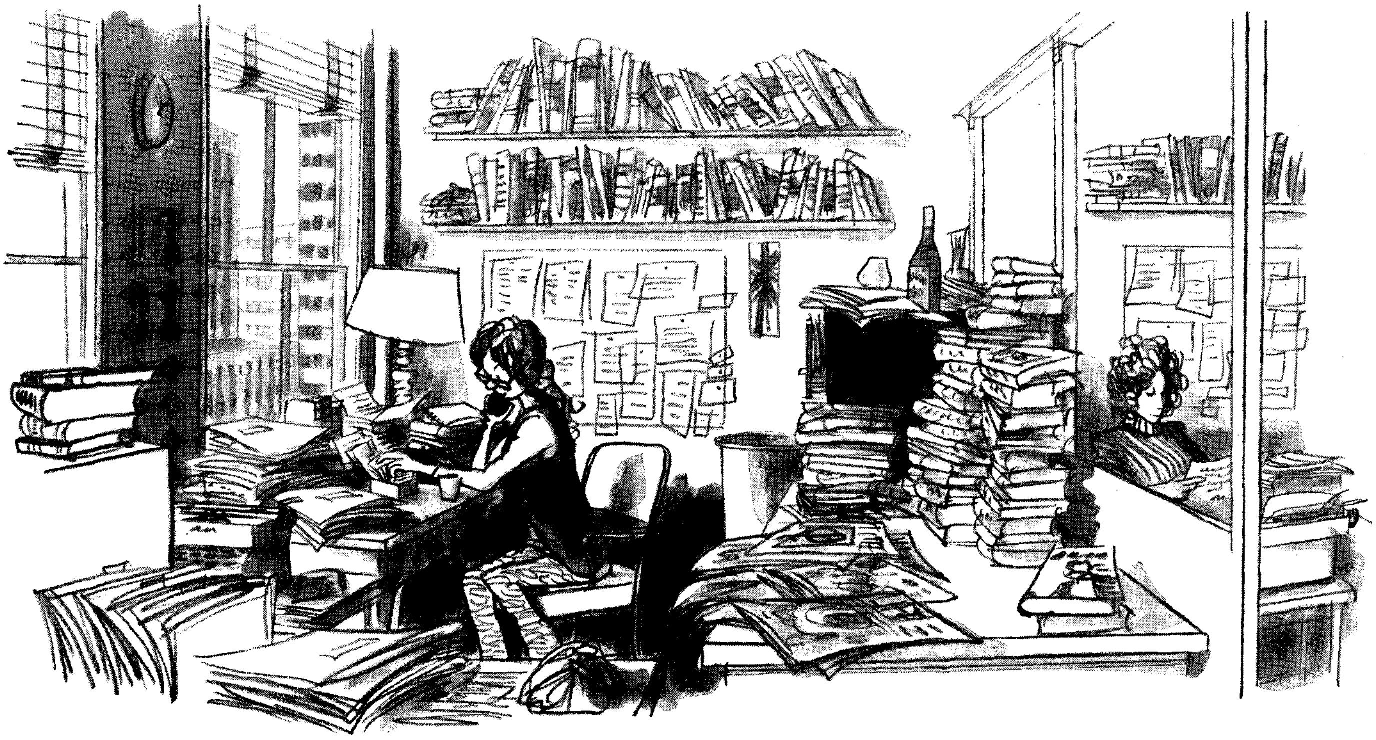
ON a blue and drafty Friday morning, Richard Alva Cavett, who had just completed his usual weekly schedule of taping five ninety-minute network-television talk shows during the previous four days, sat in the living room of his Stanford White beach house in what, for security reasons, shall hereinafter be called East Egg, Long Island, and talked some more. Off camera and in repose, Cavett so remarkably resembles his on-air self—cool, self-contained, poised, judging—that he may be the first show-business character who is always off, always himself in public or in private. "As long as I've known Dick—which is what? five, six years?—he's been like this," says Marshall Brickman, his Creative Consultant. "He's always unruffled, calm, bland, and he just sort of moves ahead at his own speed. I think he's not unaware of a kind of adjustment that he's made. He's aware that he has to be in a certain frame of mind to withstand the pressure of doing this kind of a show. He's bright enough to do a kind of actor's trick with himself, but instead of just doing it before he goes onstage, as he would if he were in a legitimate play, he does it generally with his life. The trick is to say, 'I'm here, I'm what I am, I can't do that much about it, I can't influence the direction of the show that much, I can try and make people respond to me in the right way, and it's not that important. It's very important, but it's not that important.' He takes a kind of overview. Disengagement—that's his particular style."

This disengagement—which implies not only a certain irreducible dignity, honesty, and aloofness but the partly withheld promise of a warm, witty, companionable man behind the façade—has created a new kind of star during the two and a half years the "Dick Cavett Show" has been on the evening air. The delicate tension between his naturalness and his unknowableness, the tantalization of the engagement he seldom reveals, have built him a following of buffs—largely younger than those of the other late-night talk shows—who will tune in to see Cavett regardless of the fame or obscurity of his guests on a particular night, exactly as Cavett himself, in the late fifties, tuned in on the "Tonight Show," "just to see," he says, "what Paar would do." Because of the coolness with which he shields an implied commitment, Cavett may be on the verge of becoming an exemplar, and, by extension, a mentor, of the high-school and college generation of Americans; the closest historical analogy might be the one cited by William H. Whyte, Jr., author of "The Organization Man," who said that many of his Class of 1939 Princeton undergraduates modelled their actions on the cool stylishness of Fred Astaire.

At close range, Cavett seems both similar to and different from his television image. On camera, he appears slight and boyish; his gestures are subtly gamin, even elfin, his poise is catlike. In person, all this is amplified into something larger than life and possibly even more magnetic. He creates no real impression of smallness; his large head seems almost leonine, and his well-marked features possess a sinewy maturity, though he is only thirty-five, that videotape does not record. But his voice and the things it says remain the same. The voice is both deep and nasal, with a Midwesterner's characteristic lack of inflection; the words, however casually uttered, have a way of forming complete if involuted sentences: "A lot of why people tune in has to do with—whether they know it or not—not the guests but what they think of the host. If they feel that your guest list is six people they haven't heard of, or four, or, hopefully—I'm sorry, I will not use the word 'hopefully' wrong again in this conversation—three, then they will tune in to see *you*."

As Cavett talks, another source of his attractiveness becomes obvious. In an age when speech is the most debased of currencies, when public men utter a thin, flatulent gruel of soothing generalities cooked up by other hands, when entertainers fall back on "great" and "wonderful" to avoid the pain of characterizing a place, a person, or a performance, Cavett makes the effort to speak for himself, to eschew clichés and formulas, to speak from a viewpoint formed and framed by his own experience and reading. He is obviously well-read, obviously his own man in his literary and critical judgments—talking to him privately is like talking to an intelligent critic at a dinner party—but he is careful not to become commercial television's resident intellectual. He considers himself primarily an entertainer, though he does not entirely hide his precocity from the television audience. "When the show first started," Marshall Brickman says, "people in show business—comedians and such—would say, 'Gee, for an intellectual, he's pretty funny!' The intellectuals would say, 'Gee, for a comedian, he's pretty well informed!' And so he would always try to appear to be in the opposite camp." Cavett himself says, "As soon as you get any kind of reputation in television, somebody runs with it—including the people around you, if you're not careful. I had some of the most *boring* academic crap on the show a while back, and I remember thinking, 'Now, wait a minute, this is wrong. They've got an impression of me now and we're getting an attitude around here that anybody who doesn't write for the *New York Review of Books* doesn't belong on the show, which is not healthy.' I'm aware of that on the show all the time—of getting a rap from somebody. I don't know what the hell they're talking about, and for the longest time I used to nod and think, 'Well, my younger viewers will think I'm square.' And then I thought, 'Well, hell, *I'm* one of my younger viewers. I'm not so old; I'm about the age of the people this is addressed to.' I've grown up to be able to say, 'I don't know what you're saying. I don't have any idea what you're talking about.' "

The East Egg living room is filled with comfortable eclectic furniture, lamps, books, clocks, barometers, nautical objects, and American Indian artifacts; it flaunts none of the trappings of media stardom. Neither does Cavett, who around the house habitually wears rubber-soled boots, corduroys, an open-neck shirt, and a nondescript pullover. As he talks, he frequently springs to his feet. He may peer out over the sea with 10 x 50 binoculars ("I may be seeing a UFO. No, it's a seagull. There have been a lot of them up here—both"); he may spot a tick on his eight-year-old half-Cairn, half-Yorkshire terrier, Daphne, for whom his production company is named ("This house has always been called Tick Hall"); he may keep trying to rekindle a guttering fire ("I hate a man who can't keep a fire going"). During one of these up-and-down sessions, on that Friday afternoon, his wife, the slim blond actress Carrie Nye, came in, offered him and a few people who had dropped in Bloody Marys in a Mississippi accent with Shakespearean overtones, joined in on a conversation on the national mania for superlatives in news magazines, on television, and in political discourse, and set off on a shopping expedition to West Egg. The big house was quiet for a minute; it was the moment when Cavett is farthest from the ineluctable weekly orbit of the show. Then he began to talk about having to start all over again every Monday morning. "It's better not to think about it. You know, it's awful: the night before the week starts, you're a little tired, and you think, 'Oh, my God, I'm going on for four hundred and fifty minutes, during which I may make the worst blun-der anyone has ever made publicly—let alone how I'm going to get through four hundred and fifty minutes.' You can almost be paralyzed by the thought of the show going on and on. What's that short story where the guy is paralyzed by the sound of time? Some existentialist story where the man becomes aware of the passage of time as the sound of wind rushing past his ears, and ends up paralyzed on his back from it? The corresponding image, I guess, would be a flock of guests flying over you, like birds."

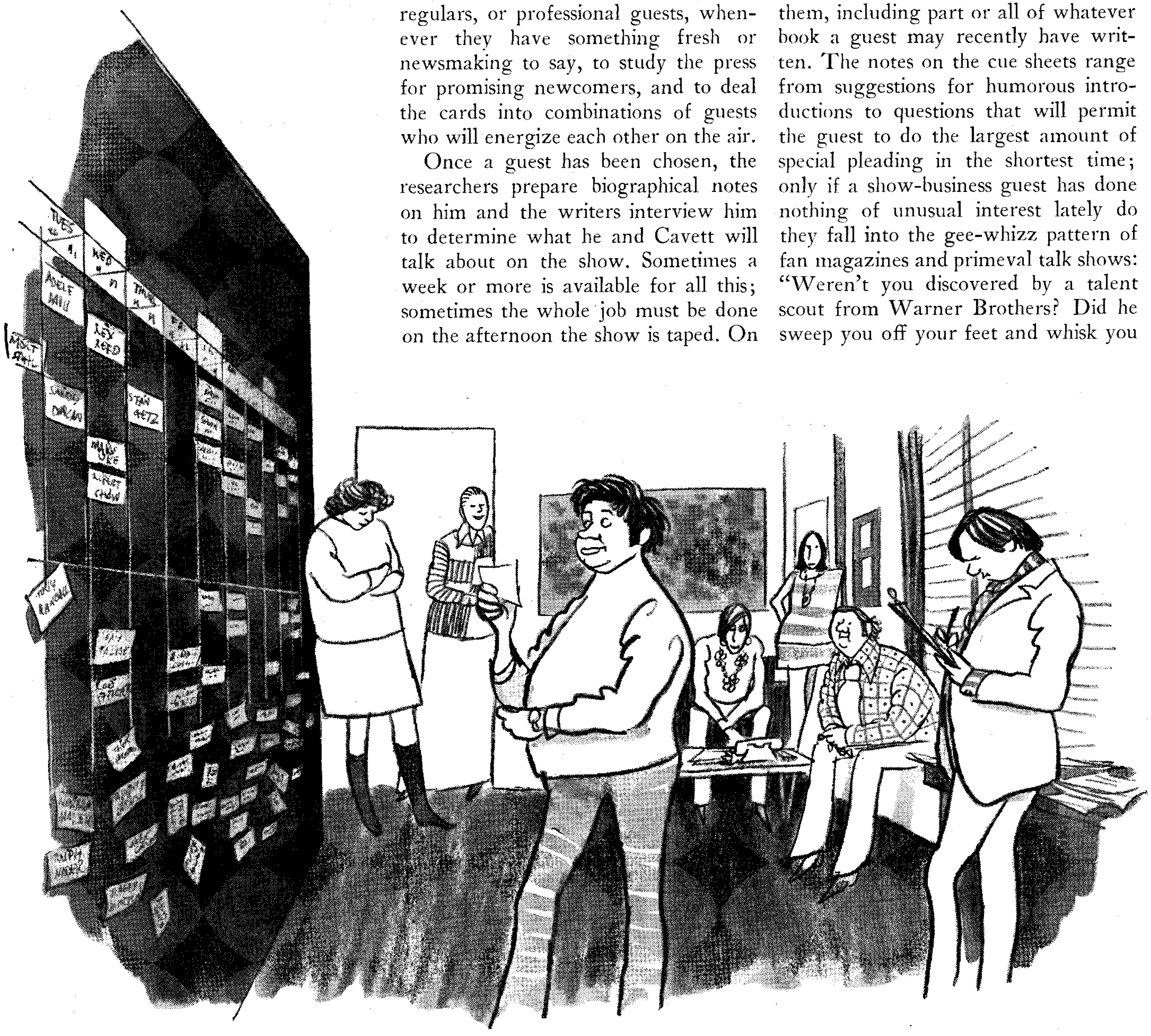


RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

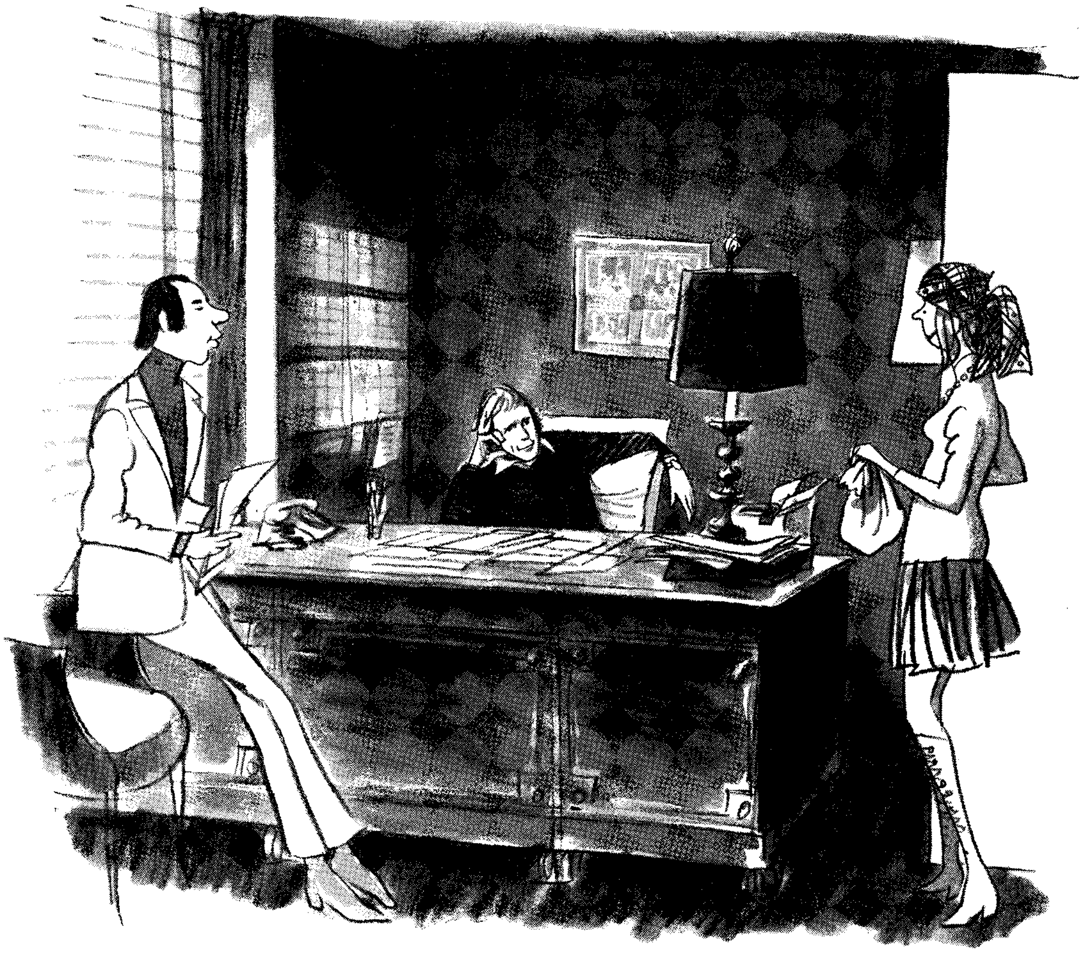
TWENTY-FOUR hours earlier, at eleven on the Thursday of that week, in the offices of Daphne Productions, on Broadway near Columbus Circle, thirty-five people were laboring—cheerfully, all things considered—on the weekly task of putting five Cavett shows together. The crawl, or credit list, of the show, which usually appears (it is omitted when the show runs long) at the end of every program, includes the names of the Producer (John Gilroy), the Creative Consultant (the television term for idea man—in this case, Marshall Brickman), the Director, one or more Writers, two Associate Producers, one Musical Director, four Talent Coördinators/Interviewers (more familiarly, bookers), one Art Director, one Associate Director, two Researchers, two Production Assistants, one Technical Director, one Audio, one Lighting Director, one Senior Video (why is a Senior Video below a mere Audio?), one Engineering Supervisor, one or more Stage Managers, two Unit Managers, one Music Coördinator, one Makeup, two Graphic Arts, one Assistant (i.e., secretary) to Mr. Cavett, and one Assistant to the Producer. Two important employees at Daphne are not listed: Lois Smith, who does press relations for Cavett as well as for a number of movie people, including Robert Redford and Alan J. Pakula; and Al Husted, the resplendently titled Director of Media Relations, who arranges publicity for the show in the hundred and forty-seven cities where it is currently seen.

The crawl suggests a hierarchy; Daphne Productions could be taken for one of those rigid organizations—dubbed Theory X by Douglas McGregor in "The Human Side of Enterprise"—whose raison d'être is at least in part the pleasure of pecking in an established order, but on even cursory inspection it appears to be a genuine Theory Y group, composed of specialists who, like a bomber crew or a scaffoldful of mural painters, pool their talents and their egos to make the improbable happen at frequent intervals. That day, in Daphne's cramped, tatty, cluttered offices, which resemble nothing so much as a small and failing advertising agency, the improbable seemed even less likely than usual to happen: two shows were scheduled (standard practice on a Thursday), John Gilroy was out sick, and one guest for the second show was still to be chosen. Undaunted, the staff was carrying on without distress. In Gilroy's office, a seemingly desultory meeting of the talent coördinators and researchers was discussing future guests. On a corkboard wall, on which a day-by-day calendar was marked out, hung dozens of big file cards, each bearing the name of a prospective guest. Some of these cards, all with a broad red check mark, were pinned under the days on which the guests were to appear; the rest made a helter-skelter array below. The eighty names pinned on the booking board—a stupendously mixed bag, ranging from Steve Allen to Carlos Montoya to Bobby Fischer to Yevgeny Yevtushenko to Ralph Nader to Tom Seaver to Mayor Lindsay and back again—represented perhaps a fifth of the pool from which all talk shows draw. The job assigned Cavett's staff, which is considered to be among the best in the business, is to round up these regulars, or professional guests, whenever they have something fresh or newsmaking to say, to study the press for promising newcomers, and to deal the cards into combinations of guests who will energize each other on the air.

Once a guest has been chosen, the researchers prepare biographical notes on him and the writers interview him to determine what he and Cavett will talk about on the show. Sometimes a week or more is available for all this; sometimes the whole job must be done on the afternoon the show is taped. On that particular Thursday, matters were well in hand. At eleven-forty-five, three hours before the taping of the first show was to commence, sheets of green paper listing the order of battle—the opening monologue, the sequence of guests, the seventeen minutes of commercials that interrupt the dialogue, sometimes blessedly, sometimes maddeningly—were being distributed, along with similar sheets (on pink paper) for the second show, whose taping would commence at six-thirty. With these sheets came a set of white ones—Cavett's cue questions for the interviews. Since Cavett rarely sees guests himself before the show goes on the air, he must usually rely to a considerable degree on these cue sheets. This is not to say that he is unaware of the histories of his guests or the causes they espouse; in most cases, he does a reasonable amount of background reading on each of them, including part or all of whatever book a guest may recently have written. The notes on the cue sheets range from suggestions for humorous introductions to questions that will permit the guest to do the largest amount of special pleading in the shortest time; only if a show-business guest has done nothing of unusual interest lately do they fall into the gee-whizz pattern of fan magazines and primeval talk shows: "Weren't you discovered by a talent scout from Warner Brothers? Did he sweep you off your feet and whisk you



THE BOOKING BOARD (WRITER BOB CUNNIFF IN FOREGROUND)



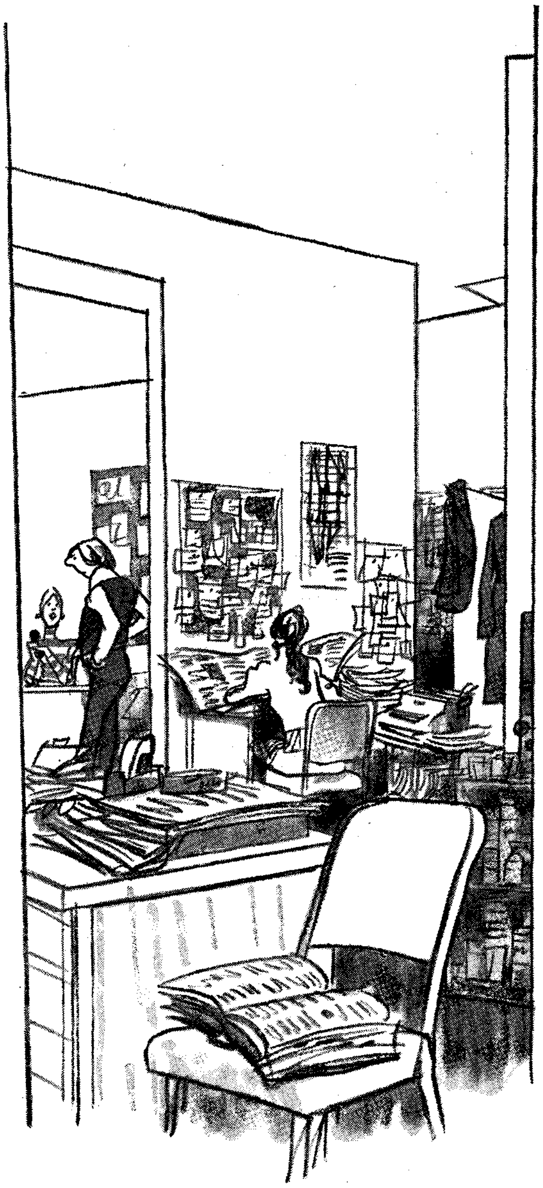
Lunch Break with Creative Consultant Brickman

off to Hollywood for a screen test? How did you feel when you first saw yourself on the screen? Who was your favorite leading man? Did you ever work with someone you absolutely hated?" In these foregone situations, Cavett occasionally throws the notes away and pursues his own line of questioning, and he has been doing this with greater frequency and assurance as time goes on.

But the problem of the moment on the Cavett show is really the opening monologue, a vestigial survival of other talk shows, including the ones run by Jack Paar and Johnny Carson, for both of whom Cavett was once a writer. The assumption on which the opening monologue was based was that it is not enough for a talk-show host to be an intelligent questioner or catalyst; he must also be an entertainer—literally a standup comedian—in his own right, and he must start off with the viewer's focus firmly on him as a personality. Though Cavett began in summer stock and is a veteran of the nightclub circuit (it was not an altogether successful career), the monologue does not sit easily on him; the telling of jokes and the gleaning of laughs seldom sort well with the intense dignity and privacy that give him so much of his enigmatic appeal. So he often appears ill at ease—or even slightly self-destructive—when he delivers a monologue: he steps on his own gag lines, douses a laugh from the audience by beginning his next joke too soon, deprecates a joke when he feels it is beneath both him and the audience, and acts as if he is eager to get off the runway and on with the show. He does not seem fully aware of his distaste for the monologue form, perhaps because, having been stagestruck all his life, he likes to think that he is, among other things, a qualified comedian, but his remarks on the monologue indicate his increasing dissatisfaction with it. "This may be a critical time in the life or death of the monologue. I feel hung with it as an ob-li-gation part of the time, but I like it when it works, and I realize that everybody does it because Jack Paar did one. It's a convention that I'm sort of stuck with. At the same time, I think that it's important in some way that I'm not sure of, because something seems to feel right when it works and it seems to get the show off to a good start. The looks on the faces of the audience seem to be grati-fy-ing and as if I'm doing something right, but it's a terrible pain in the ass to have to come up with it every day. For a long time in the run of this show, I think, the effectiveness of me and the whole show was reduced by the existence of the goddam thing, because you spend about as much time worrying about it—whether it goes well or poorly—as you do with the rest of the show."

Partly because he had got down to only two writers—he had, he said, "alienated some of my staff by a sense of remoteness that they feel at times"—Cavett had been experimenting with new forms for the monologue, and what he did that Thursday was actually a dialogue, with a guest who claimed that Millard Fillmore was by no means the most obscure American President; he awarded the palm to Franklin Pierce. Among Cavett's other solutions have been a session in which Paul Newman answered questions from the audience, a series of audience quizzes on such subjects as New York landmarks and the definitions of obscure words, and a grim, musicless, monologueless introduction of two doctors and an A.B.C. newsman who had uncovered Bedlam conditions in two New York State schools for retarded children.

The director of the show says that the technical preparations for each program are "like getting a 747 off the ground;" to an onlooker sitting in the control room of the Elysée Theatre, on West Fifty-eighth Street, where the Cavett show is taped, it seems more like the launching of a moon shot at Cape Kennedy. Facing fourteen monitors across a bank of audio and video controls, the director and three assistants count down the last ten minutes before "air," and then step off the edge of preparation into a ninety-minute eternity during which anything can happen. (Once it is under way, the show can be edited only by "blooping" an occasional word or line.) The monitors go to black, the titles fill the screen, Bobby Rosengarden's orchestra, shoehorned into a constricted space off the

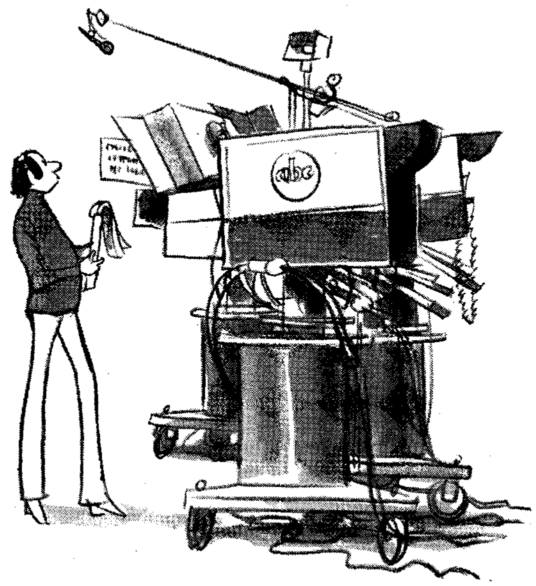


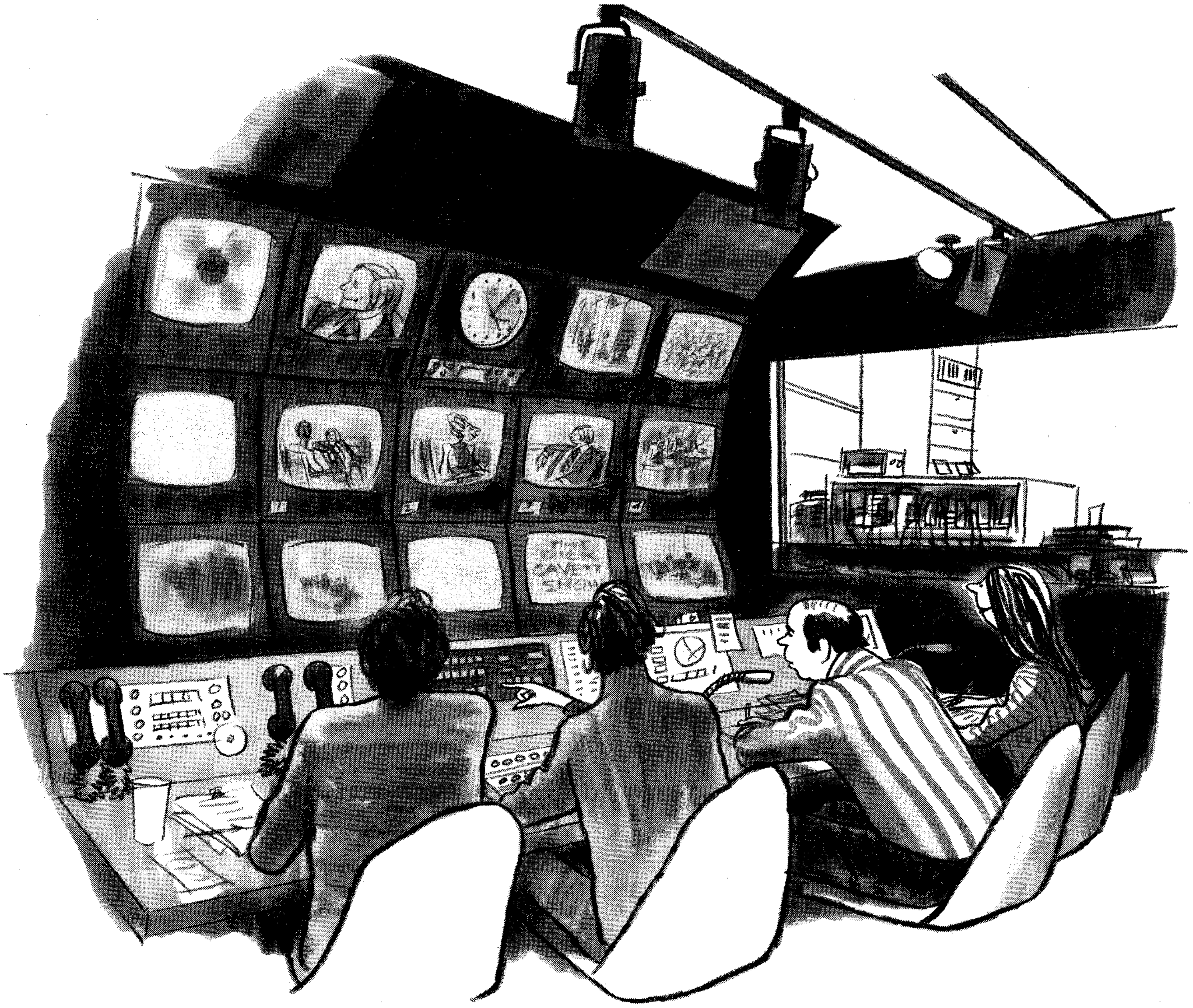
Daphne Productions in Full Swing;
Cavett's Secretary on Phone

right-center aisle, plays the familiar fanfare and theme, Fred Foy, the voice-over, introduces Cavett, the Camera 2 monitor picks the star up as the lights come on, and the whole ramshackle construction, pasted together behind the scenes with cue sheets and Mystik Tape, driven, or willed, by the empathy of a hundred staff members and technicians, lifts off the ground.

Backstage is a greenroom, a cubicle twelve feet square, filled to capacity with couches, tables, chairs, a color TV set, guests, wives, girl friends, boy friends, agents, and bookers and writers on Cavett's staff. On cue, each guest is winkled out of the heap of coats and people, touched up by Makeup (a handsome black girl, Toy Russell), and launched into the glare of the stage lights when Cavett says, "Will you welcome, please . . ." Downstairs, in another cramped box, called the clients' room, a client, several more agents, and a man with a Walter Ulbricht beard who takes copious notes watch the show on another color set. The bearded man, from A.B.C.'s Standards and Practices Department, is the show's censor; before the program goes out to the stations that carry it, he confers—and perhaps argues at length—with Cavett's staff and lawyer over the propriety or libellousness of certain lines. Meanwhile, as the show continues, the four hundred members of live audience in the Elysée, most of them in their teens and twenties, appear to enjoy the proceedings, applauding more enthusiastically than strictly necessary when three electric APPLAUSE signs flash on. Farthest from the center of action, but perhaps most important of all, around four million viewers in around two and a half million households—a ballpark figure based on Nielsen ratings, and most likely as accurate as police estimates of New Year's Eve crowds in Times Square—will later putatively enjoy themselves as well; their pleasure, or displeasure, is certified by the mail, which averages a thousand letters a week. This audience, which, according to A.B.C.'s statistics, is not only younger but better-heeled than Carson's, has been creeping steadily up from an inexplicable dip down to a million eight hundred thousand households a year ago; it amounts to almost half the audience that watches the "Tonight Show." Since the disappearance of Merv Griffin from the three-horse late-night race, though, the advent of some pretty terrible late movies on C.B.S.—which, in early heats, have outpulled even the reigning Carson—renders the outcome of the Carson-Cavett contest cloudy, to say the least.

WHEN the taping of the first show that Thursday ended, at four-fifteen, Cavett retreated to his dressing room, a minute set of cubicles with a couch, a typewriter, a bar, a dressing table, a bathroom, books, a bag of Pepperidge Farm chocolate-chip cookies, and his favorite between-shows snack—a half pint of pineapple cottage cheese. All this is standard equipment; that afternoon there was, in addition, a copy of "The Maharajahs," by John Lord, who had by that time been chosen to be the third guest on the second show. Cavett disappeared, presumably to eat cottage cheese and scan the book, and his assembled writers, researchers, and bookers began talking. One of the researchers, Betty Ann Besch, a slim girl in her late twenties (extracurricularly, she was a co-producer of "The House of Blue Leaves" Off Broadway), said that a file on each future guest is compiled for the benefit of the interviewer or writer who does Cavett's notes. Bob Cunniff, a Cavett writer, whose face contains some of the cherubic demonism of Dylan Thomas's, told about interviewing Bobby Fischer, the American chess master, in his room at the Park-Sheraton. Cunniff managed a completely convincing impersonation of Fischer's voice, walk, and manner; like Cavett and most of the staff, Cunniff is half a mimic and comedian himself. There was also a soliloquy on the limitations, as to both availability and overexposure, of the pool of talk-show guests, this delivered by Susan Solomon, a tall, handsome blonde who is a booker and a graduate of the "David Frost Show." (Unsurprisingly, organizing a talk show is so specialized an art that a rather large blanket would cover all its current practitioners in New York; of Cavett's present staff, at least six, including Cavett himself, came to Daphne Productions from its competitors.) Miss Solomon, wearing gray flares, a black turtleneck, and heavy gold earrings (dress is informal at





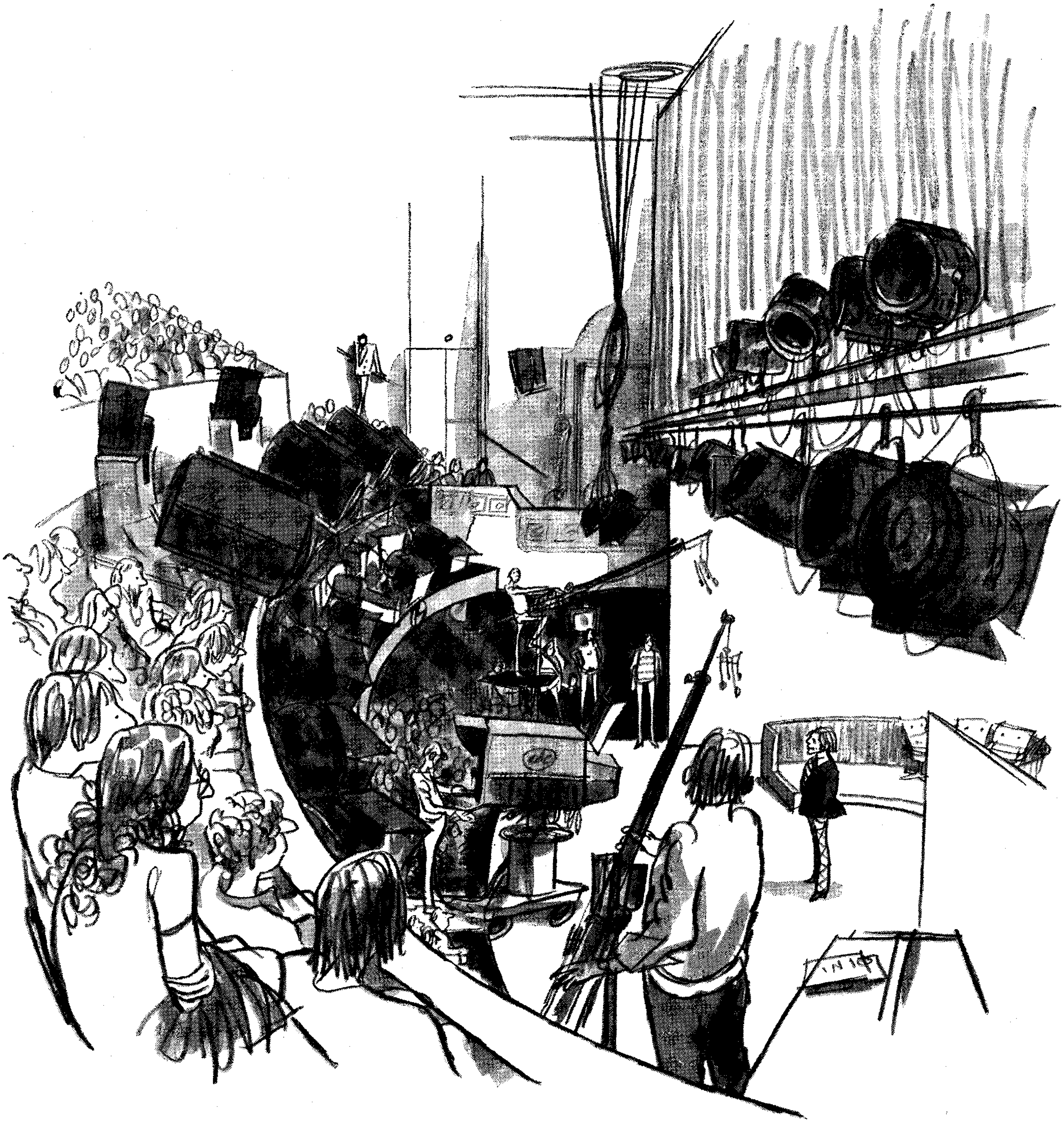
CONTROL ROOM—ON THE AIR; DIRECTOR AT MIKE

Daphne), said that nearly all guest lineups are a compromise; getting a group who work unusually well together is largely a matter of serendipity, though previous experience with a given guest can provide some indication of how he will interact with a given group. The thing to do, she said, is to uncover new talent before the other talk shows do; she was about to interview Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright as a possible guest.

At six-thirty-one—a minute late for the taping of the second show—a visitor rushed in, out of breath, but Cavett, in blazer and makeup, was still hovering in the wings. "Right on time," he said to the tardy arrival. "How'd you know we'd have to rerack the tape machine?" and he shot out onto the stage. "That's a good sign," someone remarked. "He never talks to *any*body before he goes on." Cavett disposed of the monologue and got down to business with his first guest, the singer James Brown. At eight-thirty-one, Cavett bade good night to his audience, walked out through the departing crowd, and stepped into a black Cadillac whose chauffeur was to transport him, his wife, two dogs, and one cat to East Egg.

NEXT morning, at home, Cavett was all freshness and resilience. After the constant tension and occasional frenzy of five shows in four days, he seemed willing and able to go on talking—and listening. The listening is an important part of life for Cavett, onstage and off. For a whole hour, the friends he had invited out for the day did most of the talking, just as though they, too, were onstage—drawn by the, well, host's ability to hear and comprehend what other people say. Finally, Cavett took over. One thing he spoke of was the well-disguised but commanding drive that had carried him from Lincoln, Nebraska, to Yale and New York, and to one of the world's oddest, best-paid, and most specialized jobs. Both his parents were native Nebraskans. "My father," he said, "always taught English in high school, and my mother, who died when I was ten, taught English, too. I remember I used to hear wonderful conversations when my parents' friends would come over to play bridge. They had all gone to Columbia or somewhere for degrees together. I remember getting up and sitting at the top of the stairs and listening to them talking about Columbia in the time of the double-decker buses. So I was always hearing about New York; it was either in my future or my past.

"I went to a fair and saw a magician—not even a magician, a *guy*—selling trick decks at a stand. He was very good. He had a brilliant routine. I think he was responsible for my starting to do magic; I must have been



The Monologue

about twelve. I can remember the wanting to perform, but I can't remember when the desire to go East first came. It must have had to do with a summer-stock theatre in Lincoln. Two guys opened a summer-stock theatre there—they had been East—and they produced 'The Winslow Boy.' I was in junior high, and the principal, who'd been called, suggested me as the Winslow boy. And I guess it was hanging around those New York actors that seemed so glamorous, talking about 'You remember that night we went down to the Village?' I realized that must be Greenwich Village, and I thought, 'I go back to school when fall starts here in Nebraska and they go back to New York.' Somehow I got hold of 'The Empire City,' a collection of stories about New York—everything from the E. B. White piece about New York to stories by Fitzgerald and Ben Hecht. I'd read all these things and then think, 'If I could ever get there, what would it be like?' That was when I was in stock, at about thirteen or fourteen. I had no idea how you went about it; not until the possibility of going to Yale came up did there seem to be a chance. I think what interested me the most was that this would get me into the East. I'd never given one second's thought to my education; I did well easily in school."

But even then Cavett was thinking of television, not the stage. "Television used to be the biggest, most wonderful, most glamorous thing I could imagine; it was the glittering East. I used to evolve little fantasies when I'd watch 'Show of Shows.' I knew it was live, and at the end, when they took their bow, I used to think, 'Now, those people, where do they go? They leave that stage and they go out of a theatre of some sort and people actually see them;

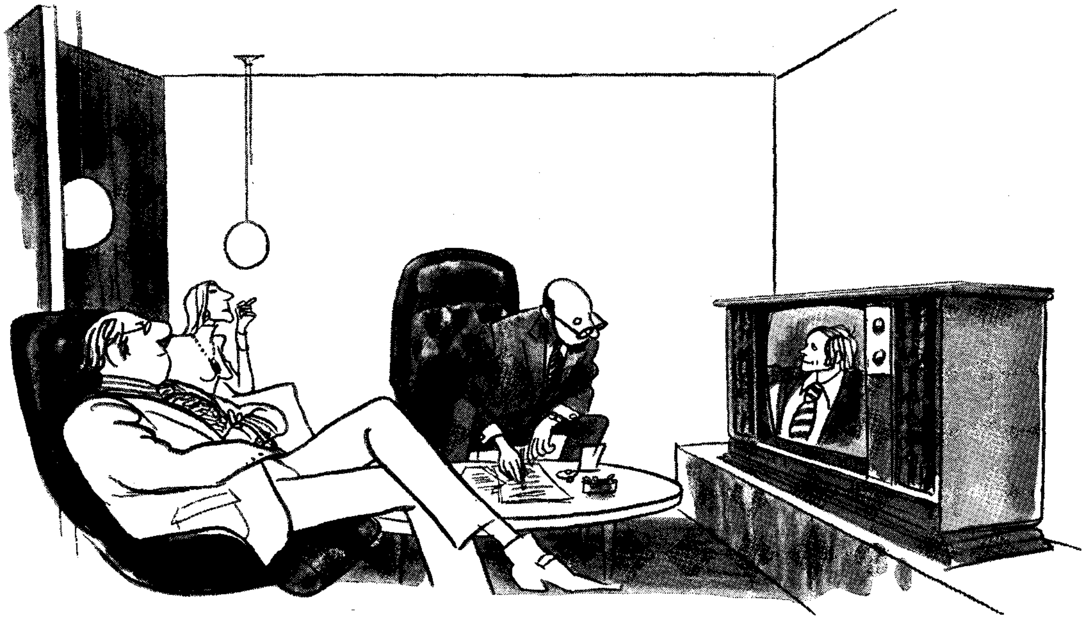
they lay eyes on Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca and they can see them get into a car or cab and go home.' And I used to think how lucky those stagehands are—those people in that world of glamour. I never pictured myself as one of the performers. I thought, 'If there were only some way I could get there I'd be willing just to work backstage just to see it and be part of it.' And I thought, 'If I ever become famous, I'll talk to everybody who wants to talk to me, I'll be nice to people, I'll drop in at little houses on side streets where they don't expect me and dazzle and thrill them, and that'll be the fun of being famous. I'll stop in at drugstores and sit at counters and give the people a look at me and a little something to talk about.' "

Cavett went to Yale and the Yale Drama School, where he met his future wife and got seriously into acting. He fetched up in New York as a copyboy for *Time*. He was still stagestruck, but not until Jack Paar announced, on the air, that he needed fresh material did Cavett make a frontal attack on show business. Composing a monologue, he slipped it into a *Time* envelope and took it to N.B.C., where he encountered a startled Paar in a corridor and thrust it upon him. Cavett was not unhappy at the outcome—a job as comedy writer for Paar (he had been told in high school and college that he was a talented writer)—but he still yearned to perform. This led to a checkered stint in the night clubs, which nevertheless persuaded him that he was meant to be a comic: "It's funny. You dread everything, and yet when you get into it sometimes it's enjoyable, to the point where you have a feeling almost of euphoria. 'My God, this is wonderful! I've found what I want to do all my life!' I had it even on the night-club stage. I would think, 'Gee, an hour ago I was sitting at 109 South Dearborn on a cold, snowy night in Chicago eating a TV dinner and thinking, "Oh, God, everybody in the world who does not have to go to the club and do a show—three a night. They're so lucky, they can sit in the bathtub and run a lot of warm water in it and read all evening if they want to, and watch television. Whatever they do during the day, they don't have to go to this goddam club tonight." ' And I'd dress and drrag over there and sit in the dressing room and wait for the introduction and go on and the show would start to go well and I'd be up to the zenith of exhilaration and I'd think, 'Gee, this is a great way to make a living and I was crazy. Nobody has this much fun.' And then the clouds would roll around again."

After four and a half hours of talk, the equivalent of three "Dick Cavett Shows," dusk was closing in on the East Egg beach house. The lowering sun sidelighted the dune grass and tinted the air a delicate orange. Rather self-consciously, Cavett put on a yellow-gray Western hat he had bought in Steamboat Springs on an expedition to Colorado, and walked his guests to their cars. In his hat, his suède jacket, his corduroys, and his high boots he looked more like a rancher than a television star—an effect of which he was perhaps not wholly unaware.

A NONPROFESSIONAL sampling of Cavett audiences reveals that many of his viewers have a strong reaction to the show. Boys and girls in their earliest teens are avid watchers of the show, and so are the seniors at Phillips Exeter. Harvard and Brandeis students, and professional men and women in their twenties and thirties, are also regular viewers. These young people seem to believe firmly in Cavett's honesty and integrity and in the social value of his program. Though he and his staff discount their role as a force for social and political change—"We're just providing entertainment" is their rebuttal of the charge of grinding a liberal axe—lots of younger viewers are persuaded that he is the only commercial-television character with the courage and concern to bring them a Ralph Nader, a Father Daniel Berrigan, or a ninety-minute exposé of conditions in schools for retarded children. But if Cavett caters to their militancy, he also pays homage to their cult figures—Fields, Groucho Marx, Orson Welles, Astaire. Nostalgia, thanks to television, begins (like protest) at an early age these days. And Cavett also presents the young with their more nearly contemporary idols: Paul Newman, Jane Fonda, Mort Sahl, Dennis Hopper, John Kerry, Bobby Seale, Tom Wicker, and a number of young militant musicians.

An equally impromptu sampling of Cavett guests reveals, for the most part, approval, even by those who prefer to be anonymous. One guest, a critic, declares that "Cavett is a transition to something new in television. Though I couldn't say that he asks terribly cogent questions, he really listens, and he makes you feel you're talking to a real person. I think he's the only one who's keeping the youth generation watching TV." George Frazier, the Boston columnist and arbiter of style, feels that "he's the only talk-show m.c. who brings an author on early in the show. For one thing, he's so much more involved than anybody else. I found him extremely intelligent, and I think he

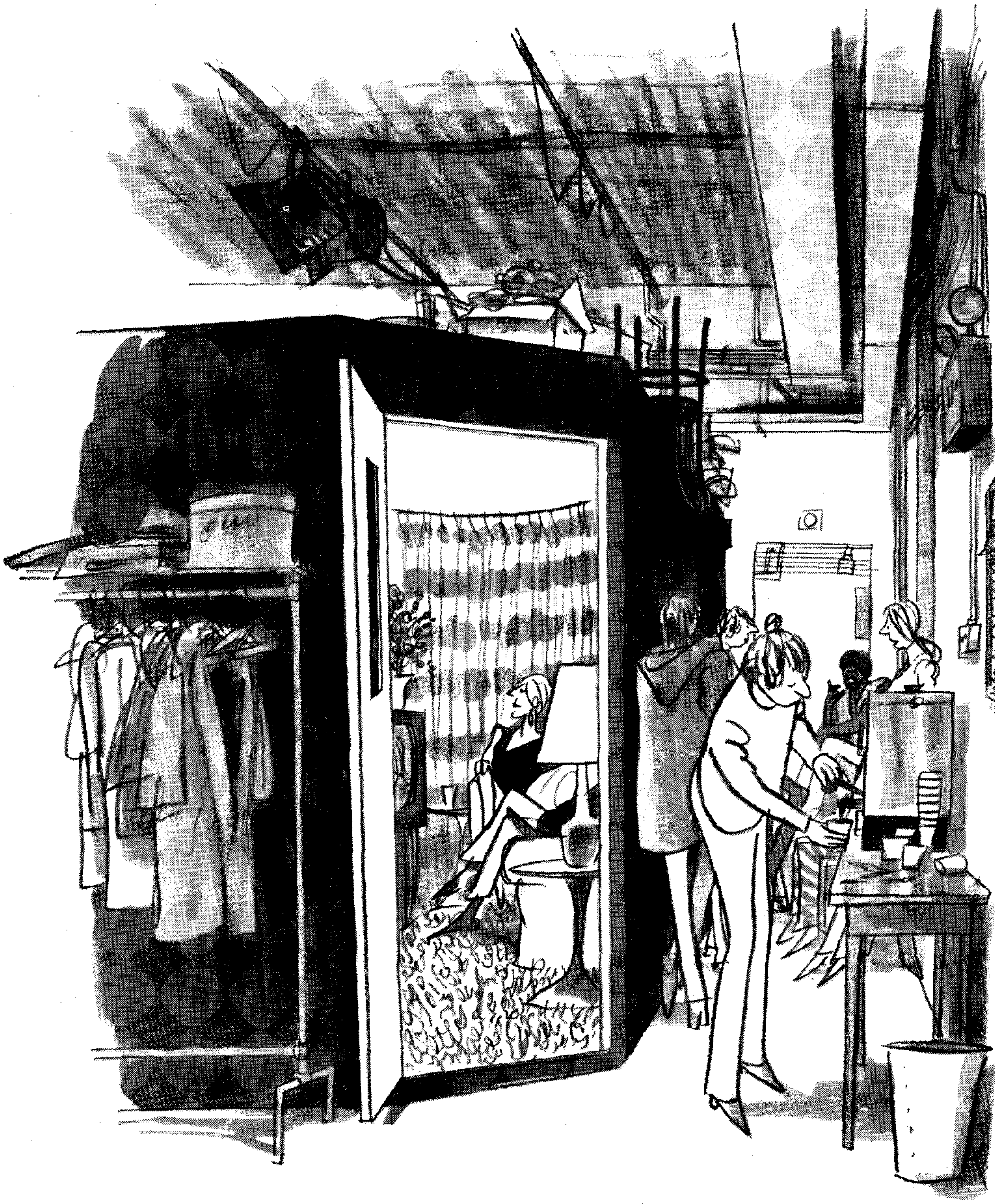


Clients' Room—Network Censor at Table

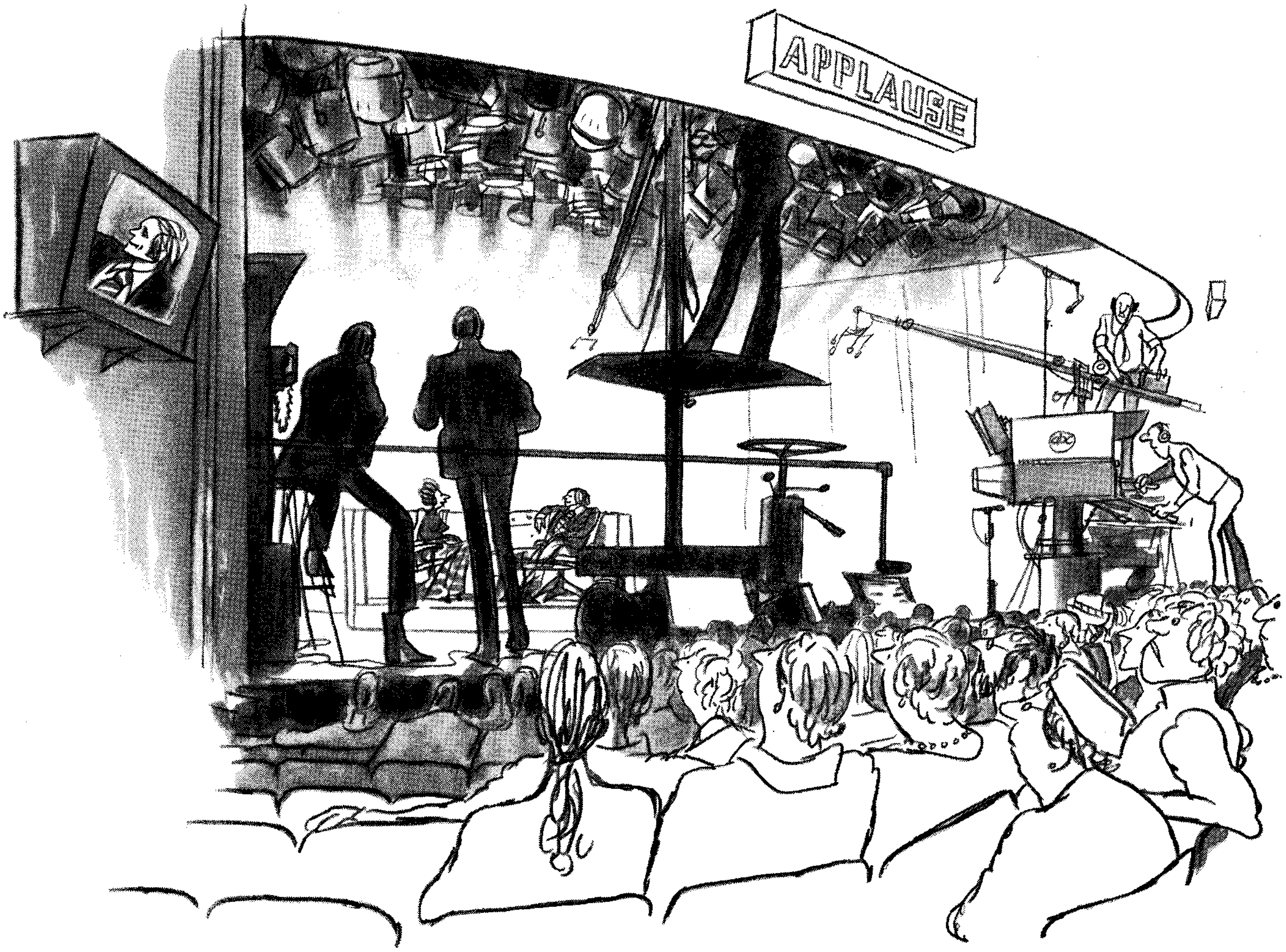
has the most controversial show of them all." A celebrated humorist: "He's the best of the talk-show m.c.s by a very long shot. For another, he's the only one with a real sense of humor. Fred Allen used to say of talk-show hosts that they were all pointer-outers; that is, their function was to point out talent to the watching audience, they themselves having none, and no personality, either. Dick reads and has read a lot, and his judgment and taste are sound. I'm not sure how long he can hold up his standards in the brutalizing punishment of five-nights-a-week performance, though." An eminent sociologist who has been on the show: "Cavett turned to none of the questions that had been written up; he ignored them completely. He had looked at my book and asked intelligent questions based on it. He was awfully nice—an intelligent man who dissociates himself from the clowning on his show. In a sense, he's the viewer's representative on the show. He's watching it just as we are." John Kerry, the young spokesman for the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who has appeared twice on the Cavett show: "He was very much the same person on and off the air, except that during the show he appeared more impartial than he really was. He took a risk in having me on. Those other talk-show m.c.s couldn't do it and they wouldn't take the chance. I think he's very much one of the important shows on TV. He's bringing people things that others don't."

A FURTHER sampling of Cavett himself—this by another visitor—took place a few days after the East Egg visit. It was conducted in his small private office at Daphne, dominated by a heavy walnut desk, where he generally reads over his notes and completes his preparation of the program. Wearing an open-neck buckskin shirt and looking daringly informal for such managemental surroundings, he began with his thoughts on the moments when a real dialogue is established between the host and his guests, instead of a prearranged sequence of questions and answers. "Then, suddenly, all the pressure that you usually feel falls away, and you realize that this is happening almost—in fact, sometimes exactly—as in real life. When that happens, I feel that I'm in it as an equal rather than somebody who would stand aside, though there are times when I can see that my getting in is not going to help. At moments like that, I can see why, if you had a more natural gregariousness than I do—well, at times like that, I really want to talk, and I resent the fact that I can't get in. I think that's a better way to do the show, though.

"As for bringing people out in conversation, I don't know why it works when it does or why it doesn't when it doesn't. One thing you can do, though, is avoid that fascination with extremes which I guess we owe to the old *Time* magazine: 'What's the largest elephant you ever rode? . . . the worst person you ever worked with? . . . the largest number of horses you were ever in a movie with?' The whole country seems to have that. The high-school interviewer, for instance: 'How many hours a day do you spend working on your show?' 'Nine.' What's the difference whether you spend nine or three? But it *sounds* like history. There are people who feel the day isn't going well if they haven't had some peak experience that sets a record: 'I've just been



The Greenroom Backstage



Stage Right—Producer's Corner

through the most fan-tas-tic *nap!'* We're a country of record-breakers. The interviewer's role should not necessarily just be questions. I don't know where I got obsessed with the idea that interviewing was simply asking questions. It's so much nicer when it's more of a dialogue, it's so much easier when you have that breakthrough—something that resembles actual speech without the pressure of the lights or camera. It isn't necessarily just the penetrating question."

His secretary came in with lunch—a container of borscht and one of sour cream; Cavett pushed it aside and went on talking. "About my sometimes giving my staff a feeling of remoteness. I should have been aware of the problems. I just don't want to know about a certain number of things that are going on; I already have enough problems. But the new part of it is that I have to be convinced that I could walk out and do the show at air time without any preparation, because it's on five days a week. The knowledge that somewhere, sometime, like the actor's nightmare, you're going to get into something where you don't know the lines. But I realize that I have been developing an antidote to the thing that makes you wake up in the middle of the night, bolt upright in bed, and say, 'My God, I do five days a week of television—ninety minutes—and I've got to keep it up.' The antidote is, if I have some crisis and I have to go in and do the show without looking at any of the notes, without meeting any of the guests, I could do it, and I don't need anybody but just a list of who's on. For at least a year, I relied on what I had prepared or the staff had prepared in a way that hurt the interviews, I think. On the other hand, the idea that anything improvised is therefore better is very irritating. There's a constant frustration about perfecting the show, because you don't really know how to perfect it. There's always a terrible sense of living on the surface of things, of getting just a little bit interested in this for just a little amount of time."

The visitor now turned the conversation into a question-and-answer session that was anything but prearranged:

Q: Do you think this show is contributing to the level of taste in this country?

A: I hear that it is, but it's another one of those things it would be terribly dangerous to think about.

Q: Would you like to hope that it might?

A: Yeah. But it's not one of the things I set out to do.

Q: What did you set out to do?

A: Get into show business, originally. And when I set out to do this show I had no idealism about what it would be. In fact, I wasn't even sure.

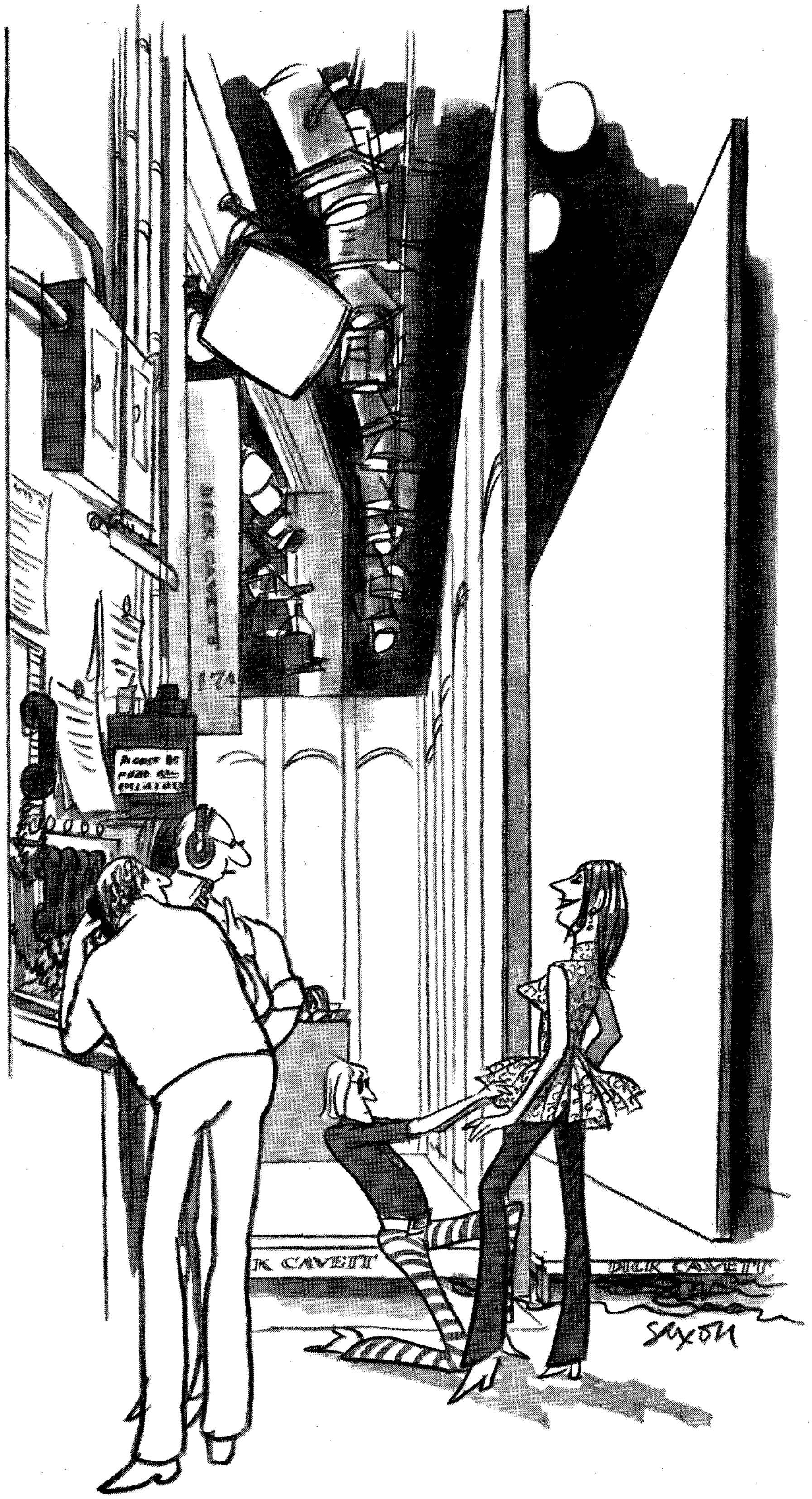
Q: Do you feel the pressure to change, to go on to something else?

A: No. The show is going well. It seems like a means to something. The ability to do this involves a lot of talents, none of which get used completely.

Q: What do you think you'll end up doing—politics, acting, writing?

A: Politics—not a chance. I've also had people say, "Maybe you'd like to become a newsman." No. My whole life's been that way. I can do a certain number of things, but there's no one of them that I really feel the need to do. The show looks at times like the ultimate, inevitable thing to have done—a kid who looked at Bob Hope onstage getting into a position where Bob

Hope was standing in the wings of my show one day, waiting to come on. I don't feel a sense of power from that, just a sort of sense of amusement. But there's always a sense of "When am I going to grow up and do whatever it is that this is preparing me for?" I've had satisfaction from writing. I have a dilettante's idea of how wonderful it would be to sit by the sea and turn out a novel—and I realize how far from doing it I really am. I can act—a little. I could probably direct a movie. Or get a job at the Museum of the American Indian. At the moment, though, I'm not dying to get out of this and into that thing I've always wanted to do. (Cavett smiled, but his eyes, cool and steady, were unsmiling.)



"Will You Welcome, Please . . ."

The "Dick Cavett Show" is seen by millions, and it draws fifty thousand letters a year, but Cavett is more than a little wistful about its inroads on his time and freedom. He has seldom attended parties, and when he does he is surrounded by people who expect him to be funny for their private edification. He sees, he says, "a handful of people"—including Woody Allen, Jean Stafford, his Yale roommates (one is now a senior editor at *Time*), a couple of the people on his staff, and some actor friends of his wife's—and sees them less often than he might like to. Does he not miss leisure time? "Oh, do I ever not! Yeah. I'm not sure what I would do. I probably would just literally go off somewhere for a year. I can just am-ble and drift better than almost anyone I know. And some kind of nice, symmetrical reversal has taken place in me. Now I not only like the Midwest, and the West—I never did *hate* it—but I have a tremendous yearning not only to see all the things I saw as a kid again—in the West, in the mountains, in Colorado—a kind of nostalgia for it that is really . . . I don't know, I haven't come to terms with it. But there was one point where I actually re-al-ized the irony of the fact that here I was sitting in the heart of my dreams as a kid, and wishing I had a year to spend in South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, Utah, Montana, places I'd been, and not having realized at the time that they were as great as they were. I've gotten myself wrapped up in the idea that I was actually born for an outdoor life, which is certainly the last thing I lead, except that I did get a horse recently. I've found myself going out into the woods and spending the day and loving it."

The phone on Cavett's desk buzzed three times. "That's my secretary," he said, "interrupting me to see if I want to be interrupted."

AROUND the corner, at the Elysée, it was time to tape another show. The show went well; Cavett sparkled, the dialogue crackled, the audience responded gleefully, but it was impossible not to remember something he had said in his office that afternoon: "The thought of doing it for the rest of your life is just un-think-able. When you're at the end of a hard week, the thought of starting another one, let alone another season or two or three, is—Sisyphusian!" —L. E. Sissman

(*The drawings are by Charles Saxon.*)

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THE THEATRE

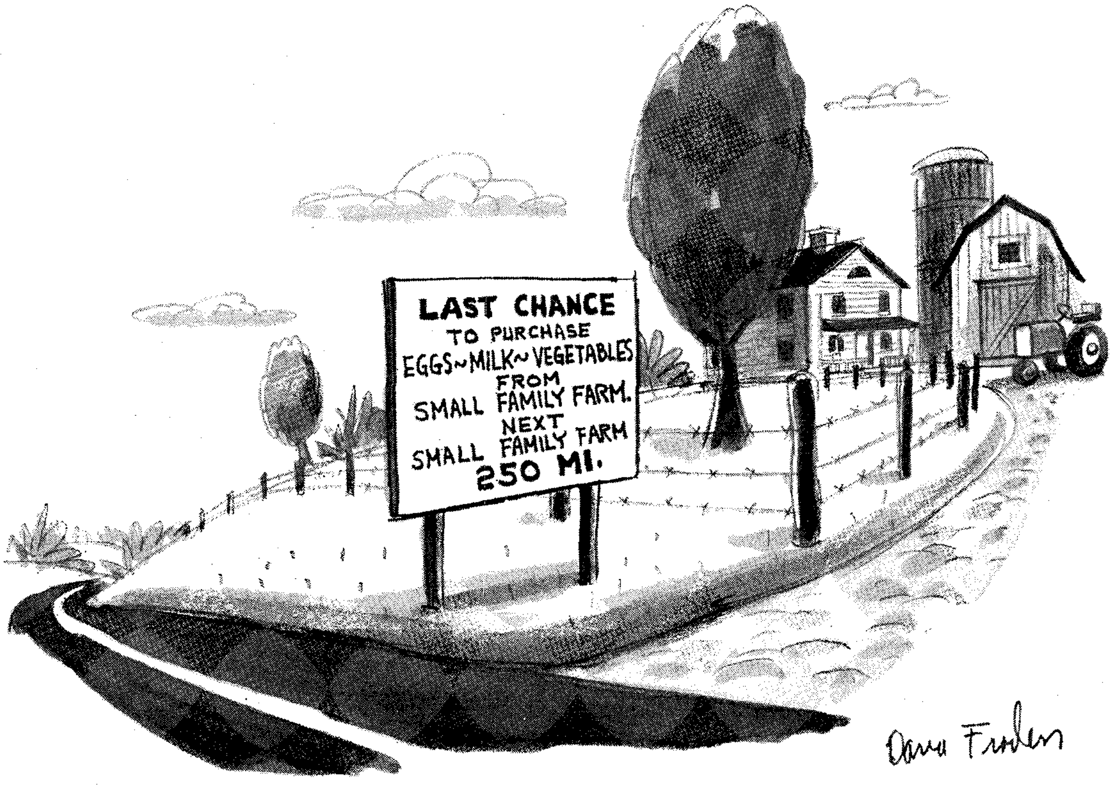
FOR THE PROSECUTION

GORE VIDAL has written a needle-sharp and exceedingly funny pasquinade called "An Evening with Richard Nixon and . . ." That trail-off "and" turns out to be important, since it links President Nixon with Presidents Washington, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, and with such lesser luminaries as Agnew, Humphrey, Goldwater, Stevenson, Rayburn, Khrushchev, and Ngo Dinh Diem. To judge by Mr. Vidal's script, I share most of his political opinions, and the result is that his incessant savaging of Nixon gave me great pleasure; no doubt a Nixon supporter would have a miserable evening at the Shubert, and I imagine that there are champions of Presidents Kennedy and Eisenhower who will not relish seeing them made such harsh fun of, the former as a bright but shallow preppie type and the latter as a kindly, golf-playing boob. The weapon Vidal employs in flaying Nixon is an ingenious one: it is to have every damning word that Nixon utters be taken from the public record. In Vidal's view, Nixon is a man devoid of any principle—or even any motive—save that of running for public office and winning by whatever means happen to lie within his grasp. A terrible indictment, and it is only because it is presented to us in a theatre that we dare to laugh at what it reveals.

The staging of the play is brilliant—on a set that consists of a raised central platform, a scattering of bleachers, and a couple of large screens for the projection of still photographs, Nixon's life unfolds from the very moment of his birth to the present. Whatever the chief characters say on the level of the stage is a part of the authentic record of history; whatever is said on the bleachers or raised platform *may* have been said, or is what Vidal wittily imagines ought to have been said. (Kennedy laces into Washington as a crooked millionaire—a man who wished to be not only the father of his country but the owner of his country.) Most of the members of the large cast play several roles apiece, often behind ingenious masks designed by Jane Stein. Nixon is taken off with immense *brio* by George S. Irving, Eisenhower by Philip Sterling, and Kennedy by Robert King. A measure of dramatic conflict is provided by a running debate between Pro and Con, the Pro being a very skillful impersonation of William F. Buckley, Jr., by Gene Rupert, and the Con being played ably (but not as an impersonation of any individual known to me) by Humbert Allen Astredo. The play, which is kept marching at a brisk pace by Edwin Sherin, has scenery by William Ritman, costumes by Joseph G. Aulisi, and lighting by H. R. Poindexter. Congratulations to them all.

ARTHUR MILLER'S "The Crucible" is being given an admirable production by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Like the play itself, the staging at the Vivian Beaumont is sturdy, forthright, and agreeably old-fashioned. Hard to believe that Mr. Miller wrote the play only twenty years ago, but then his modes of thinking and writing have always been those of a much earlier period; he is a throwback all the more striking as we encounter him—Honest Arthur the Rail Splitter—standing against the sky in these final years of the pell-mell twentieth century. His unself-conscious willingness to telegraph his intentions as he proceeds from incident to incident in the workmanlike plotting of his plays always puts me in mind of those textbooks in which, at the end of a given passage, the editor emerges to inquire, "How has the author prepared the way for this development? Why is the metaphor of the hen so vivid in this context?"

"The Crucible" has survived the occasion that prompted its composition—the McCarthyism to which Miller found sufficient analogues in the witch trials of Salem—because, as Miller himself is characteristically the first to point out, the play is about so much more than McCarthyism or seventeenth-century Salem, but I doubt if it is about what the author thinks it is. He is quoted in the program at the Vivian Beaumont as believing that the play concerns "the conflict between a man's raw deeds and his conception of himself; the question of whether conscience is in fact an organic part of the human being, and what happens when it is handed over not merely to the state or the mores of the time but to one's friend or wife." Confronted by such a passage, how tempting to become an editor! What are a man's "raw" deeds compared to, say, his



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deeds? Is there implied here some concept, à la Lévi-Strauss, of cooked deeds? What can "organic" mean in respect to something by definition nonphysical? What is one saying when one speaks of "handing over" a nonphysical thing to nonphysical "mores"? In fact, the play succeeds not because it poses portentous spiritual questions but because it is a well-told story about sexual rivalry and vengeance; these are great themes, and nothing else matters a straw.

Robert Foxworth, Martha Henry, Philip Bosco, Stephen Elliott, Sydney Walker, Aline MacMahon, Jerome Dempsey, and Pamela Payton-Wright all have strong roles and play them with relish, under the confident direction of John Berry. The lighting and setting are by Jo Mielziner, and the costumes are by Carrie Fishbein Robbins. The Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre deserves to be commended for providing us with a play of merit on the level of competence planned for back in the days of Whitehead and Kazan, many a sorry season ago.

A PLEASANT trifle called "The Little Black Book," adapted from the French of Jean-Claude Carrière by Jerome Kilty, paid a brief visit to the Helen Hayes, and I'm sorry it couldn't have stayed longer. It contained but two characters—a young lawyer who keeps strict account of the number of girls he lures to his bed, and a mysterious blond beauty who wanders in off the street and becomes something more than his latest conquest, though less than a friend. These characters were played with winning skill and charm by Delphine Seyrig and Richard Benjamin; in the nature of things, there was little but talk to entertain us with, and the talk was not very witty, but I was grateful to be in the presence of such nice young people, in such a nice, rich, dark, expensive, and comfortable setting—this was the handiwork of Oliver Smith—and therefore I felt only mild impatience with the failed plot. M. Carrière, or perhaps Mr. Kilty, didn't know how to bring the tiny fable to an end. I think *I* know how it should have been done, but nobody asked me. The direction was by Miloš Forman, who is every bit as clever at stagecraft as he is at making movies.

NO one who would consider "Ring Round the Bathtub" an amusing title for a play could write an amusing play. (Even if the idea back of the title were a funny one, which it isn't, the wording betrays a tin ear: Americans

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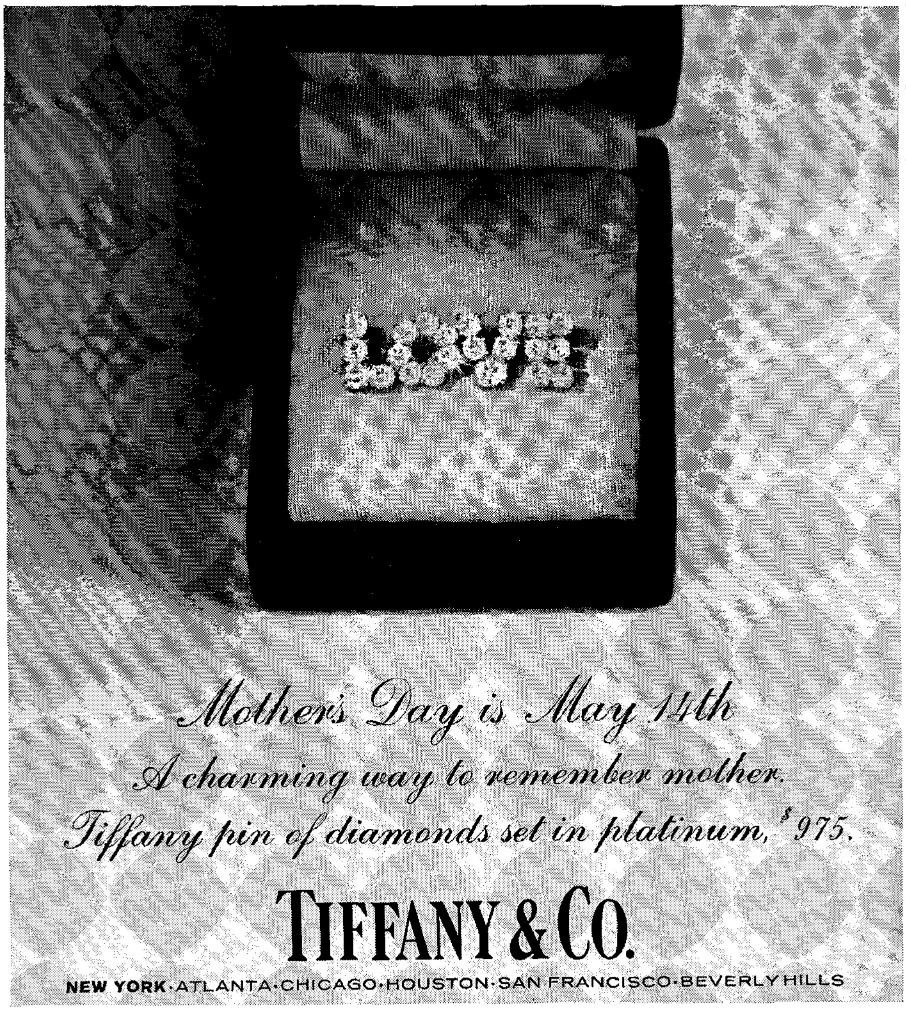
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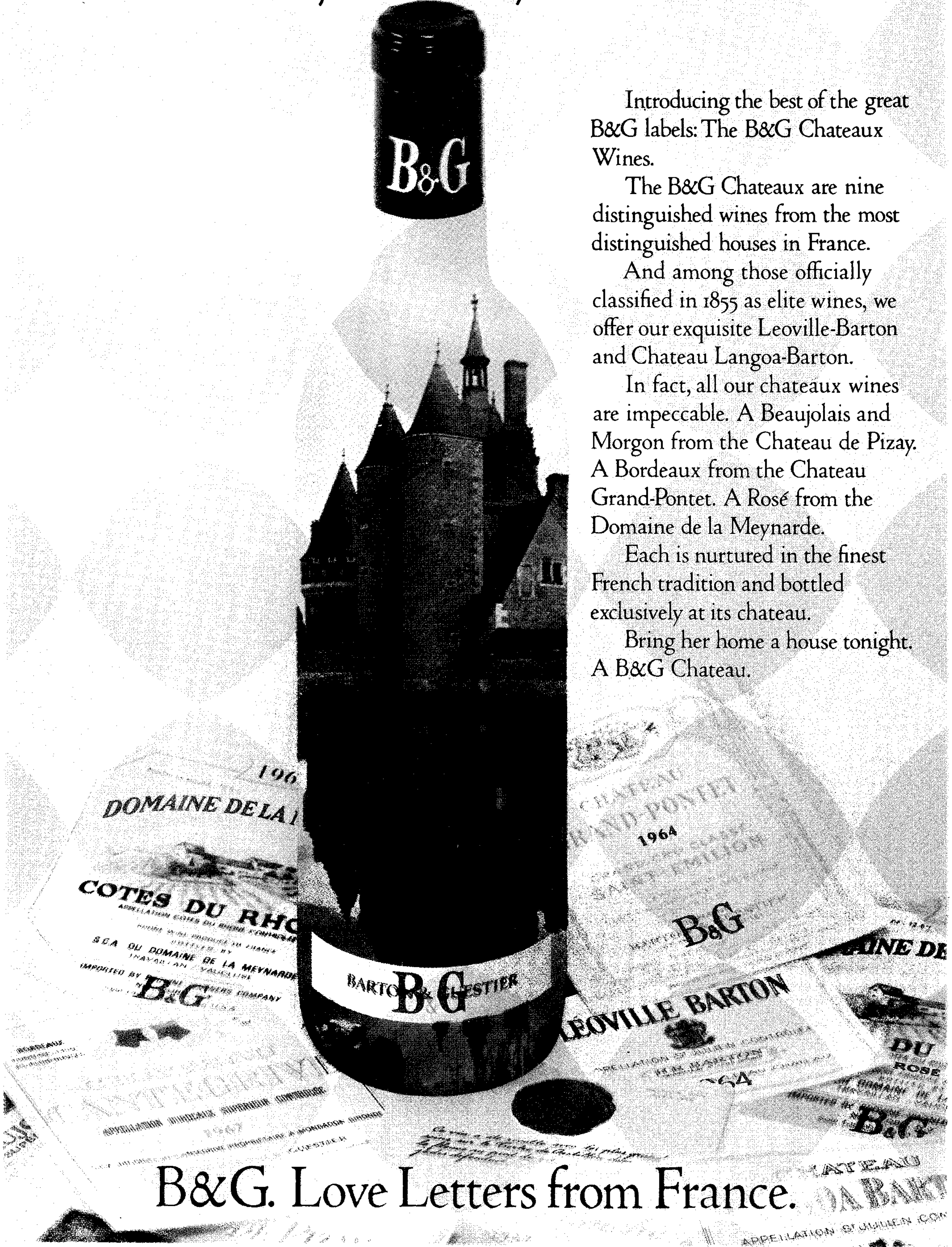
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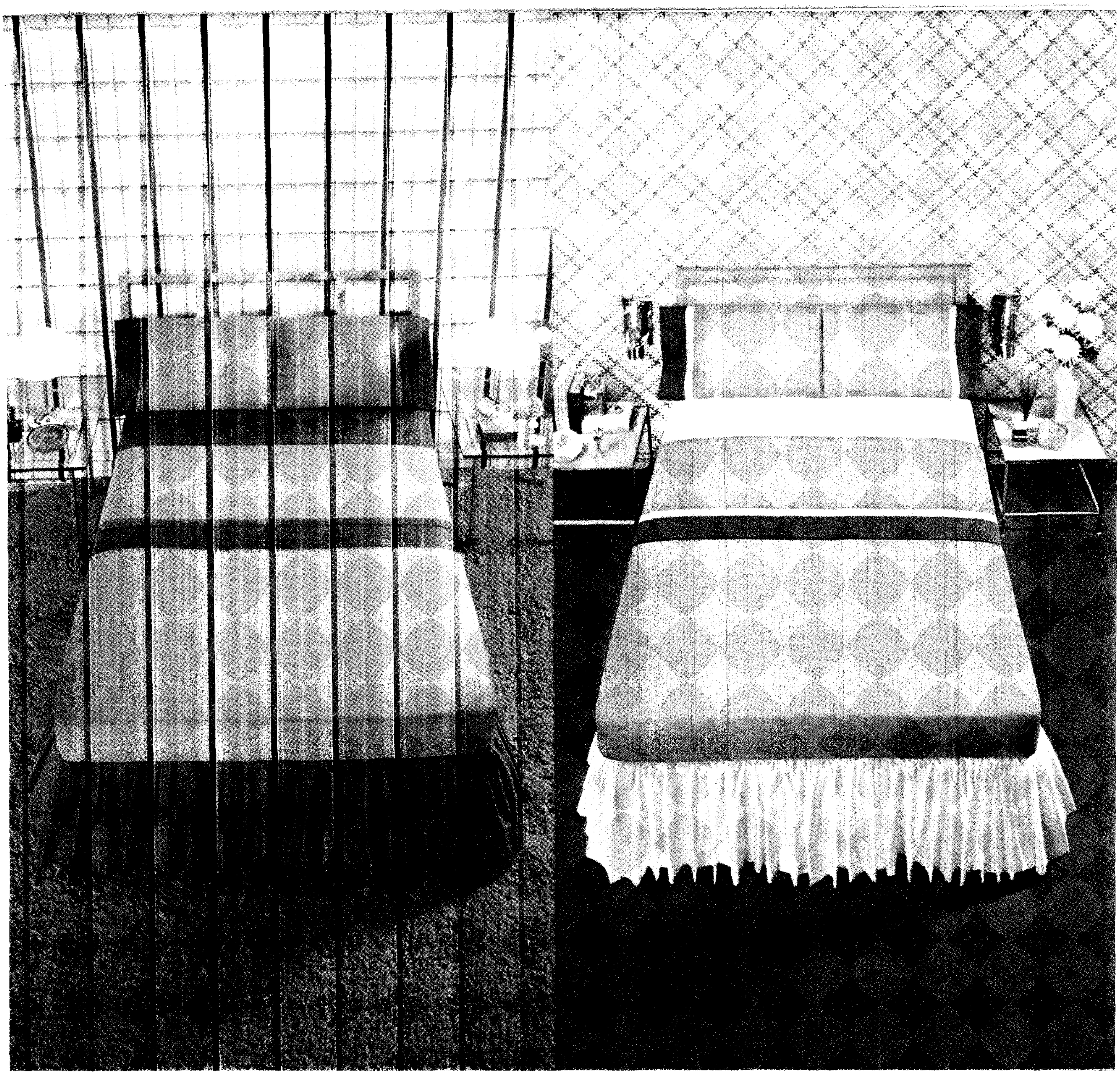

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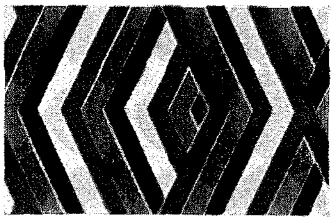

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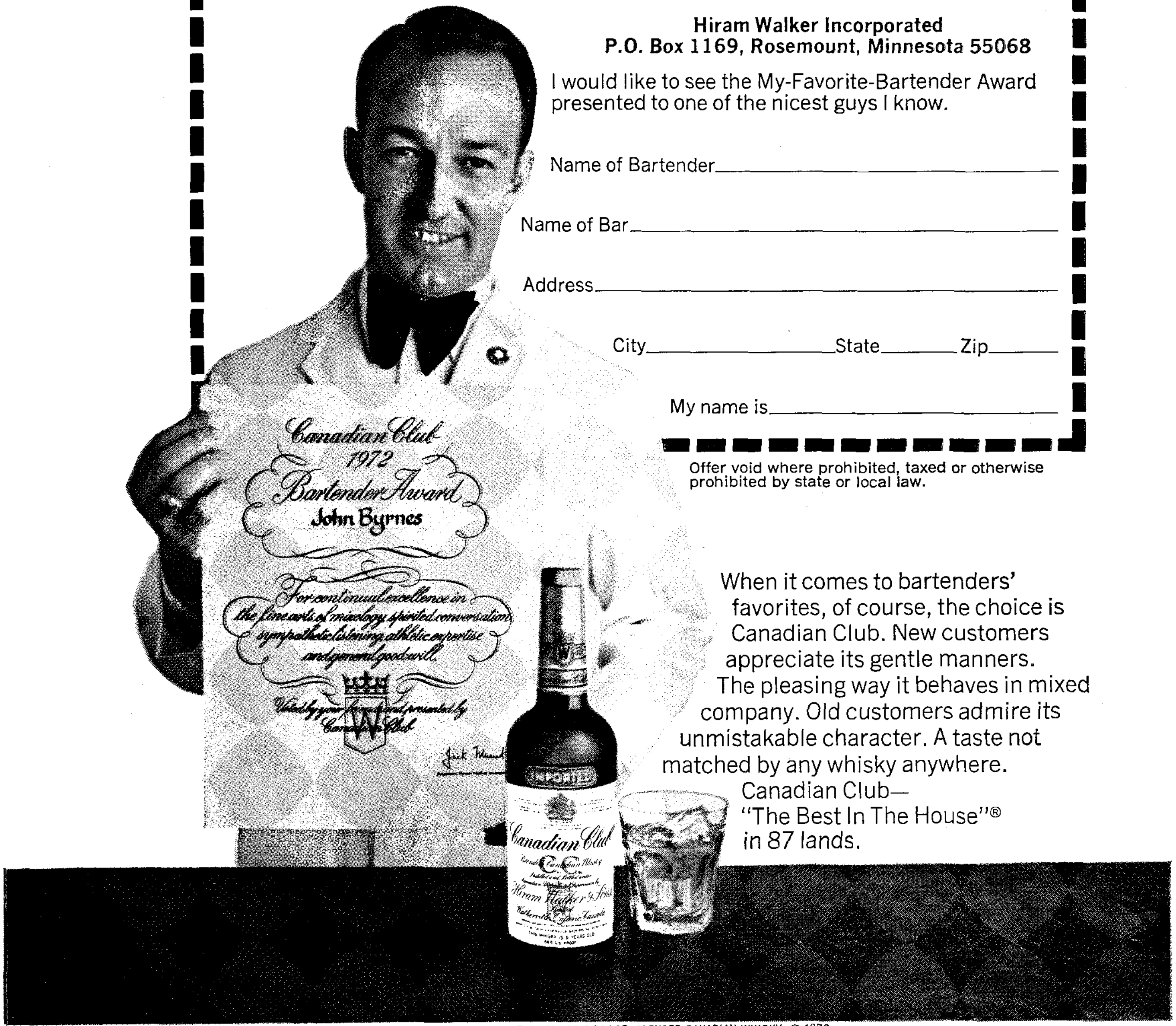
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do not say "round" in that context; we say "around.") The author, Jane Trahey, is without the slightest trace of talent as a writer, and she also lacks invention. Her play simply lay there on the stage of the Martin Beck, like some enormous dead platypus waiting to be stuffed, and the actors circled it, giving it a gingerly prod from time to time but obviously having no hope of bringing it to life. The period of the play was the early nineteen-thirties and the place was Chicago and the people were mostly Irish-Catholic—one doesn't readily encompass greater potential dreariness than that, and one may say of Miss Trahey that she was a match for her material. The cast, directed by Harold Stone, starred Elizabeth Ashley and Richard Mulligan, who must have been glad that the play gave only one performance.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

At Lady Muldoon's

Tom Stoppard's comedy is the funniest kind of writing about writing. His subjects are the English language—that magnetic minefield—and the conventions of literature and drama, and it is his relish for all of them, as much as his jolting, punning wit, that gives his one-acters "The Real Inspector Hound" and its curtain-raiser, "After Magritte," so much vitality. The plays, which opened last week at Theatre Four, nowhere reach for the philosophic and human overtones of Mr. Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead;" they are, as they are meant to be, clever, shrewd, and satiric. Almost all his prankish nonsense—his bits of verbal and visual legerdemain—pays off. In "The Real Inspector Hound," the more substantial of the two, we get a double set of jokes. It is about a pair of reviewers—Moon, a highly intellectual second-string critic, always enviously brooding about his superior, and Birdboot, a philandering know-it-all from another paper, who curbs his lecherous fantasies by munching chocolates—at the opening of a traditional British mystery melodrama. If a single cliché or pomposity is overlooked in the critics' musings or in the play within the play, I cannot imagine what it could be. The setting of the melodrama is one of those remote great houses with its usual complement of the well-born and the well-heeled. A corpse, unnoticed by everybody, lies half hidden on the floor. The radio brings baleful news of a murderous madman on the loose; he then appears as an unexpected

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guest. Red herrings abound, and so do unwieldy chunks of exposition: near the beginning, a phone rings, and a charwoman, feather duster in hand, picks it up, saying, "Hello, the drawing room of Lady Muldoon's country residence one morning in early spring?" Near the end, the phone rings again, and Birdboot, carried away by the beauty of the actress playing Lady Muldoon, steps onto the stage to answer it. Suddenly, we are at a different kind of play. As I started to think of Ionesco and Pirandello, I could remember Moon, the second-stringer, droning "Kafka, Sartre, Shakespeare, St. Paul, Beckett, Birkett. . . ." Much as I enjoyed "Inspector Hound," I think it goes on too long, but I laughed most of the way through.

"After Magritte" is brief, entirely funny, and full of quirky surprises. The curtain for this curtain-raiser is a scrim on which is painted an imitation of a picture by René Magritte, presumably done by William Ritman, whose scenery is, as always, impressive. The scrim slides off to reveal a living room and a young man in high wading boots standing on a chair and blowing upon a lighting fixture while his wife, in a ball gown, makes helpful suggestions from below. The other characters are a mother-in-law (both man and wife claim that she belongs to the other), an Inspector Foot ("*Foot* of the *Yard*?" asks the husband), and a police constable. The action is frenetic, and there are hurt feelings, misunderstandings, and an unexpected emotional collapse. Honestly, that is all you need to know. In a way, Stoppard is indeed Magritte's counterpart—the conventional situation or speech or setting, and the one detail askew and alarming.

The actors do quite well. The beautiful Carrie Nye plays both Lady Muldoon and the young wife with style and spirit, and I also admired David Rounds and Tom Lacy as the critics, and Jane Connell, Konrad Matthaei, and Remak Ramsay in other roles. Richard Nelson's amusing, hokey lighting adds a lot to the fun of "Inspector Hound."

THE lifeless squabbles and bitchery and hair pulling of "The Divorce of Judy and Jane," now defunct, took place in an elegant setting by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn.

A DROLL, leggy young actress named Catherine Bacon, of "Cold Feet," also gone, seemed to know what she was doing, which is more than can be said for anyone else concerned.

—EDITH OLIVER

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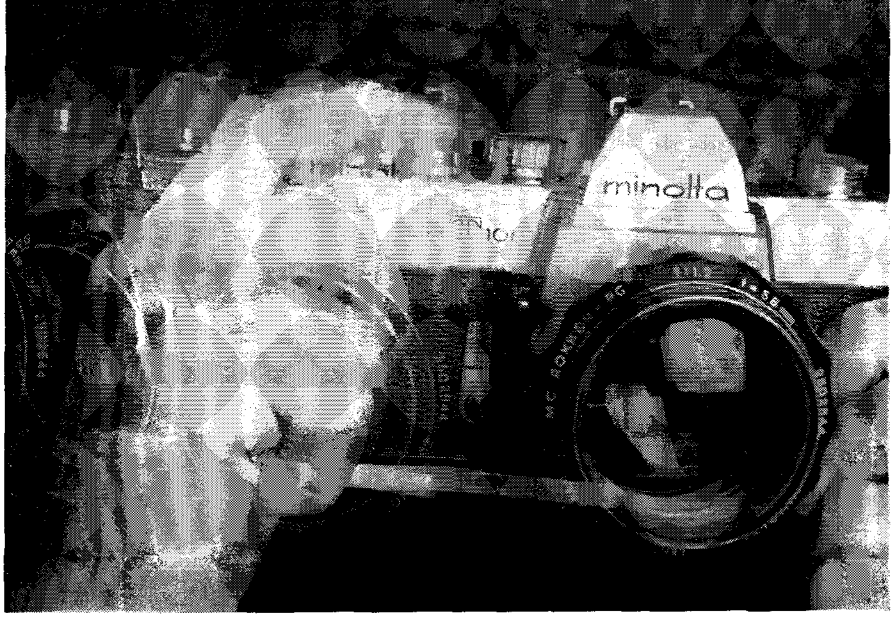

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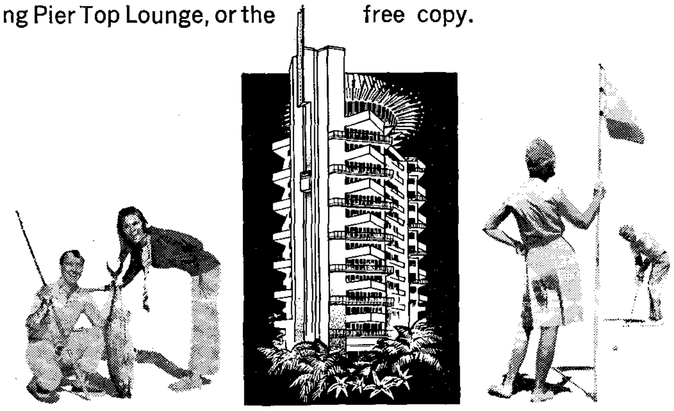

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THE RACE TRACK

Whaddaya Like?

THE Kentucky Derby has probably caused more rash words to be swallowed than any other horse race in this country. Nevertheless, I submit that the Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge is the one they all have to beat at Churchill Downs in Louisville on Saturday. How many eager three-year-olds will try to do it? My guess is around eighteen. Romping off with the Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland last week, Riva Ridge blighted several Derby hopes. There were trainers, though, who thought his time of 1:49⅗ for the nine furlongs was unimpressive. Others felt that he didn't have to run any faster to lose those behind him. Sensitive Music, who was second, hadn't won in four tries this season, and Thurloe Square, who was third, had won only once in nine. The fact is, I haven't come across one horseman who doesn't consider Riva Ridge an entirely worthy favorite. The watchers also say that his trainer, Lucien Laurin, has brought him up to the race in faultless condition. Barring accidents—and they do happen, you know—he will be beaten only by a better horse. Suppose you name one. . . .

Hold Your Peace, who some say might do the trick, rolled home by five lengths in the Stepping Stone Purse at Churchill Downs last Saturday. The Derby Trial, that exhilarating riddle, will be solved before this appears in print. (Wrong Horse Harry wonders why the Off-Track Betting Corporation doesn't make book on these preliminaries as well as on the Derby.) No big California horses this year. Quack wasn't nominated and Royal Owl and Solar Salute blotted their copybooks.

FOUR years ago this week, Peter Fuller's Dancer's Image finished first in the Derby. Days later, there was an official report to the Kentucky State Racing Commission that a chemical analysis showed he'd had traces of Butazolidin, a prohibited medication, in his system when he ran. His number couldn't be taken down after all that time, of course; instead, the Racing Commission awarded first place in the Derby and the prize money that went with it to Calumet Farm's Forward

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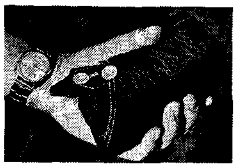

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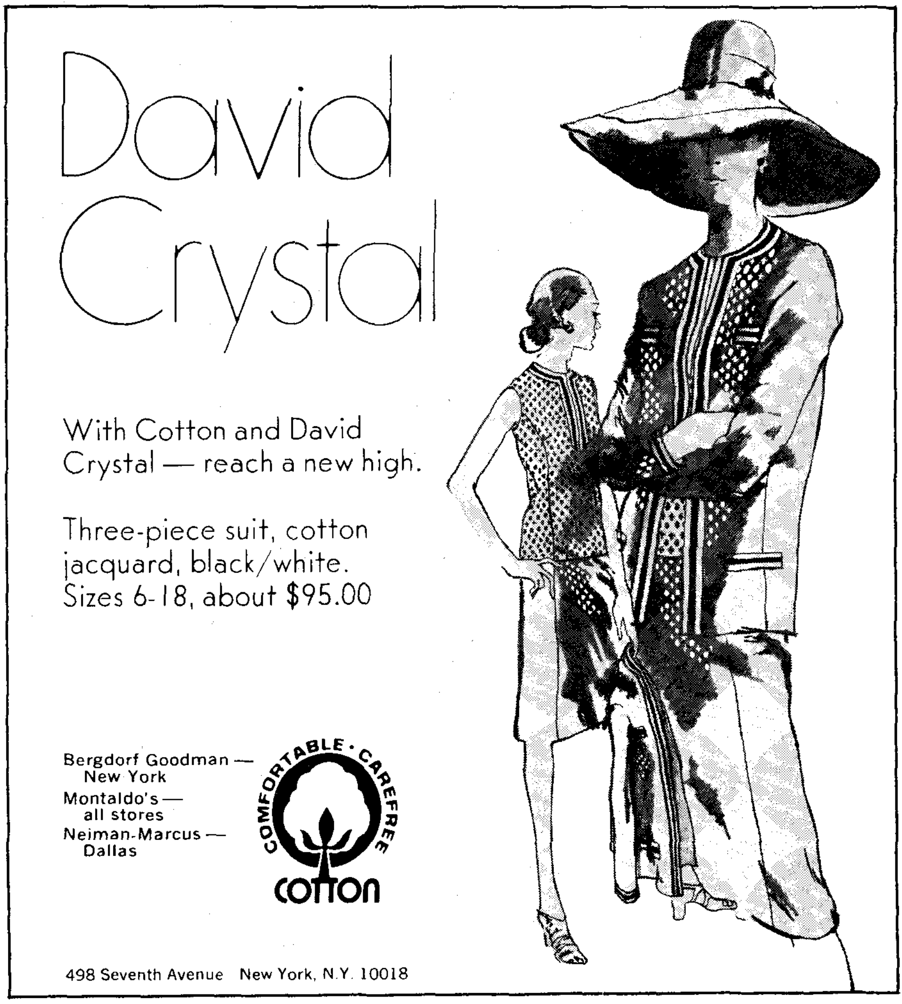
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Pass, who had finished second. Almost immediately, Mr. Fuller sued to have the ruling repealed, and the case has gone from one court to another. The other day—and I wonder if it was timed for Derby Week—the judges of the Kentucky Court of Appeals voted unanimously to support "the findings and rulings of the Kentucky State Racing Commission." That makes Forward Pass the official winner of the race and gives the purse of $122,600 plus interest to Calumet Farm—the stable's eighth Derby, by the way.

SPEAKING of Derby winners, I had a look at last year's—Canonero II—at Belmont one morning recently and found it hard to believe he was the same colt I'd seen before and after his debacle in the Belmont Stakes. Buddy Hirsch, who took him over when Bob (King Ranch) Kleberg bought him last June from his Venezuelan owner for more than a million dollars, has transformed him into almost a picture horse. He has grown and filled out, his coat shines, and he fairly radiates health and the best of conditioning. Indeed, Canonero is training so well that he might make the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont on Memorial Day. But Buddy, who takes his time with a horse—as Max, his father, did—isn't hurrying him.

TOP FLIGHT, after whom the handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was named, was the wonder two-year-old of 1931. Unbeaten in her seven starts that year, all stakes, she earned $219,000, and purses then were not what they are nowadays. She was among the first to race for C. V. Whitney when he inherited the stable after the death of his father. Mr. Whitney's Inca Queen is no Top Flight, but she carried the Eton-blue colors to victory in the race on Saturday, and she did it the hard way. She ran off en route to the post, narrowly missing the starting gate and a tractor, and then got into a traffic jam and had to withstand a claim of foul after she'd beaten Polly Piper by a nose. The Big A did all right, too. The springlike weather brought out a crowd of 41,250, which bet $5,098,415—the second five-million-dollar day this year.

PAUL MELLON's Mill Reef, Europe's 1971 Horse of the Year, won the Prix Ganay by ten lengths at Longchamp in Paris on Sunday.

—AUDAX MINOR

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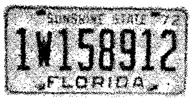
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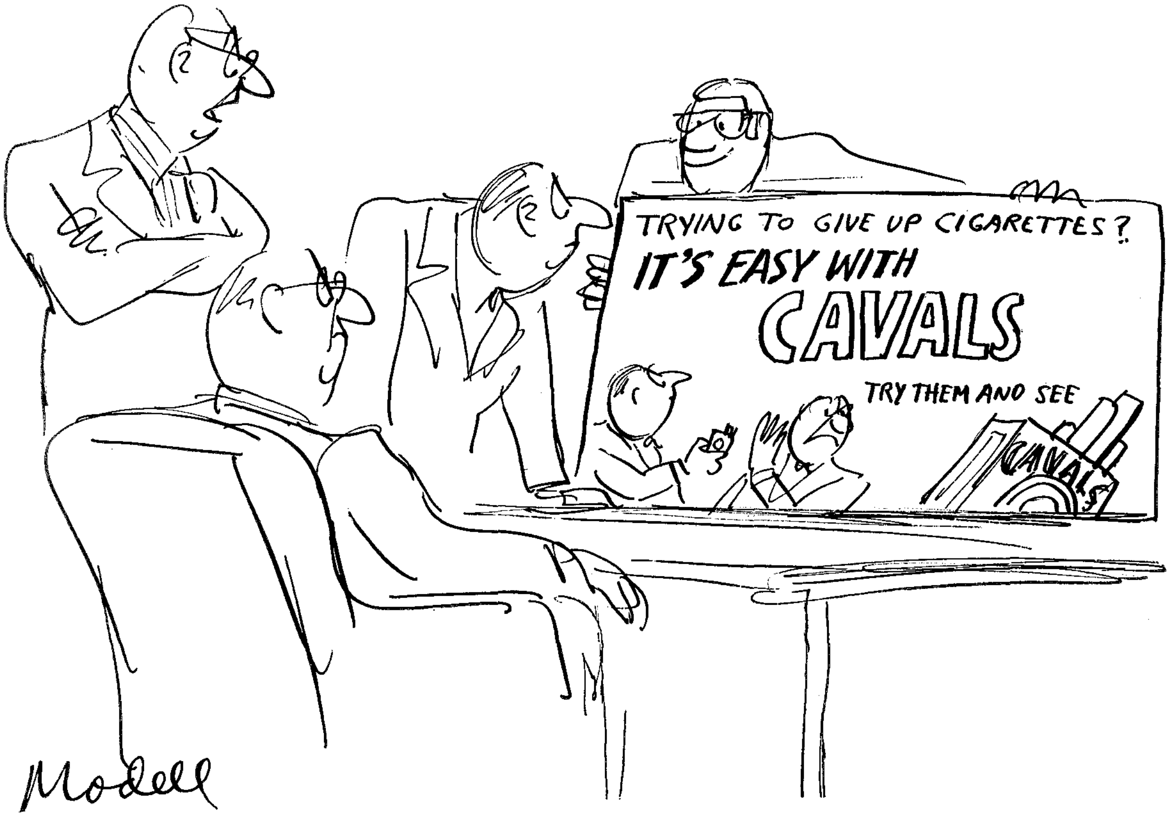
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

BROWSING in a bookstore is a peculiar activity. It isn't reading, nor is it shopping, and it is solitary even though one isn't alone. People in bookstores have the indrawn, preoccupied look of aphids and the shuffling tread of old men. Habitual browsers have in common a feeling about books which the word "bibliophilia" doesn't express. "Bibliophile" conjures up the image of a banker in a smoking jacket standing before a glass-fronted bookcase filled with his beloved rare, morocco-bound, uncut books. The bibliophile's opposite—the scholar—cares only about the contents of books. The browser falls between these extremes: he loves both to read and to own books, and, like the heroes of Walpole's "The Three Princes of Serendip," is "always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things [he is] not in quest of." This city is the browser's Mecca. We are blessed with more good bookstores—selling new and second-hand books—than one would think could exist in the Age of McLuhan. Perhaps the influence of television has been exaggerated, or it may just be the dilatory ways of TV repairmen in Manhattan that are reducing people to literacy. Whatever the reason, our bookstores—or so it seemed to me on a recent tour of inspection—are almost as flourishing as our health stores.

The Strand Book Store, at 828 Broadway (12th), is one of the largest and least prepossessing and most wonderful second-hand bookshops in the city. It is an enormous barn of a place, with gaunt wooden columns, gloomy gray walls, unfinished floors, and sagging, unfinished wood bookcases that look as if they had been knocked together by a party of drunken carpenters. Absolutely nothing has been done to beautify (or even to dust) the place. But a great deal has been done for the convenience and comfort of the browser. The books are arranged alphabetically according to author within categories such as fiction, poetry, philosophy, psychology, art, history, natural history, and biography; there are stepladders for reaching the high shelves, chairs to sit and read in, a water cooler, a bathroom, a coat rack, and a sink for washing one's begrimed hands in. (Few, if any, of these amenities are found in the expensively decorated uptown bookshops.) The place is well lit, and the help is young and does not speak until it's spoken to. In addition to the shelves of books that line the walls from floor to high ceiling and jut out at right angles from them, there are stalls in the middle of the floor on which assorted "bargain books" repose: recent review copies for half price, recent paperbacks, also for half price, and miscellaneous offerings for forty-eight cents or ninety-seven cents. Most of the last are things like "Helen's Babies" and "Refrigeration in America," but here and there a true bargain can be found. (The Modern Library Giant "Short Stories of Henry James" was a recent ninety-seven-cent one.) Good buys can always be found among the Strand's art books. (Art books depreciate like cars. The two-volume Skira "American Painting," originally priced at $60, can now be had for $27.50.) Another bargain—at other second-hand bookstores as well as here—is, for some reason, George Bernard Shaw. For example, the three-volume standard edition of "Our Theatres in the Nineties" costs only $6 at the Strand, and "Pen Portraits & Reviews" is $2.50. The Strand is always busy, though seldom crowded, and is eager to buy books. I have sold books to its proprietors on occasion and have found it more profitable to take payment in the form of books rather than in cash (which admittedly defeats the spacemaking purpose of the exercise, but never mind).

The Argosy Book Shop, at 116 East 59th Street, moved to this location from its old, Strand-like quarters down the block a few years ago, and though the new store is better-looking, it is no less agreeable. The visitor enters through an arcade, where he is greeted by stalls of inexpensive old prints and shelves of fifty-cent books, and beyond he finds an orderly, cozy, pleasantly lit room, its walls lined with handsome bookcases and its floor space given over in part to bins of prints. (These prints as well as those in the arcade are less expensive than those in the enormous collections of the Argosy Gallery, on the second floor.) A flight of stairs in the rear leads to a subterranean room, less elegant than the first floor, and this



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is where fiction, biography, belles-lettres, drama, and children's books are kept. Browsing down here is like browsing in the stacks of a college library. One meets few other people, and one feels privileged. Poetry, leather-bound sets, and art and architecture books are kept on the main floor, along with a section labelled "Select Reading," which draws on all categories for its alphabetically arranged (by author) contents and is a kind of microcosm of the shop's enormous and varied stock. Here, too, they are eager to buy books.

The Pageant Book Company, 59 Fourth Avenue (9th), and, across the street, Biblo & Tannen, 63 Fourth Avenue, are two other sizable second-hand bookshops in which it is a pleasure to browse.

At the Gotham Book Mart, 41 West 47th Street, I overheard a visitor say to the shop's bearded assistant manager that he was looking for a book on Australian wine. The assistant manager said, "I'm afraid we have nothing in that line." The visitor persisted: "Well, then, do you have a Polish cookbook?" "I'm afraid we have no cookbooks," the assistant manager said, and added, "unless it's 'The Alice B. Toklas Cook Book.'" The Gotham, which has been a hangout of avant-garde poets since the twenties (its alumni include T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, W. H. Auden, Dylan Thomas, Stephen Spender, and Delmore Schwartz), specializes in works of twentieth-century poetry, fiction, criticism, biography, drama, philosophy, religion, and metaphysics. Both recent and out-of-print books are offered. In an alcove at the far end of the shop stands a table piled with Little Magazines—all the established ones, and also new, ephemeral-looking ones that young people bring in. "We turn nothing down of that kind," the assistant manager said. "And we take any book of verse, even if it is mimeographed." A harried-looking young man asked the assistant manager if the shop had the work of a poet named (I think) Gordon Droon. The assistant manager said that the name was unfamiliar to him, and asked the young man if he knew the publisher. "I'm supposed to introduce him at a poetry reading tomorrow, and I've never read anything of his," the young man explained. "No, I don't know the publisher. It may be Alan Swallow." But it wasn't Alan Swallow or any of the other poetry presses whose lists the assistant manager consulted, and the young man walked out despondently. The assistant manager looked afflicted,

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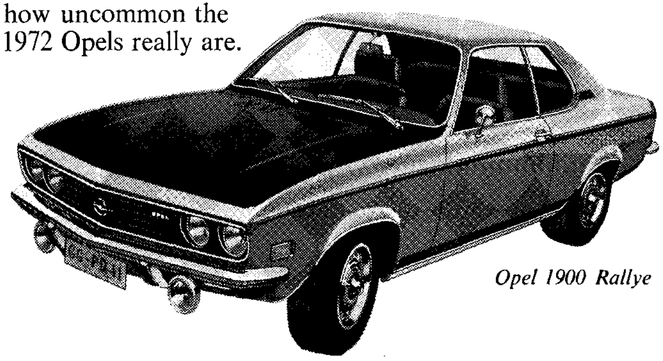
According to CAR AND DRIVER, a super coupe is a small car that performs very much like a sports car while, at the same time, being more comfortable and less costly. "They are light and compact and nimble. They don't need power seats or power steering . . . all they require is a *driver*." That doesn't mean our Rallye will out-perform a high-priced sports car. But it will give you a lot of great roadability for a little price. Couldn't you use a car like that?

Their test.

In their December, 1971, issue, CAR AND DRIVER tested the Opel Rallye against five competitive cars, both foreign and domestic. (We'd tell you which other cars they were, but it's not gentlemanly, so we'll let you find out at your Buick/Opel dealer's.) They compared all the cars for equipment, handling, performance, comfort, quietness, visibility, steering effort and economy. And they rated the Opel Rallye best overall. "Given our choice of any super coupe between the Atlantic and the Pacific," they concluded, "we'd take the Opel Rallye."

Your test.

Now that you know we've got the things CAR AND DRIVER likes to find in a small car, it's time for you to make sure we've got what you'd like to find. It might help if you start by knowing that the 1972 Opels have some of the lowest prices of any cars in the country. It might help if you know that we have the largest dealer service network of *any* imported car in the country (over 2200 Buick/Opel dealers). It would definitely help if you'd visit your nearest Buick/Opel dealer for a test drive and see for yourself how uncommon the 1972 Opels really are.



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too. He cheered up when a young girl came in and asked for a book of verse by Marge Piercy, which he was able to produce instantly.

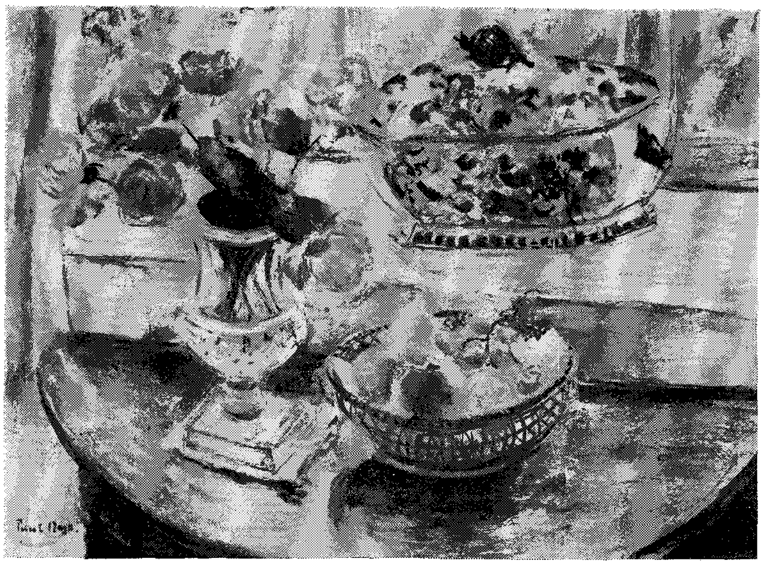
BARNES & NOBLE, the famous textbook emporium on Fifth Avenue at 18th Street, also deals in used hardcover works of fiction, prose, and poetry as well as in new paperbacks of all kinds. It contrasts sharply with bookstores like the Strand and Argosy and Gotham. At Barnes & Noble, they appear to assume that the visitor is more interested in "ripping off" the store than in quietly browsing, and they have taken strict precautionary measures. The visitor is scrutinized at the door by a guard and told to check any packages or books he is carrying in a locker, which works in a complicated manner and requires a quarter to operate. (The quarter is returned when the locker is reopened.) I must say that all this drill put me off and made me sympathize with the students against whom it is directed, though I may be underestimating the Depravity of Youth. After getting past Cerberus, one is slightly mollified by the sight of stalls of old books, optimistically marked "collectors' items" and priced at $1 each. These stalls, like those at the Strand, are worth perusing. Barnes & Noble's paperback department is large and well organized, according to subject. A red carpet leads one past the stalls and the paperbacks into the textbook department in the rear, and it is an impressive sight. There are a staggering number of textbooks here on all subjects, and it gives one an uneasy, uneducated feeling to look at them. One receives a terrible confirmation of one's sense of not knowing very much from this enormity of required reading.

At Cookbooks Only, 1727 Second Avenue (89th), one's self-esteem is restored by the sight of a myna bird who knows only twenty-two words. They are, according to a sign that the young man who owns the store and the bird has posted on the counter:

Escoffier
Julia Child
Fannie Farmer
James Beard
Craig Claiborne
Pumpernickel
Cider
Cooky
Hello Jane
How Are You?
Bye-Bye
Dinner
O.K.
Cookbooks Only

The bird's name is Cooky, and it mostly said "Escoffier" during my

PAUL MAZE
(French, 1887-)



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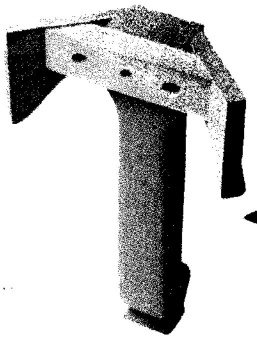
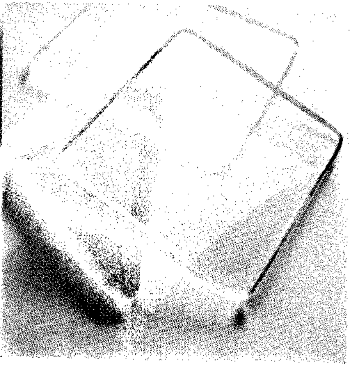
Whe [illegible]
it's first [illegible]...

...then double-doweled
and corner-blocked,
against the wobbles.



Only brush-blending
can bring out
the subtler graining.



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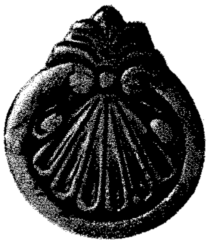

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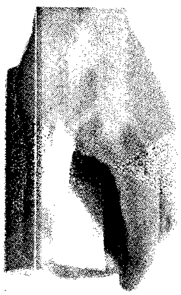

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And Tahiti. Where Gauguin went to paint and loved it so much he never came back. (Tahiti even has a sign at the airport that reads, "Please Refrain From Tipping." And they mean it.)

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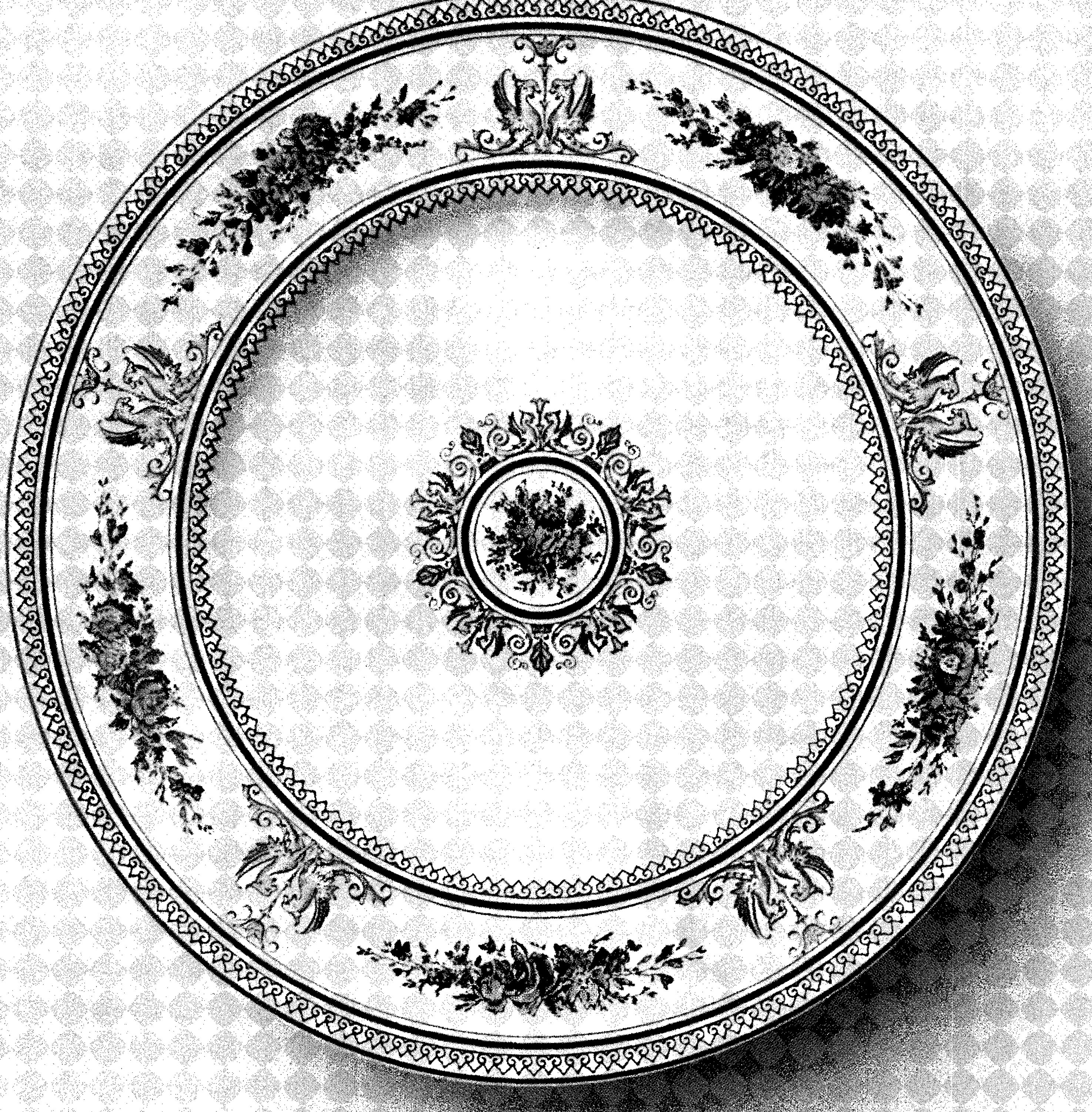

1880: It took 29 people 10 weeks to complete a single plate.

1972: It takes 29 people 10 weeks to complete a single plate.

At Wedgwood, we believe some things are best done the old way. Which is why we're still making china by hand.

The pattern you see here is Columbia Enamelled. Each of the many colors in the highly decorated motif is carefully painted on by a skilled artisan. (The same person who begins a plate sees it through to the end. In this way, each brush-stroke on that plate has the same weight and feeling to it.) Then the trim (it's 22K) is brushed on—by hand, of course.

There's a reason for all this beyond tradition, and it is, quite simply, that a pattern such as our Columbia Enamelled cannot be reproduced in any other way. The result of this painstaking care is, we're sure you'll agree, as worth the effort today as it was nearly a century ago.

Columbia Enamelled costs $55 for a 5-piece place-setting. Which might ordinarily seem a bit expensive. But, as you by now can surely see, there's nothing ordinary about it.

Wedgwood

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visit. When the owner asked it to say "Julia Child," it unhesitatingly replied "James Beard." Cookbooks Only deals in old and new cookbooks. The old ones go as far back as 1730, but the majority are late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works. All cookbooks in print can be found here or ordered, and the owner will search for out-of-print titles on request. There is a big, expanding health-food department. The shop is small and attractive, and is pleasant to browse in.

AT Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), the personnel are all women and the atmosphere is refined and ladylike. In addition to books, pretty objects are sold here—things like delicate framed flower prints, notebooks covered in Italian papers, and placemats printed with hunting scenes. There is a back room furnished with antiques, where the shop's white-haired owner and its book buyer, who looks like a recent graduate of Miss Pinkerton's Academy, have their desks. At Wakefield-Young Books, they have an aversion to paperbacks, and are proud of being the only bookshop in the city that carries only cloth-bound titles. Novels and mysteries are the shop's bread and butter, and a large, choice children's-book department is its specialty. I do not share the book buyer's conviction that children prefer hard-cover books to paperbacks (are comics hard-cover?), but I applaud her intransigence in regard to the raunchy books for "young adults" that have been pouring from the juvenile presses in recent years. She ignores them and selects instead clean, tame adult books like Salinger's "Nine Stories" and Tolstoy's "War and Peace" for teen-age readers. For eight- to twelve-year-old readers, there is a large selection of children's books—all of them of the "Charlotte's Web" rather than the "Karen's Bra" variety. In addition, there are picture books, easy-reading books, and a shelf of children's classics. All books in print can be ordered at Wakefield-Young Books, and at least six times a year regular customers receive an announcement of new books, whose simple, unpretentious descriptions ("The tale of an educated English girl who takes a position as a governess in St. Petersburg and finds romance, mystery, and a few shivers in a Gothic kind of way") are pleasantly reminiscent of the descriptions in plant catalogues.

E. S. Wilentz's Eighth Street Bookshop, at 17 West 8th Street, is as different from Wakefield-Young Books

Won't you buy him $240 worth of food for $10?

This little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

His family's most urgent problem is hunger. There's simply not enough for them to eat. Not just at certain times of the year . . . but day in and day out. Malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

Right now. Right here in the U.S.A., there are thousands of families on the back roads of the rural South whose diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as $12 worth of Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your $10 can buy $240 worth of food to help them survive. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

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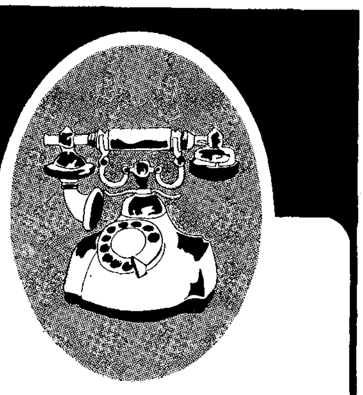
*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

as its jeans-clad customers are different from Wakefield-Young Books' Sakscloth-apparelled clientele. The people at the Eighth Street Bookshop have nothing against paperbacks. In fact, three of the shop's four floors are devoted exclusively to paperbacks, and an increasing amount of space on the ground floor, where hard-cover books are kept, is being given over to them. Browsing in a paperback bookshop is, in effect, like browsing in a second-hand bookstore, since most of the titles are reprints. There is less pleasure, perhaps, in making one's selections from works that are all in some way "good" than in making them from the amiable hodgepodge of the second-hand bookstore. A certain pre-selected quality adheres to the paperback. I have (to my shame) felt a twinge of displeasure on learning that an obscure find of mine had come out in paperback. But more often I feel grateful to the leaders of the paperback revolution for what they have unearthed and made available. Dover Publications is particularly good at digging up out-of-the-way treasures. Among the pleasures I owe to Dover's gifted browsings are "Art and Geometry," by William M. Ivins, Jr.; "String Figures and How to Make Them" (a book about cat's cradle in primitive cultures), by Caroline Furness Jayne; "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk; "The Communistic Societies of the United States," by Charles Nordhoff; "Fakes: A Handbook for Students and Collectors," by Otto Kurz; and "The Crystal Palace Exhibition Illustrated Catalogue." To return to the Eighth Street Bookshop (where all these titles are available), there is a fine, recently instituted department of history and the social sciences on the top floor. Sociology, anthropology, women's liberation, the New Left, the counterculture, and urban studies are some of the rubrics under which the books up there are arranged, in alphabetical order, again by author. The room is appropriately decorated with a color poster of Chairman Mao, a rubbing of Karl Marx's tombstone, and a black-and-white poster of Napoleon. Paperback works of fiction, poetry, psychology, children's fiction, plays, criticism, art, and music are deployed on the other floors, and helpful signs tell the visitor what is where.

ON the fifth floor of a seedy building at 150 West 52nd Street, there is a surprise in store for anyone who has never visited the Drama Book Shop. One steps out of the creaking elevator, and instead of the hole in the



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I believe you will find this Napa Valley Zinfandel quite unlike any other. Long years in oak casks, and further aging in the bottle, have resulted in a fruity, deep red wine with a spicy, berry-like flavor. In the first sip there is an unexpected softness, followed by a rich and satisfying deep aftertaste.

Napa Valley Zinfandel is a good companion for roasts and other red meats. You will find it equally at home at a dinner party, or on a picnic. As with all our fine red dinner wines, I recommend that it be uncorked about an hour before drinking to develop its fragrant bouquet.

Our first bottling of Napa Valley Zinfandel is now ready. Although fully developed and ready to enjoy, because of its noble qualities the wine will further improve in the bottle if laid down in your cellar for a year or two. If you should have trouble finding it, you may write to me.

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Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
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wall one had expected there is a handsome, modern bookshop. Every book in print (hard-cover or paperback) that has to do with the theatre, film, or dance can be found here, together with play and film scripts and the scores of musical comedies. Classifications include Shakespeare (all the editions of the plays and all the criticism in print), Restoration drama, Greek and Roman drama, foreign plays, black drama, film criticism, and biography. Scattered throughout the premises are chairs in which visitors may sit and read—all day, if they want to. But the shop draws the line at actors who come in to copy out their parts and save the price ($1.50 in all cases) of the script.

THERE are three great art bookstores in Manhattan (and people still move to the suburbs). Wittenborn, 1018 Madison Avenue (79th), is a small, second-story shop into which sixty thousand books, exhibition catalogues, and magazines have been crammed. Painting, architecture, archeology, aesthetics, drawing, furniture, glass, textiles, graphic art, urban planning, and sculpture are among the categories in which the books are arranged—not in alphabetical order. "Book lovers desire a certain organic disorder," the proprietor, George Wittenborn, says, but what is perhaps more to the point is that the irregular height of art books requires their being arranged according to size. It is best to ask for a book here rather than to try to find it. The staff somehow knows where everything is. The modern-art and the architecture sections are particularly strong. Wittenborn is a publisher as well as a bookseller; the well-known Documents of Modern Art (including Moholy-Nagy's "The New Vision," Sullivan's "Kindergarten Chats," Motherwell's "The Dada Painters and Poets") are among his distinguished publications. "I do crazy things, too," Mr. Wittenborn told me, and he mentioned a recent one he had published: a book, of which only ten copies exist, written and illustrated by a computer. Books as specialized as "Das Private Schwimmbad: Hallen- und Gartenbäder in Wohnhaus und Hotel" and the annotated catalogue of the works of Mané-Katz are offered along with works of more general interest, and the place has an atmosphere of seriousness about art. Staff members sit at desks piled high with papers, and their work looks mysterious and important. The visitor feels that he is *in* the art

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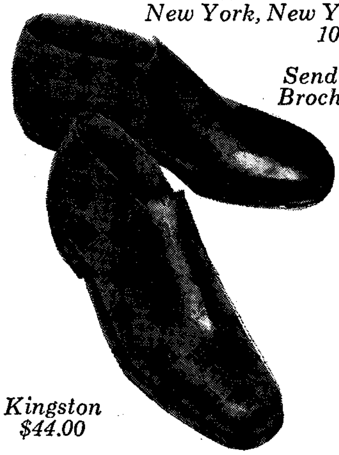

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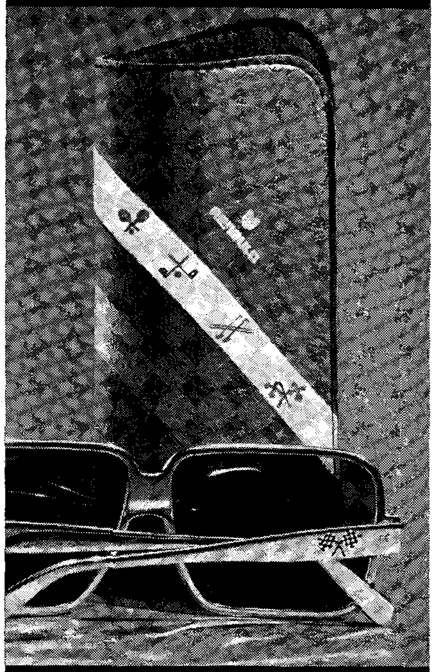

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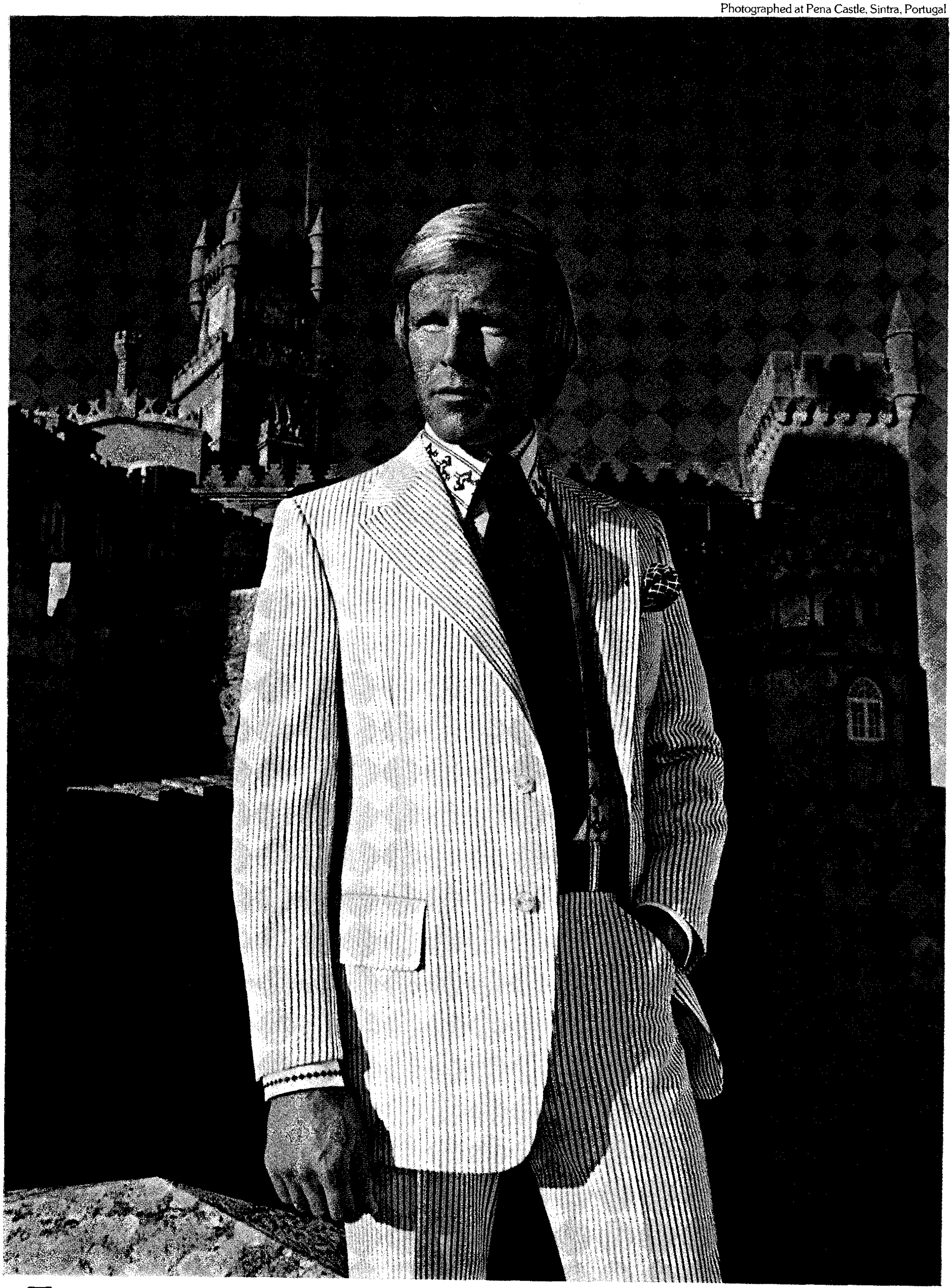

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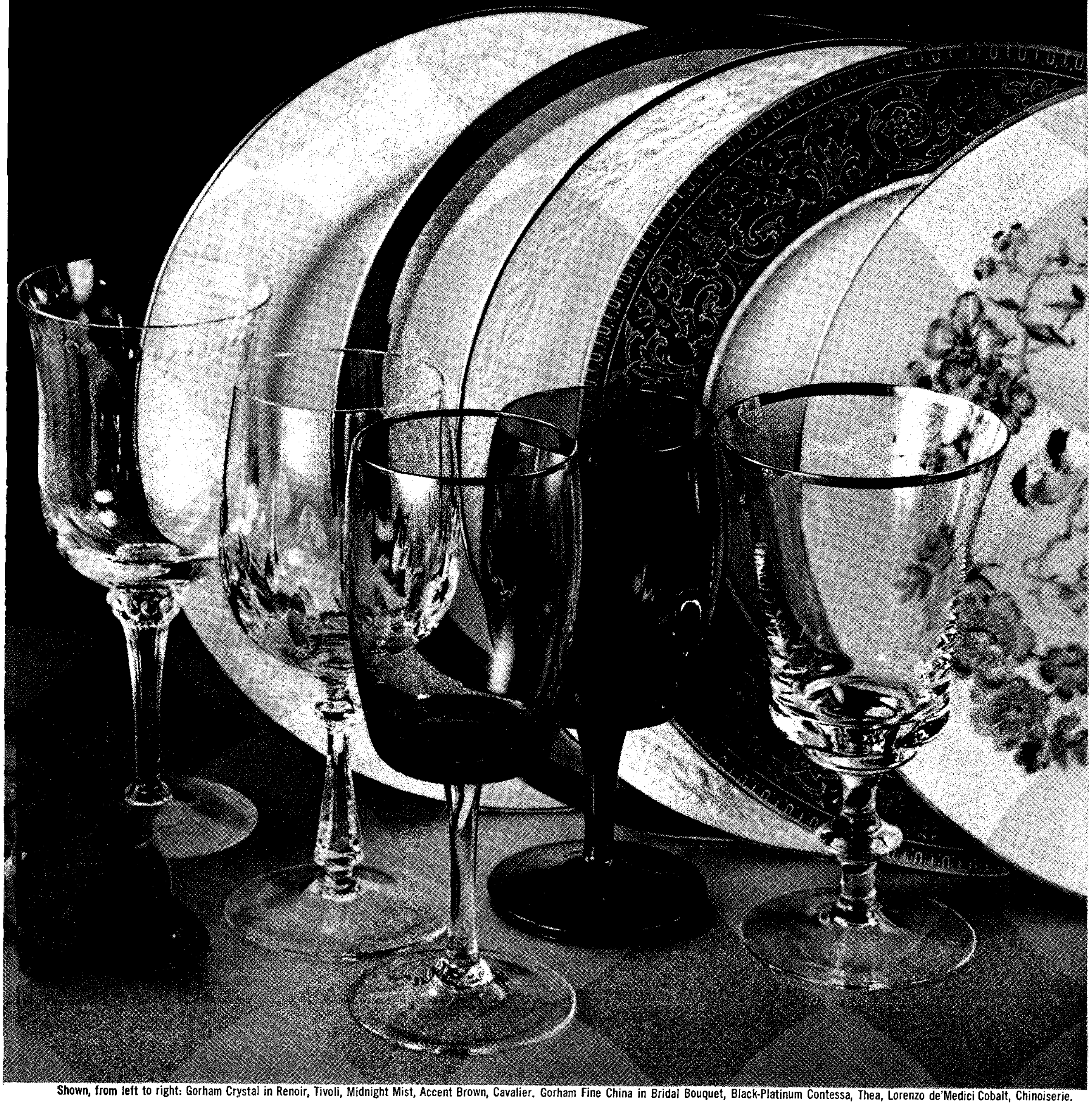
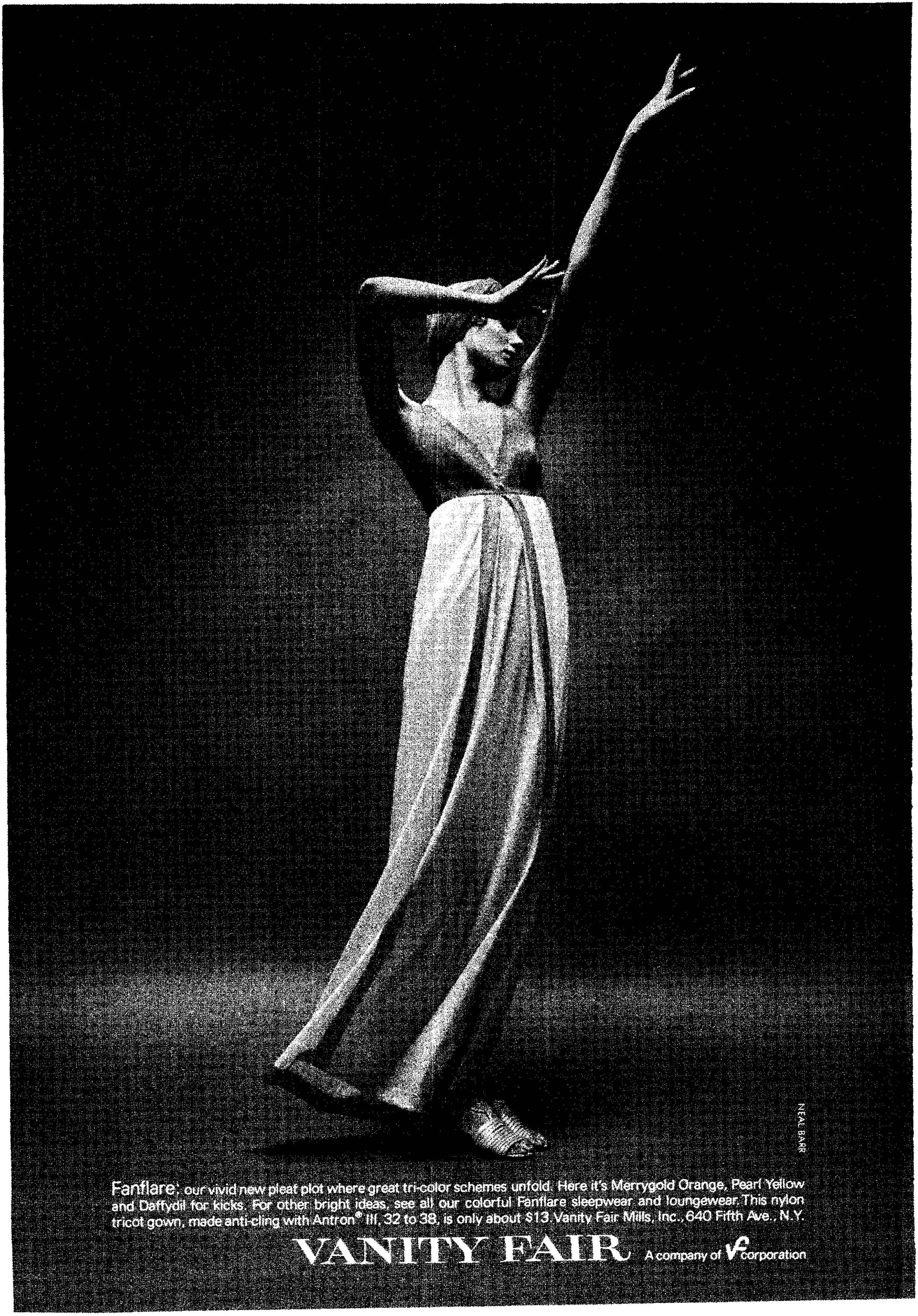


Shown, from left to right: Gorham Crystal in Renoir, Tivoli, Midnight Mist, Accent Brown, Cavalier. Gorham Fine China in Bridal Bouquet, Black-Platinum Contessa, Thea, Lorenzo de'Medici Cobalt, Chinoiserie.



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world while at Wittenborn, and indeed he is.

E. Weyhe, Inc., at 794 Lexington Avenue (61st), occupies a lovely old four-story building with a pink stucco façade that has colored-tile decorations. The bookshop on the ground floor (the second floor is occupied by a print gallery) carries as many old books as new ones (at Wittenborn only ten per cent of the books are second-hand), and, accordingly, looks more old-fashioned. Books are not alphabetically arranged here, either. Nor are old and new books kept discrete; instead, they are mixed within their subject classification. Among Weyhe's special features are its large Far Eastern department, its large offerings in nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works of art history and criticism, and works on the decorative arts. The atmosphere is quiet and European; one gets a sense of the past here, rather than the thrusting contemporaneity one feels at Wittenborn. At Hacker Art Books, 54 West 57th Street, new and old books are kept in separate rooms, and the latter may be examined by request only. (The largest collection of books on costume in the country—over a thousand volumes—is included in Hacker's inner sanctum.) The bookshop proper offers all hard-cover and paperback art and applied-art books in print, and at the time of my visit there was a table piled with books offered for half price—some fine works as well as coffee-table books that seemed overpriced even then.

SCI-TECH BOOK SERVICE deals mostly with the libraries of big industrial firms, but browsers are welcome at the service's headquarters, at 252 West 30th Street. Books are arranged here by *publisher*, and the resultant "organic disorder" is great but oddly agreeable, once you get used to it. Though the majority of the books here are works on scientific and technical subjects, there are a few general titles, too, and they provide some surprising juxtapositions. Sandwiched between "Fundamentals of Silicon Integrated Device Technology" and "Classical Galois Theory with Examples" you may find "What Every Air Force Wife Should Know," and the neighbor of "Chemistry of the Azido Group" may be "Monday the Rabbi Took Off." Electronics, chemistry, mathematics, physics, accounting, and finance are Sci-Tech's main categories. Purchasers receive a ten-per-cent discount on all scientific, technical, and business books and on medical- and university-press

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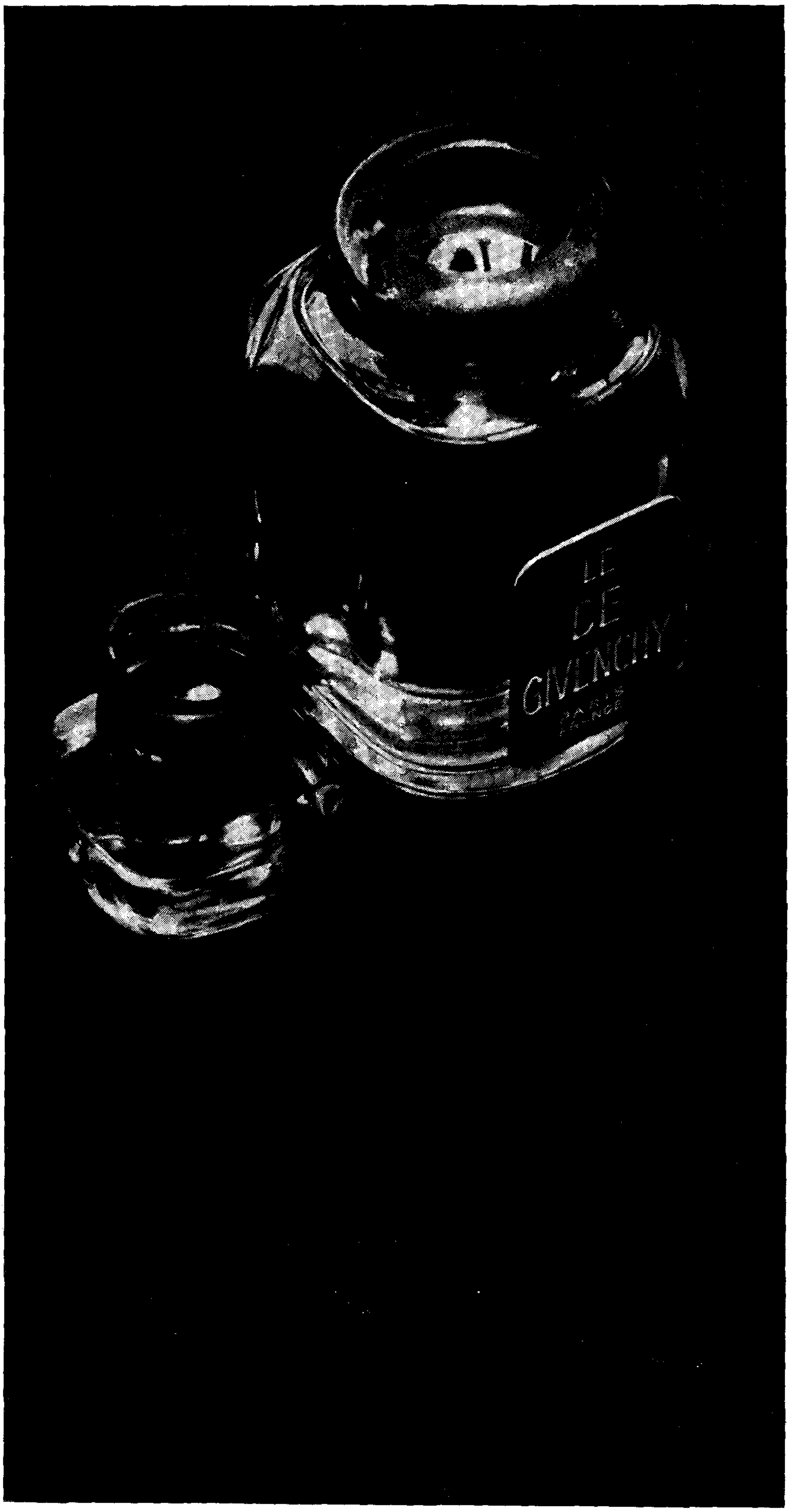

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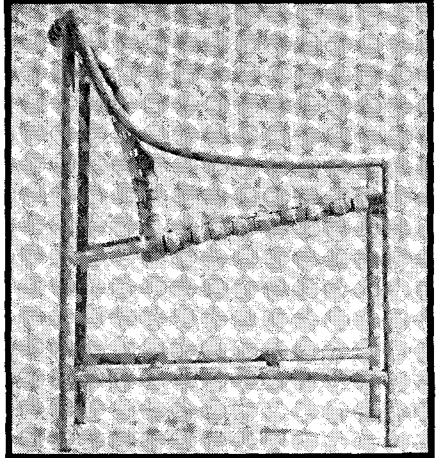

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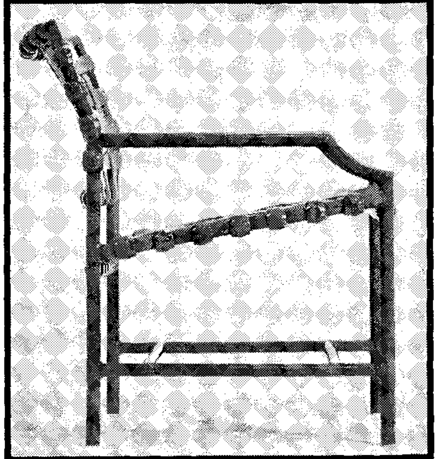

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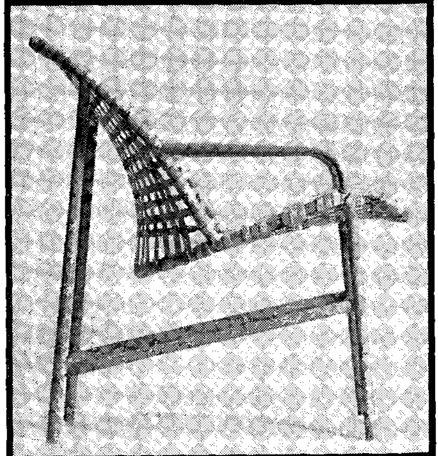

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> There can be only one original of every painting. But this is not true of literature. There is no special virtue in first editions: one would usually prefer to read a later one in which the printing is up to date, the paper has not faded and the author has corrected the errors. All this trade is as deeply boring to people who are interested in literature as it seems to be fascinating to those others who, incapable of literary culture, try to buy the distinction of letters by paying unusual prices for bibliographical rarities. . . . I can assure them that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a collector of first editions to enter the Kingdom of Literature.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

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and most of all
your deepest wants.
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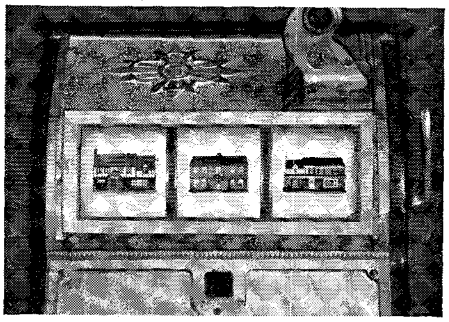
and dust into space. Look at me

as if to say, Now I have
looked into myself.
Symbols of timelessness,
stone trimmings, stone heads and stares,
powerful embodiments, drift there
as in watery surfaces—
lamplights that lead us back
into a past that is.
Only by feeling close to that
which we can never reach
but lasts are we
enlarged and comforted.

—ARTHUR GREGOR



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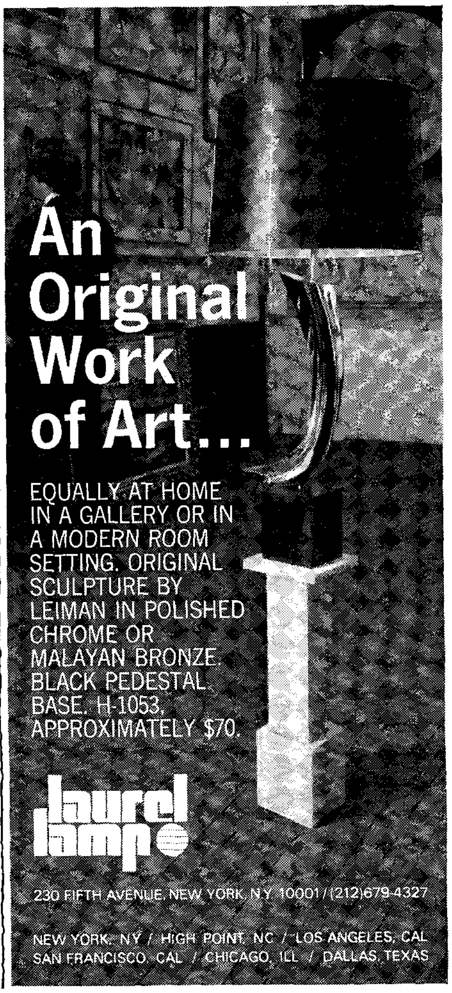

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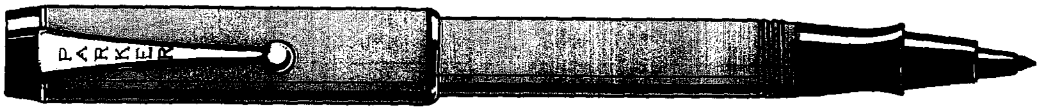

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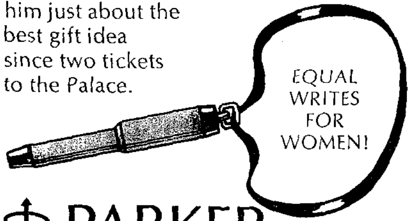

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Eight Lives to Go

HOW to be an observant young tabby cat in New York and survive your first emergencies without scampering. Fritz the Cat, as everyone under seventeen or eighteen knows (though every American under seventeen—eighteen in some states—is denied entrance to the witty full-length movie cartoon of the same name that has been made in his honor), is a terrific creation of Robert Crumb's. The picture was devised and directed by Ralph Bakshi. It is rich in bad taste, slang, benign ethnic insults, and other staples of New York humor, and it seems the height of censorship's haughtiness that the young, who are the very people who have been buying Robert Crumb's comics for years, and the very people who watch American city life with more beady gravity than anyone else, should be forbidden a film that takes the sting out of mortal trouble and creates instead a bawdry that is up to Farquhar's and Wycherley's.

Fritz is an extremely amiable, moon-faced cat with doomed aspirations to randiness and political activism. He has a smallish mind, though spry, a look misleadingly suggesting scholarship, and the character of some good soul trying frantically to keep up with the ringleaders in mischief of a gang slightly too old for him. He is ready to run with the herd like anything, and he has a thrilled command of yesterday's slang, but the group is always somewhere ahead, and his paws stick in mud. Being hip, man, and wanting to know where it's at, and longing not to be strung out and uptight, he keeps the company mostly of political-minded blacks and intellectual chicks from N.Y.U. He is agonizingly keen on a particularly crushing girl called Winston, a figure drawn as a sharp-nosed fox in green specs, and characterized by a voice of quite terrifying firmness about her judgment in absolutely everything, including the superior excellence of Howard Johnson's steaks. Late in the picture, Winston bullies Fritz into driving off to a pad in San Francisco. They travel by (naturally) her Volkswagen, which she (naturally) drives herself, accusingly never dozing off and never lacking a cigarette in her mouth, while Fritz happily goes to sleep for two *days*, as she points out with a nasty look. He has wakened to gaze at the Southwestern desert with a snoozy enchantment that cuts through her grumps like a butter knife. The trip happens after a short episode in a garbage can. He withdrew to it in flight from the police, and then rather sweetly tried to turn it into an erotic home for her when she opened the lid on him. A truly alarming girl with a foxtail that looks henna-dyed, she stays in character even when she has let her car run out of fuel in the desert, watching recriminatively with her hand on her hip while Fritz hunts for the engine and tries to look as if he knows what he's doing. He eventually finds the thing and talks with an air about piston rods and carburetors. But damn her, she won't even pretend to the grace of taking him seriously; she treats his advice as if it were a piece of fluff, to be removed.

Fritz himself has a courtly nature, on the other hand. He sustains it in the most extreme circumstances, such as an orgy earlier on. He is coping with three excitable girls in a bath at a party. The girls are high on giggles and pot, and an orgy isn't easy on a chap, but he comes through fine, saying in his mannerly way to one of the squealers that she should watch her foot. One can see nothing but six feminine limbs thrashing like semaphore flags over the rim of the bath. Fritz has drowned, apparently. But always in a spirit of optimism. Wow, this is where it's at! Two policemen arrive—drawn, foreseeably, as pigs, because the film is set in the sixties. One cop is Jewish, one Gentile. Both are unadmittedly as bashful as Fritz about not looking like the blacks in the film, who are drawn as fiercely intelligent crows and given the most ample laughs in the world, as though whole oceans were gurgling down plug holes. One of the cops is only learning. Go on, instructs the teacher, your voice is deeper; tell them you're going to bash down the door, and use the language these hippies will understand. In the middle of yelling the well-drilled obscene threat, the pupil cop engagingly cracks up for a second.

Every white male animal in the picture, including Fritz, is shown as a creature desperately trying to keep up but getting nowhere, like a wasp bogged in marmalade. Poor Fritz, whom you suspect of being frail and possibly hypochondriacal, has a stage of seeing the colors of the world go quite mad when he has been banged on the back by the brothers and sisters who have encouraged him to smoke two joints at once. He coughs, and tries to persuade himself that he feels like a giant, give or take a yard. Smoking pot with the kids, or making love to one of the sumptuously experienced black women in the picture, can give him a self-confidence that amazes him. One splendid lap of sex, which begins like a rout but ends well, makes him feel so bucked about life that he suddenly stands on a car top in Harlem and shouts fervent truisms about the iron thumb on the heads of the proletariat. "He's just blowing hot air," says a listening black benevolently to a white cop who is itching to break up an incipient riot, or to start one. "No one's paying no mind."

The film has the greatest respect for sense, and also the greatest cheek about clichés of all sorts. ("Existential means, like, cool.") Kids' jargon especially gets it in the neck. So does piety about the New York melting pot; the implication is that everything was really melted down a long time ago, and people had better stop carrying on about the ethnic impossibility of the place. There is a very funny scene of three radicalized white girls haranguing a speechless black about the ignominy of being called a Negro, and about James Baldwin's being their favorite writer in the world. The black, recognizing a heavy come-on through the intellectual mists, walks away with a sardonic homosexual walk that can't have been an easy matter to draw in a crow. The film takes zealous women to be ironclad. One Weatherwoman at a meeting efficiently stubs out a cigarette in the palm of her hand. But other women are shown as gentle, though the pace is always blustery: the huge naked black woman who finds herself laughing in gales at the sight of Fritz without any clothes on, for instance, suddenly stops herself and pulls him her way. There is also a scared fat girl called Harriet, a failed sadomasochist who can only moan when she is being beaten up by her Hell's Angel lover. "This isn't working out," she complains, with all good reason, throttled with chains and up to here in blood. "Our relationship stinks." Being a sport, she would probably have liked to help Fritz in her sterner friends' project of blowing up a power plant, but she ends up staying put in a churchyard beside a chilly gravestone and muttering mournfully about the cold. "Far out!" Fritz is soon saying to himself with hope, sitting high up alone on a pipe while a more severe

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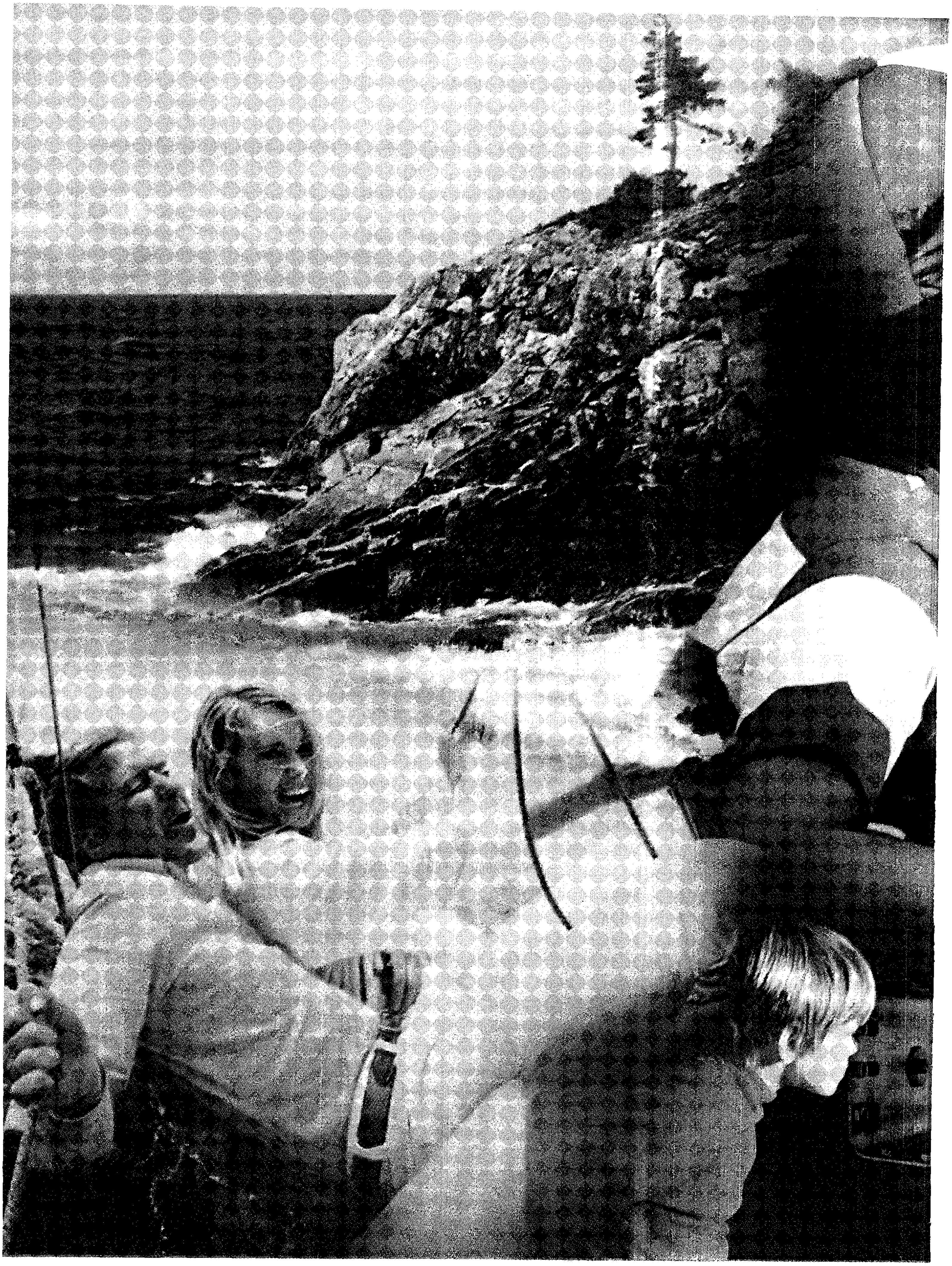
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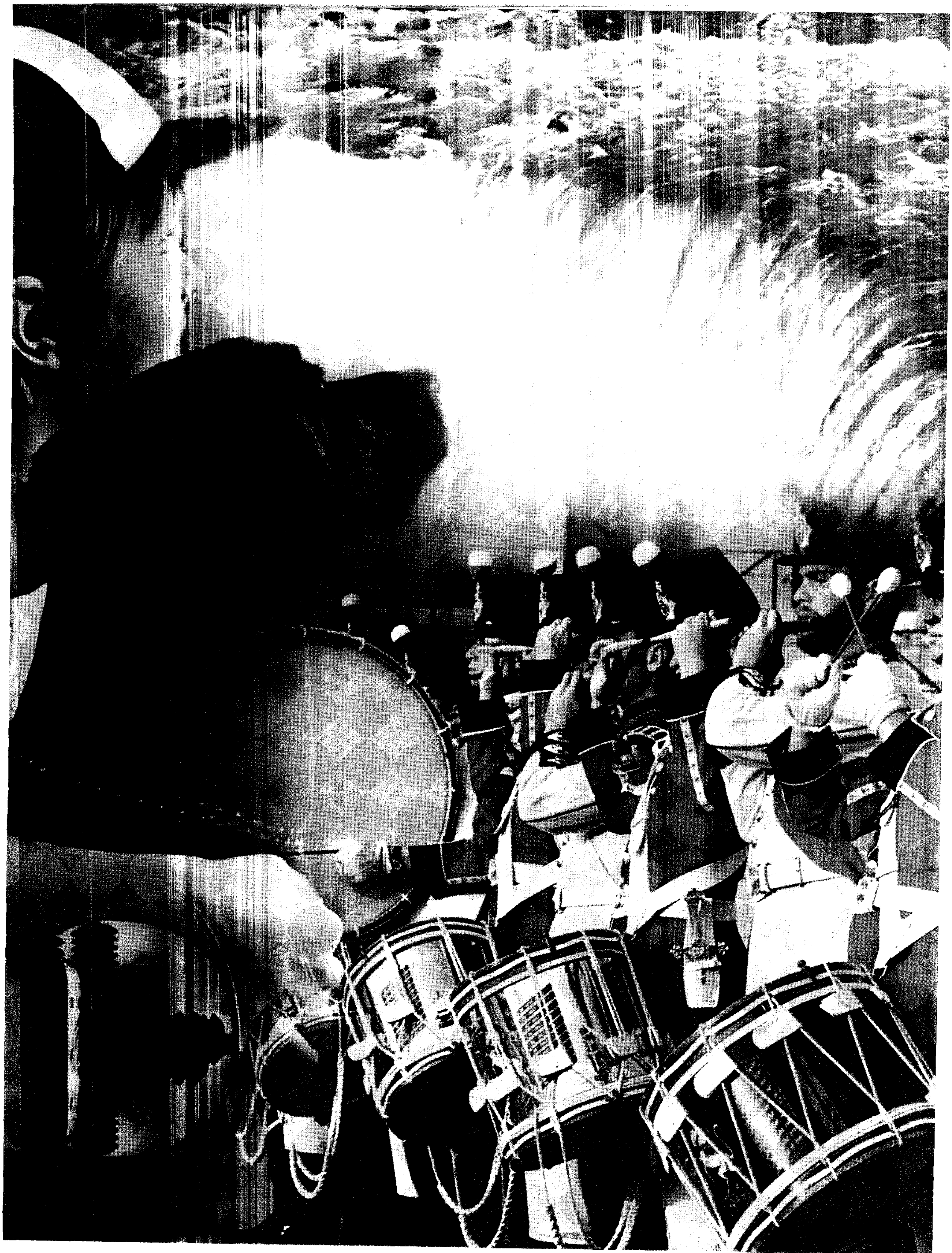

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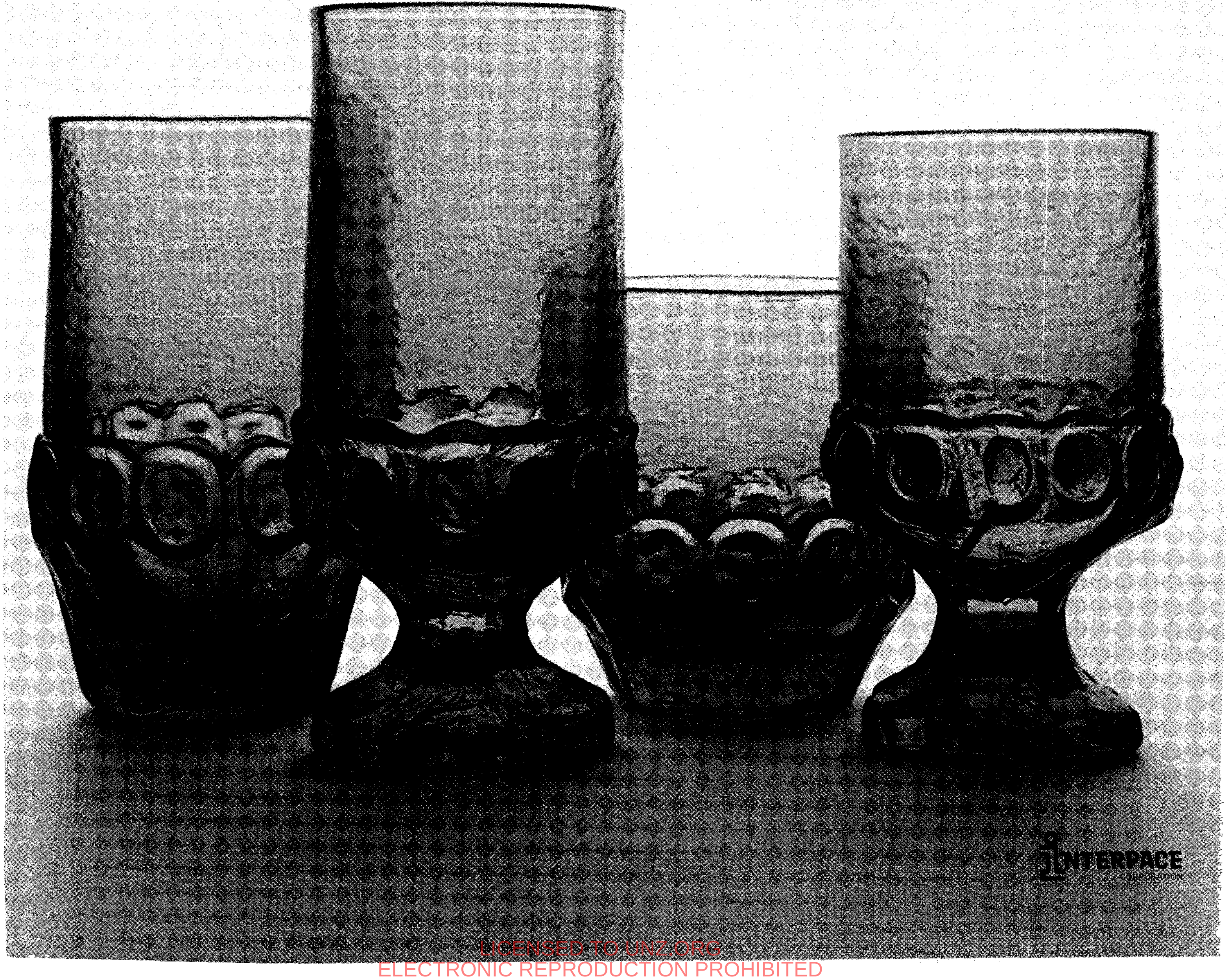

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woman spirit way below puts a match to a pile of dynamite sticks that blow up in his face and expend one of his cat lives.

Fritz may encourage himself with old radical slogans and slang, but he has an endearing drift toward caution. Trudging about his room at N.Y.U. earlier on, emitting grumbly murmurs about the uselessness of education and all those books, he sets fire to his papers and then finds that the book-burning has gone farther than he meant. He sounds as if he feels suddenly that he is behaving like a Nazi: he knows more history than he lets on. Get a blanket to put out the fire. No, the blanket's on fire. Better call the Fire Department.

At moments of higher assurance, Fritz himself is more easily impressed by radicals who want to tear up institutions, but the film never is. There is a funny scene of talk in a Harlem bar, held between crows, that is as full of cant as anything we hear mouthed by the toadying liberal whites. "Money's what's happening," says an earnest girl crow. "You want to be a revolutionary, you get some bread, and then you can take trips." A green-jacketed man crow at a pool table has said with some swagger that you have to be a crow to know about race, but Fritz, trying hard to copy, seems to perceive quite a bit in spite of his mantle of being an anarchist with a mission of ignorance. Save the books, call the Fire Department. A bounceable-looking creature composed mostly of spheres, with features that look drawn on a tight balloon, Fritz the Cat is a furtive fighter against obscurantism.

The film being set in the sixties, the giant billboard in Times Square advertises de Laurentiis' "The Bible." The backdating device emphasizes something about the instantly old-fashioned ring of penny-in-the-slot beliefs. Robert Crumb, begetter in his original comics of a lot of the film's key lines, drew freely on the clichés and high-class drivel of the time, and Ralph Bakshi intelligently went on to see the aesthetic uses of not making the picture our contemporary. The technique puts things at a remove, where they can be judged. We were here then. By gum, so we were. Carrying on like this? Neither Bakshi nor Fritz the Cat seems to feel himself to be a particularly *now* person, any more than we do. The picture is about *then*, and about not being able to follow the drummer. Fritz stands for all odd men out. If you shut your eyes for a few seconds, the people's voices

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on the track separate themselves from the animals and birds on the screen; you are suddenly in an actual bar, or in an actual park, or standing around an actual building site listening to hard-hats grumbling about their college-age children.

The film took two years to make. A lot of time must have gone into processes of tape-recording live background talk and then editing it, or rehearsing actors to speak a revised version. What one hears is a very careful work of dialogue direction. As to the graphics of the picture, they are rather beautiful and startling. The figures are intentionally overblown: magenta lips, oiled gaits like the walk of sea lions, pear-shaped thighs. The backgrounds of New York are antithetically delicate, painted in soft washes of watercolor over drawings in crayon or brown ink. The film as a whole is very rude, very funny. It is also sometimes abruptly sombre, and this not at outrageous or violent moments. In the benign Fritz's rare moments of frenzy, for instance, the movie transmits the fact that to have feelings of tantrum in a big city is apt to make everybody else seem the angry one. The picture ends with a montage of photographic stills of New York, shown in sepia. Fire escapes on poor streets, a sign saying "Tuxedos for Hire," a hotel notice looking dignified outside a patent flophouse, a mongrel sniffing about on a stoop, an empty café, a black face laughing, a beautiful iron bridge over one of the rivers. The film may look and sound mod, but it is contagiously stirred by city traditions, and it greatly loves New York.

"ELLERY awoke to find that he had been asleep," wrote Ellery Queen in "Ten Days' Wonder," now turned into a film by Claude Chabrol. A good deal of the rest of the novel lives up to that blissfully witless line. So does the film. Some of the dialogue hits you for six with its blithe wrongness. The adaptation was by Paul Gégauff, Chabrol's screenwriter on "Leda" and "Les Bonnes Femmes," among others; the English screenplay is by Paul Gardner and Eugene Archer, working haplessly with Chabrol on his first picture made directly into English.

Chabrol has always made an aesthetic of ham. Sometimes it has come off, especially in "Les Bonnes Femmes," "L'Œil du Malin," and "Leda." But his tastes for barnstorming and for a grimacing sort of performance have led him sometimes into making good actors work like Henry Irving sucking a very sour lemon. He is temperamentally

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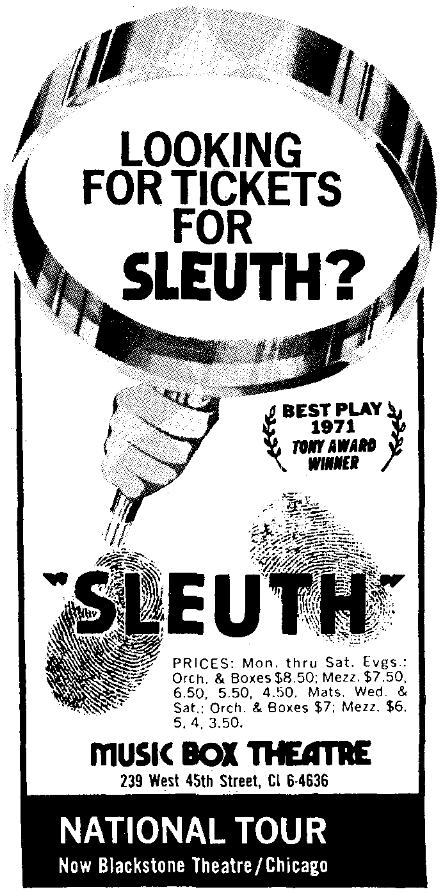
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bored by muted behavior on screen. In his famous eating scenes, for instance, he always makes you feel that the characters are gorging themselves up to the gullet. "Ten Days' Wonder" is a monument to Chabrol's shiny sensationalism, to his admiration for Hitchcock's "Strangers on a Train" and its glittering eye for flashes of physical humiliation, to his liking for stories with rather chic religious purposes and for blackmailed heroes playing the Antichrist. (The young hero of the film is exactly that.) Like Hitchcock, Chabrol is some sort of master of finding people's moral weak spots and exposing them to crises that test their stamina in mortifying circumstances.

The hero of the picture, played by the visibly intelligent Anthony Perkins despairingly against the daft lines, is a drugged amnesiac called Charles Van Horn, who is scared that he is going to kill someone in one of his bouts. Added to that, he comes to one day with blood on his hands. Added to that, he is in love with his stepmother, and is later blamed for killing her. Added to that, it is revealed on the third wondrous day of the film that the father who has given Charles everything is really an adoptive father, making the boy's sulks all the more ungrateful. Orson Welles plays the father, Theo Van Horn, lending the authority of the Almighty to a ridiculously sonorous part, and wearing a very odd gray makeup on his nose, as if he had just fallen flat on his face in a heap of coke.

So Charles has committed adultery. He bears false witness. He does not honor his real father and mother. (He suddenly runs amok in a graveyard where—lucky coincidence—he has found their headstones.) He has made a graven image; Theo Van Horn has given him enough loot and encouragement to let him sculpt. His style is figurative and large, influenced by airport replicas of Michelangelo but on a terrific scale, and mostly depicting Olympian gods looking very like Theo Van Horn. He steals his stepmother's diamond necklace to pay off a blackmailer; he takes the name of the Lord his God in vain, signing his sculpture "Javet," like the Hebrew "Yahweh;" and so on. In the end, there is not one of the Ten Commandments that Charles has not broken. There is a climactic bashing of a full-length statue of Theo/God. The cardinal sin is the coveting of his neighbor's wife—that is, his red-headed young stepmother—the neat argument here presumably being that he has no nearer neighbor than his adoptive father, having no great friends,

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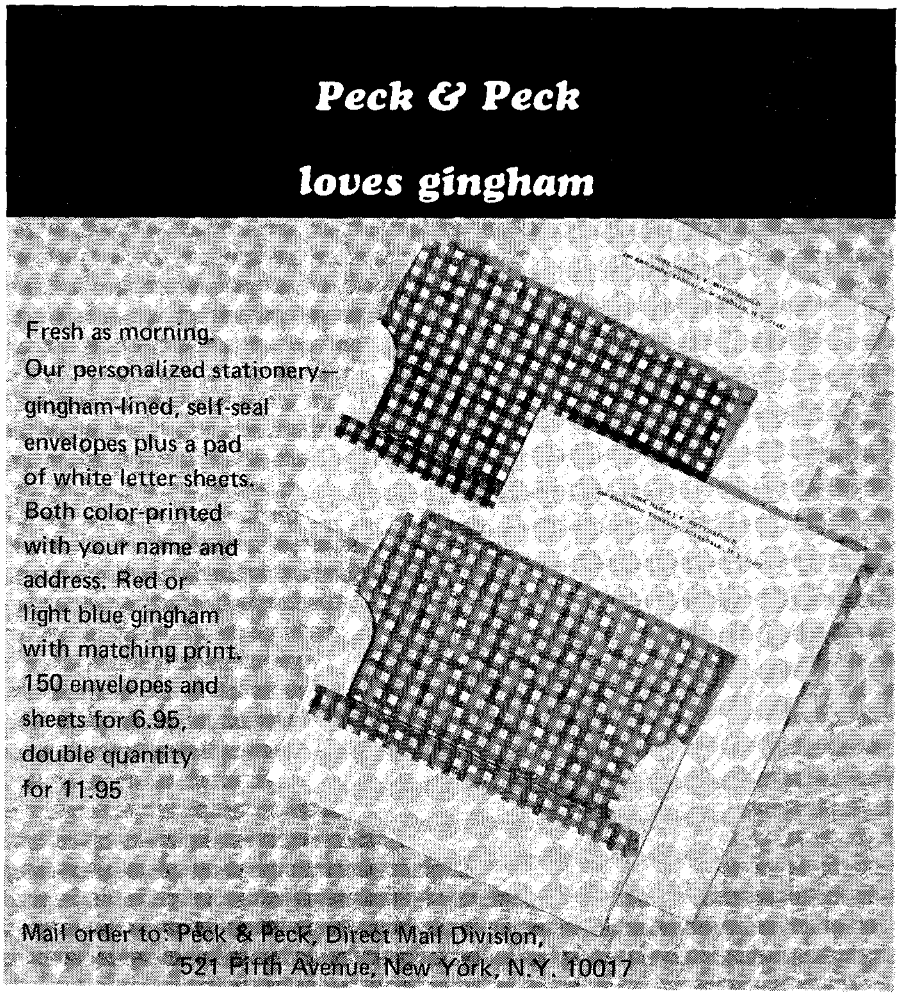
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and possessing the nature of a faun in shock.

"Ten Days' Wonder" is a prestige thriller that has the falsetto pitch of Strindberg's "Miss Julie," though something more smug in its tone. Strindberg's nihilism seems genuinely hysterical; this film has a built-in shrug, belonging to the school of so-what. Chabrol's films often have the same feckless sophistication as the work of some Poles in exile. Directing in another language can't have helped, though there are moments when, in spite of all his efforts, he seems to mean what he says. Most of the film has a peculiar studied flippancy. It is pepped up, modishly offhand, and cynical without genuine bitterness. The fake family, which one doesn't greatly believe in, is intent on collision from the first, like the people in his "Ophelia" or the young men in "Les Cousins." As in "Leda," the central clash is between a beautiful, overintelligent, nervy young hero and ugly, knowing, armor-plated older people, the notion here being that the boy is held by family roots no less strong for being ersatz. The sacrilegious content seems an overlay and nothing more than a self-mocking attempt by a talented director to stop a paltry and uncharacterized thriller from collapsing. ("What I love," Chabrol has said, "is razors cutting throats in an atmosphere *extrêmement distinguée*.") The derisive effort to shore up a rubbishy story is as painful and futile as putting a finger in a door to stop it from banging. It isn't lack of gift in the director that makes the film seem spurious and unfathomably idiotic; it is the fact that Chabrol often seems to prefer not to get involved with seriousness, and drifts into suavity and pulling faces.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Anderson's problem boils down to this. He has 12 pitchers on the roster and can keep only 10. Simple mathematics say one must go.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Anybody got a pencil?

•

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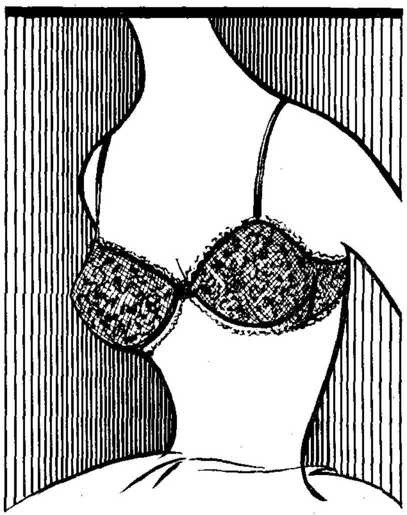

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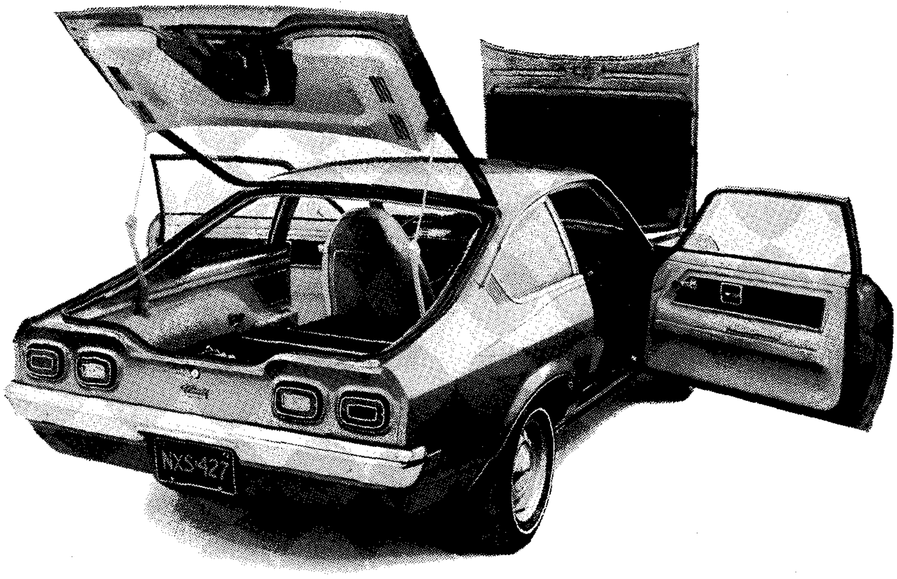

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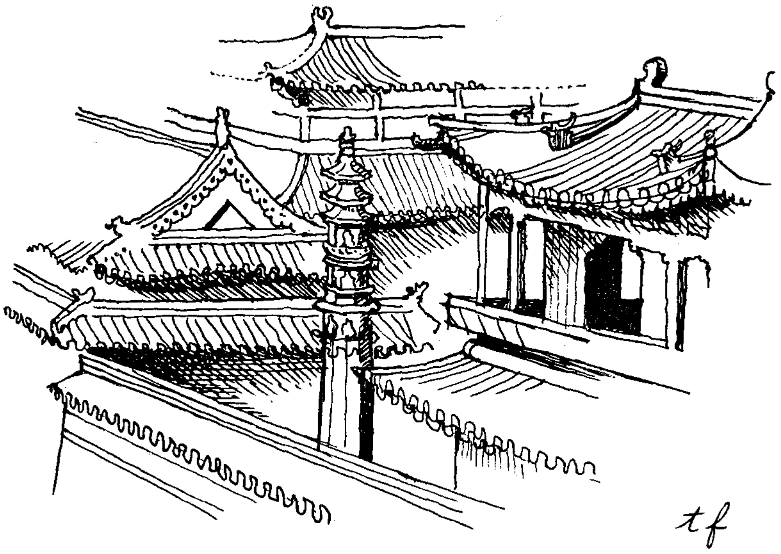
A REPORTER IN CHINA

THE RIGHT ROAD AND THE WRONG ROAD



SPRING planting preoccupies China now, and the *People's Daily*, the organ of the Communist Party's Central Committee, has signalled the occasion with a long editorial, which has been reprinted by journals all across the country. But for once the professional drummers-up of mass action cannot cry havoc. Measured against a past that goes to the bottom of time, China these days is a riot of food. In all the major cities I have visited during the past several weeks—in Peking, where I went with the press party accompanying President Nixon, and in Nanking and Shanghai, which I visited after the President and his party left the country—the markets have been full of meat and fish and fowl, grains and fruits and vegetables, and even milk and honey. The poorest villages I saw had reserves of rice, corn, millet, and wheat, and I found many peasants who kept large jars of these grains in their dwellings. At least a few restaurants—particularly the one in the old Broadway Mansions Hotel, in Shanghai, which is now used as a government hostel—offer elegant meals. Canteens that I visited in factories, universities, and even in the grim thought-reformation camps known as May 7 Schools served luncheons of meat and vegetables, rice and soup, at prices that did honor to Socialism. In a Shanghai machine-tool factory, where the average wage is about twenty-five dollars a month, lunch costs about six cents (at the current rate of forty-two cents to the yuan). An office worker in Nanking told me that he and his wife together earn forty dollars a month, and that they spend between six and seven dollars of that on food for a family of four. In one village store, I priced smoked fish at ten cents a can, preserved tangerines at twenty-five cents a jar, honey at fifteen cents a jar, canned pork at twenty cents a can, and fresh apples at fifteen cents a pound. "Nowhere can you eat so much for so little," a visiting Yugoslav trading agent said to me.

The horn of plenty has been filled by a decade of successful harvests—a string of fat years that has depended more on works of man than on acts of God. In the past, a cruel environment dominated the life of the Chinese peasant. The vast interior plain of north and northeast China is a dusty tableland, bare of vegetation, swept by dry winds from Siberia in winter and drenched by torrents of rain in the brief summer. The great river systems of the country—the Yellow in north China, the Yangtze in central China, the Pearl in south China—plunge eastward to the sea from the highlands of central Asia, depositing in their middle and lower reaches tremendous burdens of silt. Besides giving the Yellow River its name, over the years the alluvial mud raised riverbeds above the level of the surrounding fields in many places. There was thus created a cycle of disaster—drought and flood, erosion and waterlogging, famine and death—which was so ancient it was called natural. Ten million people are estimated to have died of starvation in the terrible famine of 1878. Even in 1938, there were deaths by the million from famine and flood in China.

Not for nothing were the Chinese Communists called agrarian reformers. Once in power, they mobilized millions of soldiers and peasants to work on irrigation and flood-control projects. The Red Flag Canal, about seventy-five miles long, was dug just above the lower reaches of the Yellow River, around Chengchow, to water thousands of acres of Honan Province. More than a hundred miles of new dikes were built along the valley of the Yangtze. Since 1949, according to "Geography of China," a pamphlet put out by the Foreign Languages Press in Peking this year, "the people have built more than 1,000 large and medium-size reservoirs and tens of thousands of small ones upstream on the bigger rivers, accomplished extensive soil conservation work, and built several hundred thousand kilometers of dikes in the middle and lower reaches, and constructed 100 drainage channels in the low-lying plains and coastal areas."

The living symbol of this miracle is Chen Yung-kuei, an uneducated peasant, who is probably as famous as anybody in this country except Mao Tse-tung. I went, with my Chinese government interpreter, to visit Chen at his home base, Tachai—a remote mountain village southwest of Peking in Shansi Province that has been held up by Chairman Mao as a model for all Chinese agriculture. At Tachai, the Chairman's choice needs no explanation. The surrounding countryside, a treeless waste of gullies and ravines, presents the aspect of the Dakota Badlands at their most bad. Amid this desolation, the village of Tachai stands out as an Eden. Its farmlands, amounting to eight hundred acres, consist of neat U-shaped terraces held up by stone retaining walls. A canal provides for flood control, and a reservoir assures a steady supply of water. Stone houses, each of two rooms—a bedroom and a kitchen—have replaced cave dwellings. There are three stores (a food shop, a drygoods shop, and a stationery store) and a school for the villagers, who number about four hundred. Some three hundred thousand fruit trees have been planted, mostly in the very recent past. Much of the terracing and the clearing of the fields is still done by hand, though horses and donkeys are used for hauling rocks and for plowing, and the village has just acquired four new tractors and a jeep. The grain yield, I was told, has increased more than tenfold since 1949.

The story of this transformation is the story of Chen himself. He was born in the early twenties to a family of poor peasants, who had moved to Tachai from Shantung Province. In the hard years of the early thirties, his mother, brother, and sister were sold to a local landlord as serfs; his father, who had sold them, then hanged himself. From

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the age of eleven on, Chen worked as a cowherd and farm laborer. When the Japanese entered the area in 1937, he became a kind of guerrilla scout for the Communists. By the time of the 1945 Japanese defeat, he was the local Communist leader, and in 1955, after guiding the village through land reform and then through collectivization, he began the task of physical transformation. In 1957 and 1958, floods washed out the work he had initiated. In 1963, a full seven days and nights of rain destroyed the rebuilt terraces and flooded the caves, in which the villagers still lived. Chen insisted on starting up again. He refused aid tendered by the state, whereupon his story was reported in the local press and came to the attention of Mao Tse-tung. In 1964, Mao coined the apothegm, "In agriculture, learn from Tachai." That slogan has subsequently been proclaimed all across China, in pamphlets, in a film, and in millions of posters and postcards. Chen has been received by Mao and has been visited in his home by Premier Chou En-lai. Toward the end of the Cultural Revolution, he was made a member of the Party's Central Committee and a vice-chairman of the Revolutionary Committee governing Shansi Province.

We had dinner together after we had toured the village and seen a film that told its story. Chen is a short man with large features, bronze skin, and a stubble of beard. Like all the other Tachai people, he lives in a two-room stone house, but his, which he showed me during our tour of the village, is decorated with pictures of himself with Mao, Chou, and various East European visitors—mainly, I believe, from Albania. He reads with difficulty and, I was told, can barely write his name. He was wearing the peasant's uniform—blue trousers and jacket and a white towel wound closely around his head—and he smoked cigarettes constantly, lighting each new one by stuffing into it the glowing end of the last one.

At dinner, I asked him first about the editorial on spring planting from the *People's Daily*. He had seen it and had had it broadcast on the village loudspeaker system. "It is very timely," he said. "Planting is the most important time for us. We have to make decisions about how much land we can till, and how much fertilizer and how much seed we need. Everybody has to come out to help. Even the children take a thirty-day vacation from school."

Chen at this point proposed a toast—to the solution of China's future prob-

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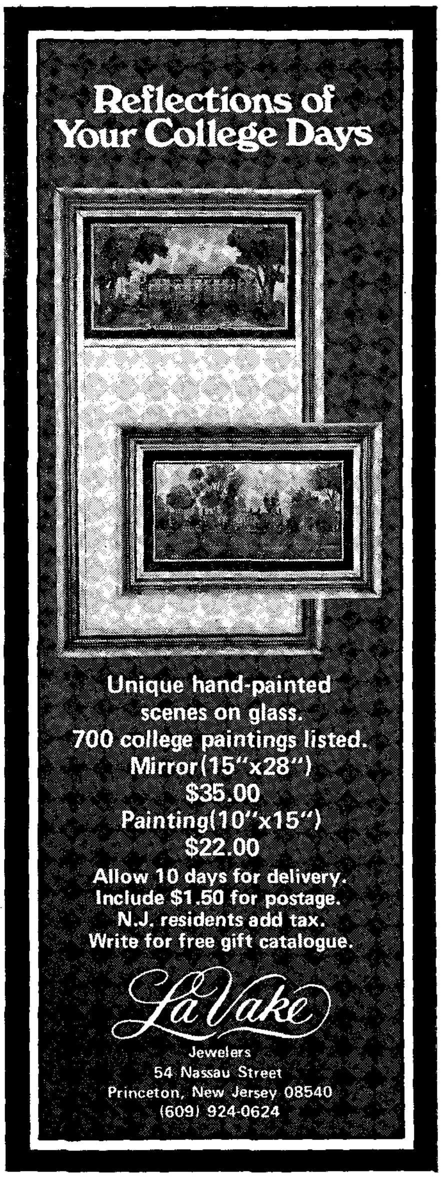

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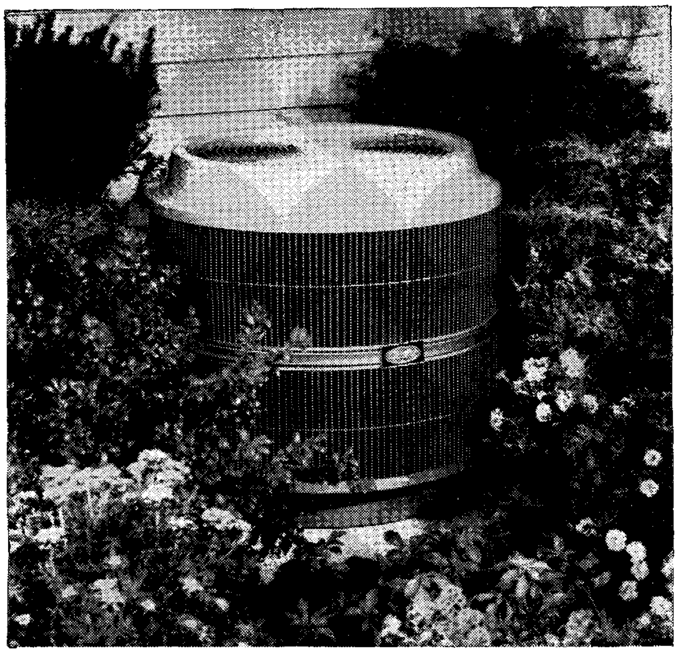

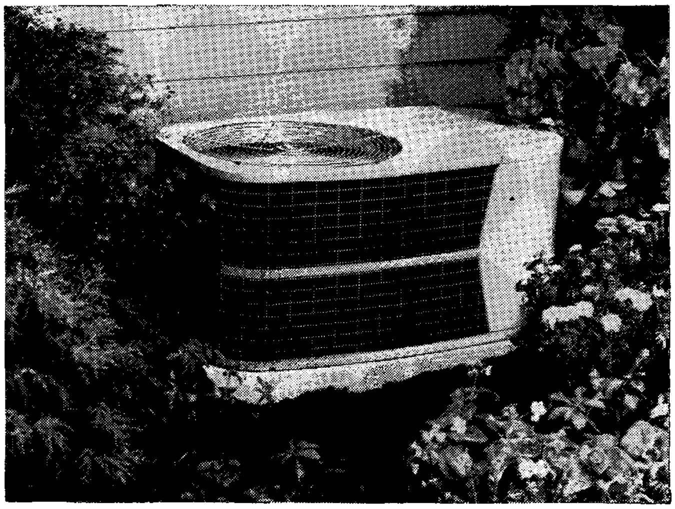

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lems. I asked him what problems he foresaw. He said, "Our main problem is that we don't have enough people in the village. Before the Cultural Revolution, there was more labor than we needed. Now there is not enough. Why? The answer is very simple. Everywhere we are expanding agricultural production. So we need more hands to clear the land, and transport the grain, and do the sowing."

I asked him how he felt about *hsia feng*—a movement, much talked about by Chairman Mao, for sending young people from the city to work in the country. He said: "*Hsia feng* is no answer. Except for a few days at a time, we have never had people from the city working in Tachai. Even those that came here were only from nearby towns, and they went home quickly. The trouble is that our country is so big. If you scattered the whole city population throughout the country, even that wouldn't make much difference."

I said that if there was a shortage of people in the villages and the movement from the cities couldn't solve it, agriculture was in a bad bind. He said, "Yes. The only way out is to go in for mechanization. We don't have enough tractors. We don't have enough motor vehicles. We need fertilizer and the means to distribute it. But to get those things we need to increase industrial production—especially the production of steel. Increasing steel production is now the highest priority."

I observed that Liu Shao-chi, the onetime Chairman of the People's Republic and until 1966 Mao's heir apparent, who was broken in the Cultural Revolution, had been ousted in part because he wanted to emphasize heavy industry, especially the output of steel. Was Chen saying that Liu Shao-chi had been ahead of his time?

By way of reply, Chen first cited the line "One divides into two"—a supposed bit of wisdom from Chairman Mao that I was to hear over and over and over again, to my invariable annoyance. "Chairman Mao teaches that one divides into two," Chen said. "That means that in every action there are two possibilities, two lines—a revisionist line, leading back toward capitalism, and a revolutionary line, leading toward Communism. The revisionist line is interested in making money. Liu was a revisionist. He was for anything he could sell. That's why he wanted to make steel. But he did not want to build Socialism. So he sabotaged the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution. Of course, we made many

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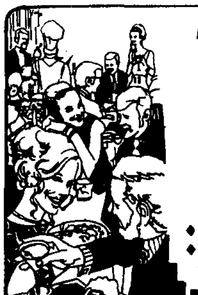

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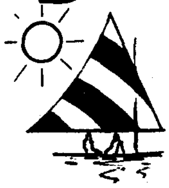

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mistakes. In the Great Leap Forward, communities began building steel mills even though they didn't have the coke and iron ore. That was a mistake. In the Cultural Revolution, there was turbulence, and production actually dropped. But we had to rid ourselves of the revisionists. Now they are gone, and production is coming back very rapidly."

Dinner was over, but before heading for a scheduled theatrical performance—it turned out to be an opera, written and performed by the villagers, that told the story of Chen's life—I asked him about the origins of his idea for the U-shaped retaining walls that held the agricultural terraces. Chen said, "I noticed that the entrances to our old caves were arc-shaped and never gave way. I also noticed in the towns that bridges supported by arches withstood the floods. So I thought we should arrange the retaining walls in the same shape."

I asked, not without a note of disbelief, how it happened that such a simple idea had never been tried before in the area, where farming had gone on for hundreds, even thousands, of years. Chen said, "I don't know whether they thought about it in the past, but they couldn't have put it into effect if they had. The land was subdivided into many tiny plots, held by many different families. If there had been a suggestion for building retaining walls, everybody would have wanted them built on somebody else's property. Before we could transform the land, we had to transform the people."

SIGNS of the transformation of man are nearly as striking as the marks of change in the Chinese landscape. As many recent travellers have remarked, the most famous Chinese vices—begging, drug addiction, and prostitution—appear to have been eliminated entirely. Thievery exists, and bicycles parked on the street are locked, I have noticed, as the homes of workers often are also. But storekeepers frequently leave their wares untended, sometimes out in the open.

Cleanliness is a positive fetish; even strips of earth along the sidewalks in the cities, and on the shoulders of roads in the country, are swept regularly—by elderly women, who, I was told, work from five to eight in the morning and have the rest of the day off. Nowhere in the world is there such enthusiastic mass participation in do-good projects. Thousands of workers show up every morning on the docks in Shanghai to do calisthenics. The American TV audi-

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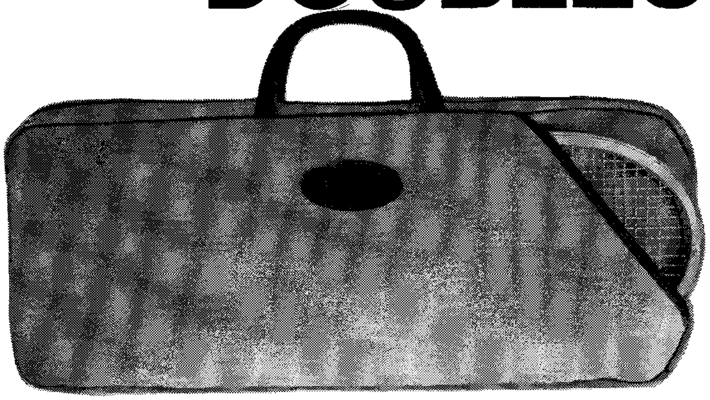

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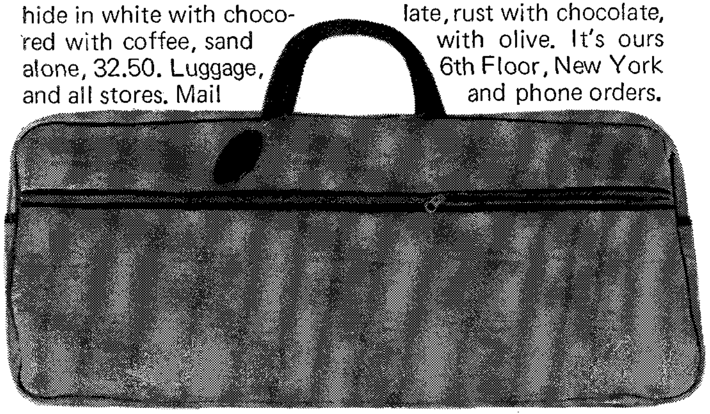

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ence learned in February that something like a million people were mobilized to sweep snow from the streets of Peking on one day of the President's visit.

Uniform compliance with the official line finds perhaps its most startling expression in the prevailing attitude toward romantic love. I had always supposed that the Chinese were an erotic people, and my interpreter confirmed a widely held view that the old practice of foot-binding had sexual implications. " 'The smaller the feet, the more the suitors' was the old saying," he once observed to me. But now such niceties are out. Everybody wears the same basic dress—trousers and tunic, usually blue or gray. Tunics with polka dots, which I occasionally saw women in Shanghai and Nanking wearing, were rare enough to command attention. So were things as simple as hair ribbons. It was practically a special event when I saw a soldier holding hands with a waitress in Peking. A twenty-two-year-old bride of a few months whom I met in a village near Peking tittered in embarrassment when I asked her if she and her husband wanted to have children. A young peasant I met in Tachai was positively apologetic when he told me, under questioning, that his wife had been only eighteen at the time of their marriage. When I asked an attractive twenty-five-year-old woman worker in Shanghai whether she had a family, she replied, "No. Chairman Mao says we should work and study before marriage. So I'm waiting."

WHILE ordinary people pronounce such Maoist themes casually, the well educated are at special pains to show their preference for the values of peasant radicalism: simple ideas over complicated ones, work with the hands over work with the head, fundamentalist morality, and plainness of style—in keeping with Mao's precepts. At a newspaper office in Shanghai, I was introduced in the print shop to an editor who was setting type by hand out of a box holding four thousand characters. "All our editors do it once a week," I was told. Ch'iao Kuan-hua, the Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, who negotiated with Henry Kissinger, as his opposite number, during President Nixon's visit, took a month off last August to help dig a canal near Peking.

One of the most puzzling discussions I had during my stay was with a young woman scientist whom I met in a May 7 School just outside Peking. She had been detained there for three years, sep-

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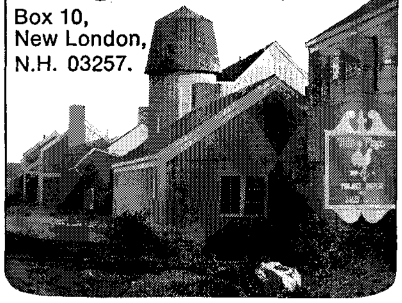

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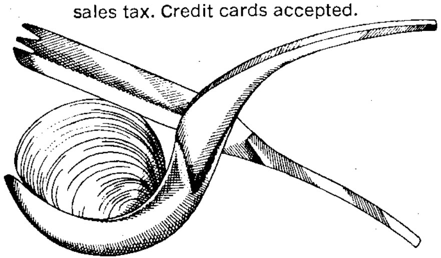

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arated from her family and living the hard life of a kind of labor camp—eating plain food and sleeping in a dormitory, working in the fields, and studying the works of Mao. When I met her, she was in a group that had spent three hours discussing Mao's essay "On the Source of Correct Ideas." I asked her whether China was so well endowed with scientists that it could easily afford to keep people of her accomplishments in such a place. She said, "We do not have a surplus in this field. The country needs scientists and mathematicians. But I think it is useful to spend time with workers and peasants. It is necessary to rotate jobs in our society."

I said that I understood the principle of rotating jobs but that three years in a May 7 School seemed a little long for this purpose.

She said, "I have benefitted from my stay here. It has remolded my whole world outlook."

I asked her what had been the trouble with her world outlook before.

She said, "I was educated at good schools and at the university. I had no contact with working people. For example, I never thought grain was hard to produce. In the past, if I wasted some rice, or my children wasted it, I never thought about it. Now I think about it, and I will make my children think about it."

Literature offers perhaps the most dramatic measure of the transformation in élite attitudes. In the first years of this century, China enjoyed much the same kind of prerevolutionary cultural renaissance that occurred in Russia before 1917. There was, preëminently, Lu Hsün, an essayist and writer of short fiction who ranks as a figure of importance in world literature. He wrote of Dante, Dostoevski, and Cervantes as well as of the Chinese classics. He met Bernard Shaw in Shanghai and took the Irish master's measure in an entertaining essay. For the last fifteen years of his life, Lu Hsün worked with the Communists, and he is now their chief literary hero. There is a Lu Hsün Museum in Shanghai, and his house there is preserved as a shrine. One of the few clues to the mysterious disappearance last fall of Lin Piao, the Defense Minister who succeeded Liu Shao-chi as heir apparent to Mao Tse-tung, was an article in the *People's Daily* of September 25th marking the ninetieth anniversary of Lu Hsün's birth, which cited a critique that Lu Hsün made of Confucius. The critique—which convinced China-watchers that what brought Lin Piao to

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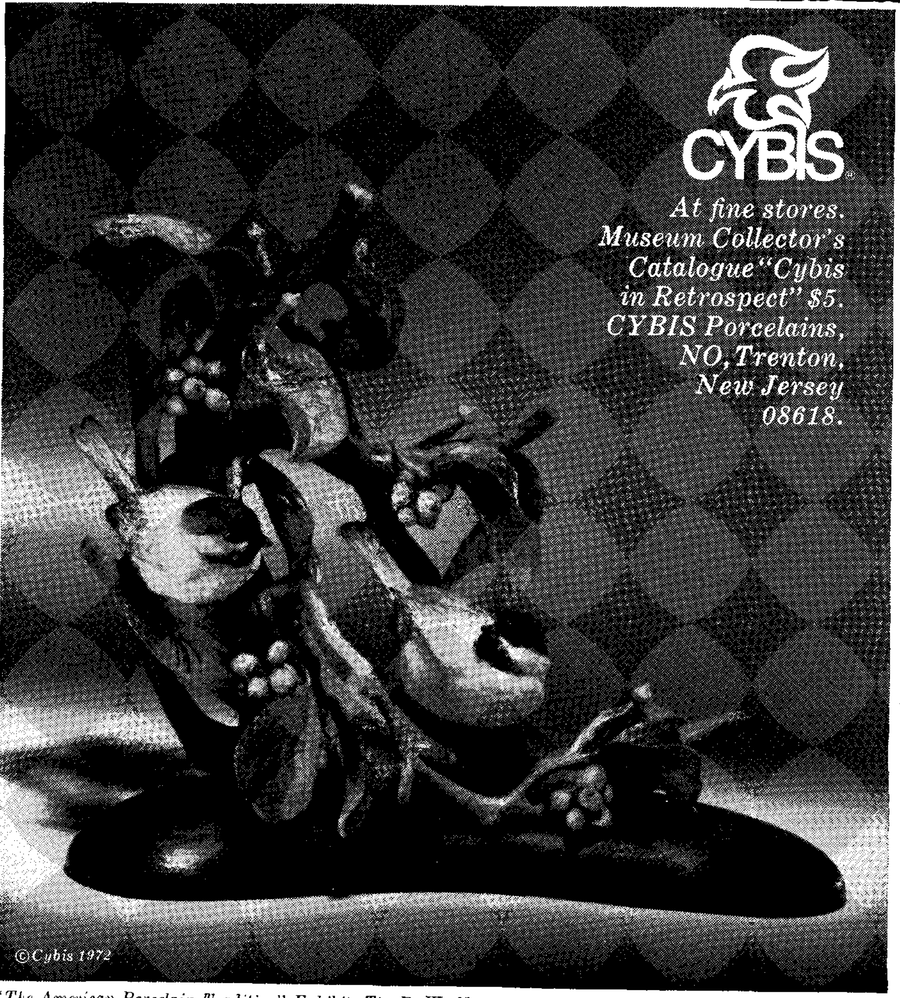

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grief was a bid for supreme power—said, among other things, "Confucius made colorful plans to govern the country; however, all his plans were for those who govern the people and for those in power. He did not make any plans for the people themselves. Therefore . . . he was nothing but a 'sage' of those in power or those who wished to be in power, and had nothing to do with the people at large."

Lu Hsün's specialty was the "*tsa wen*," or "dagger," a short, pointed satirical piece, and his daggers did not spare the Communists. "Though all literature is propaganda, not all propaganda is literature," he wrote toward the end of his life. Even when he first agreed to work for the revolution, his doubts came to the surface. He wrote:

> Imagine an iron house without windows, absolutely indestructible, with many people inside who will soon die of suffocation. But you know since they will die in their sleep they will not feel any of the pain of death. Now if you cry aloud to wake a few of the lighter sleepers, making those unfortunate few suffer the agony of irrevocable death, do you think you are going to do them a good turn?

Lu Hsün died in 1936, but writers who were associated with him continued the tradition of working with the Party while directing *tsa wen* against it. The poet Ai Ch'ing joined the Communists in Yenan and even in that paradise of self-sacrifice complained, in a well-known essay, that the writer cannot be "a Mongolian lark that never sings anything but praises." The novelists Ting Ling, Mao Tun, and Lao She and the belletrist Kuo Mojo also worked for the Party and against some of its hard-line orthodoxy. Many of them were silenced in the harsh crackdown that followed the Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom period of 1956, but even after that writers of strong independent views and undoubted sophistication continued to work inside Communist China. In 1961 and 1962, the fight against Chairman Mao by the Party leadership, under Liu Shao-chi, was waged partly through the agency of at least two writers of high talent. One of them was Wu Han, a historian who was also deputy mayor of Peking. He wrote a play and a series of essays about Hai Jui, an official of the Ming Dynasty who warned the emperor against harsh treatment of his subjects. In one bold sally against Chairman Mao, Hai Jui told the emperor, "In earlier years, you did a few good things, but . . . all officials in and out of the capital know that your mind is not right, that you are too arbitrary,

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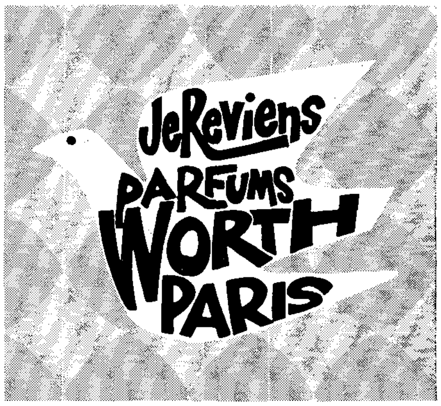

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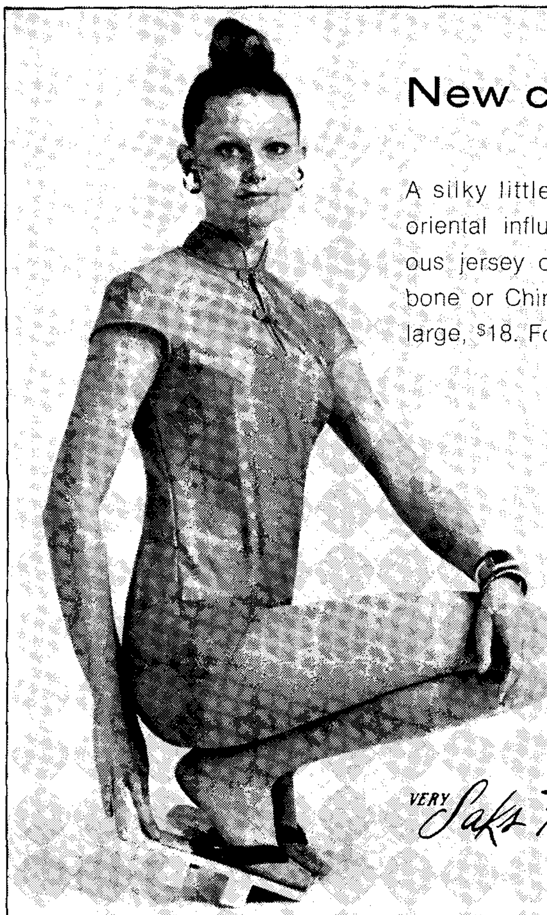
too perverse. You think you alone are right, you refuse to accept criticism and your mistakes are many." The other writer involved in the 1961-62 fight was Teng T'o, a former editor of the *People's Daily* and a Party ideologist in Peking. He made slashing attacks on Mao in a collection of essays bearing the title "Evening Talks at Yenshan." In one essay, "Big Talk," Teng T'o put into the mouth of a child a rare burlesque of the Maoist style, which included the slogan about the east wind prevailing over the west wind:

> There is in my neighborhood a child who has recently often imitated the ring of a great poet and composed quite a number of "big talks." Not long ago, he wrote a piece called "Ode to Wild Grass," which rang with empty talk. He wrote:
>
> The sky is our father,
> The earth our mother,
> The Sun our nurse.
> The East wind our benefactor,
> The West wind our enemy.

The first shots of the Cultural Revolution picked off Wu Han and Teng T'o, and subsequent salvos practically obliterated literature itself. As far as I can determine, between 1966 and last year, no new literary or philosophical books at all, apart from the "Little Red Book" of Chairman Mao's dicta, were published. Literature, the stage, films, ballet, and music were dominated by eight model revolutionary operas that Chiang Ch'ing, Mao's wife, shaped and staged from texts she had written years before. Seven of the eight pieces—"Red Detachment of Women," "Taking Tiger Mountain by Strategy," "The White-Haired Girl," "Shachiapang," "The Red Lantern," "The Yellow River Concerto," and "Raid on the White Tiger Regiment"—are set in the period of the patriotic war against Japan and the civil war against Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang. In all of them, Communist heroes engage and subdue double-dyed villains; the leading Kuomintang man in "Taking Tiger Mountain," for instance, is called Vulture, and his men are called the Terribles. In these works, about the only non-adversary relations are between mothers and sons, fathers and daughters, uncles and nephews, or the old and the very young. There is no romance, nor are there even any scenes between husbands and wives; there were protests recently when in a production by a visiting Japanese troupe of "The White-Haired Girl" a young man gave a girl a piece of red ribbon that in the original was given her by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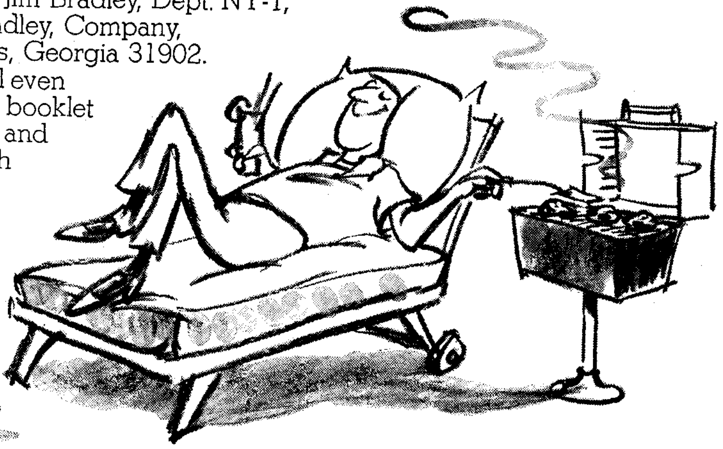

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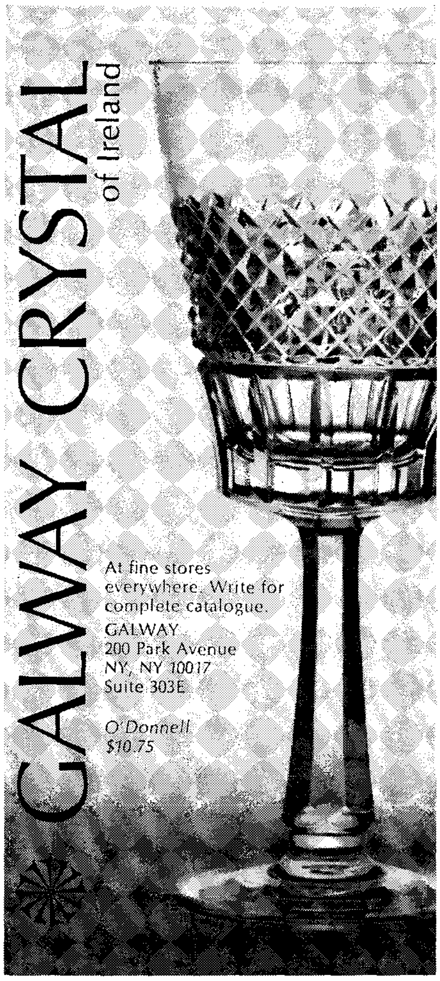

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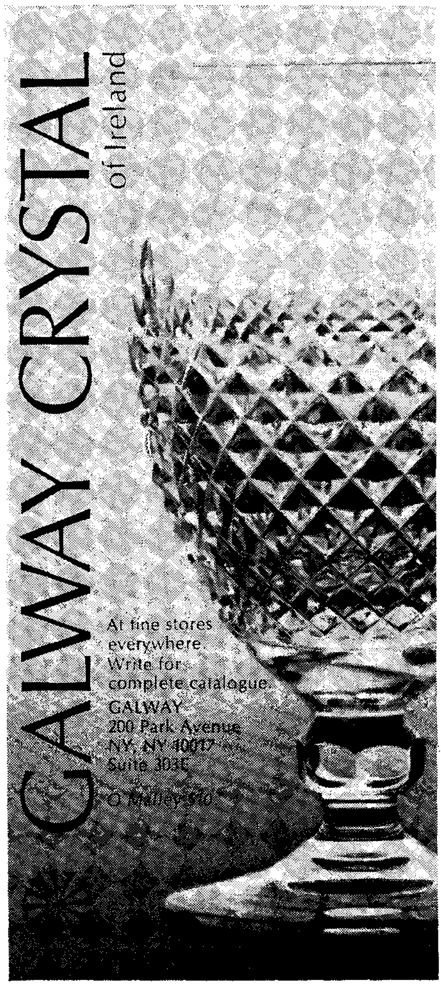

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her father. The dances in these operas feature women stretching heavenward in torment and anguish, and men in stances of decision, heads firm and eyes blazing. The arias, sung to music that seems to fuse Richard Wagner and John Philip Sousa, are patriotic declamations. "Not one inch of our fair land will we surrender, nor will we tolerate the brutality of the Japanese invader," one lyric from "Shachiapang" goes. Here is a bit of dialogue from the same play:

Little Ling: Young Wang! Come and let me change your dressing.

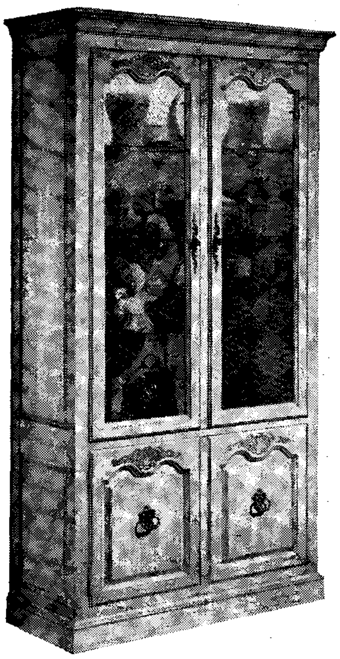
Young Wang: I don't want to.

Little Ling: Why not?

Young Wang: Little Ling! It's so hard to get medicine. We should keep it for serious cases. My wound will soon heal.

Since the disappearance of Lin Piao, there has been an unmistakable change in the cultural atmosphere. During my visit, the "Little Red Book" was not available in Chinese bookstores—perhaps because it had a preface by Lin Piao, but more likely because it was being deëmphasized in general. I was told by one knowledgeable foreign diplomat to buy, as an item that was vanishing, or else was never to be produced again, an alarm clock whose bell rang when a simulation of the "Little Red Book" emerged—somewhat like the cuckoo in a Black Forest clock. One major literary work, a study of the Tang Dynasty poets Tu Fu and Li Po, by Kuo Mo-jo (who announced in the early stages of the Cultural Revolution, presumably to general plaudits, that he wanted all his works to be burned), has been published, widely advertised, and sold out. The libretto of a new opera, "Ode to Dragon River," which seems to contain reflections on the Lin Piao affair, was reprinted in full by papers in Shanghai and Peking in mid-March. It tells the story of a woman, Chian Sui-ying, who is the Party secretary of a village near a river. Access to water enables the village to enjoy a fine crop-growing year while other villages are experiencing drought. The heroine perceives that water can be brought to the other villages across the fields of her own village. Since that involves a risk of flooding, the peasants in her village protest. She prevails, however, and her village is temporarily flooded. In the end, the other villages are saved and her village also has a good crop.

ONE of the papers that reprinted "Ode to Dragon River" was the *Kuang Ming* (or *Illumination*) *Daily*, a Peking publication with a circulation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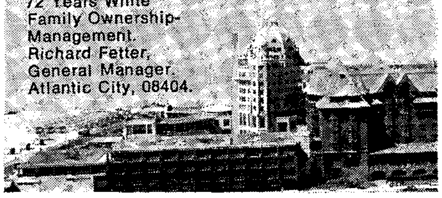

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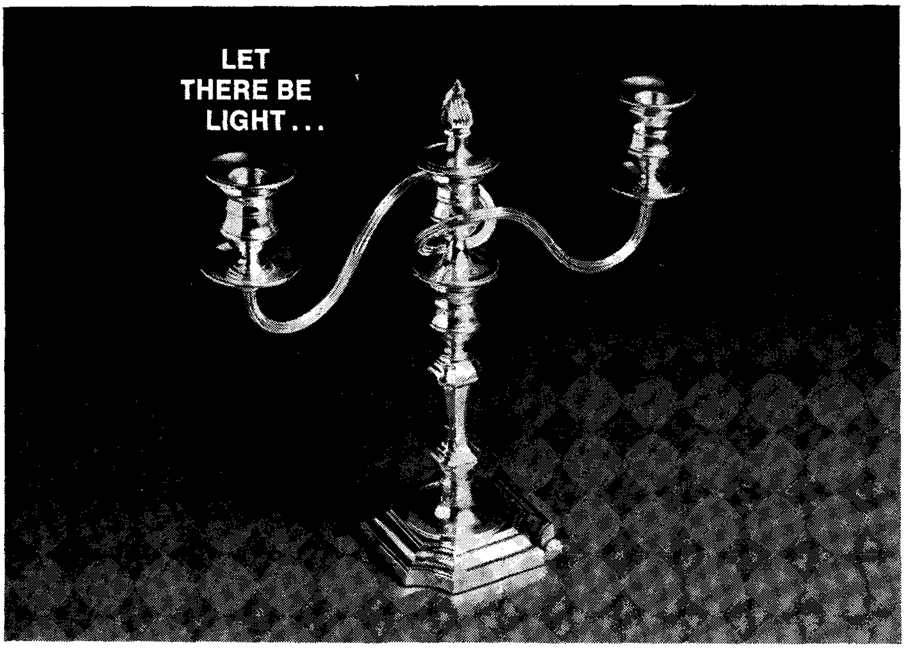
of about a hundred and twenty thousand. I visited the offices of the *Kuang Ming Daily* and talked about operas, old and new, with the editor, Chang Ch'ang-hai, a highly articulate gentleman in his fifties. He said that "Ode to Dragon River" was based on events that actually took place in Fukien Province, and that the story was a group production—the work of several writers in Shanghai. I asked him why he felt that it merited reprinting in its entirety. He said, "The important thing about 'Ode to Dragon River' is that it takes place under the Red flag. In other operas, the conflict is between us and our enemies. Here the conflict is among ourselves—among those of us who have backward ideas and those of us who have advanced ideas. The tension is between Communists with narrow views and Communists with larger views. The purpose of the opera is to educate Comrades to the larger view. You see, very few people would openly advocate selfish behavior. They would not say, 'Let us prevent those drought-ridden villages from getting water.' But they would say, 'Let us avoid flooding our fields.' This opera shows how unduly small collective views can be quite selfish."

I asked why the older operas had no scenes between man and wife, no love interest. Mr. Chang said, "There are always bound to be personal sentiments—love between husband and wife. Naturally, we do not deny the facts of life in our society. But this is a question of the education of the people, and on that point Chairman Mao spoke clearly many years ago. It is more important to show class relations than to show personal relations. The broad masses want something more lofty than personal relations. They do not want to concentrate—and it is not our purpose to have them concentrate—on so-called 'love.' We want them to think about the millions of oppressed people. The lofty thing in literature is to show oppression."

I asked for an example of a young writer who depicted oppression, and Mr. Chang gave me the name of Hao-jan, the author of a trilogy called "The Sun Shines Bright," which had been published between 1964 and 1966 and was now being republished. The information department of the Foreign Office, which guided my tour, arranged for me to meet Hao-jan, and we got together at the International Club, which, in pre-Communist Peking, was a posh gathering place for Westerners. It was a droll choice—dictated, I suppose, by the shortage of cafés, bars,



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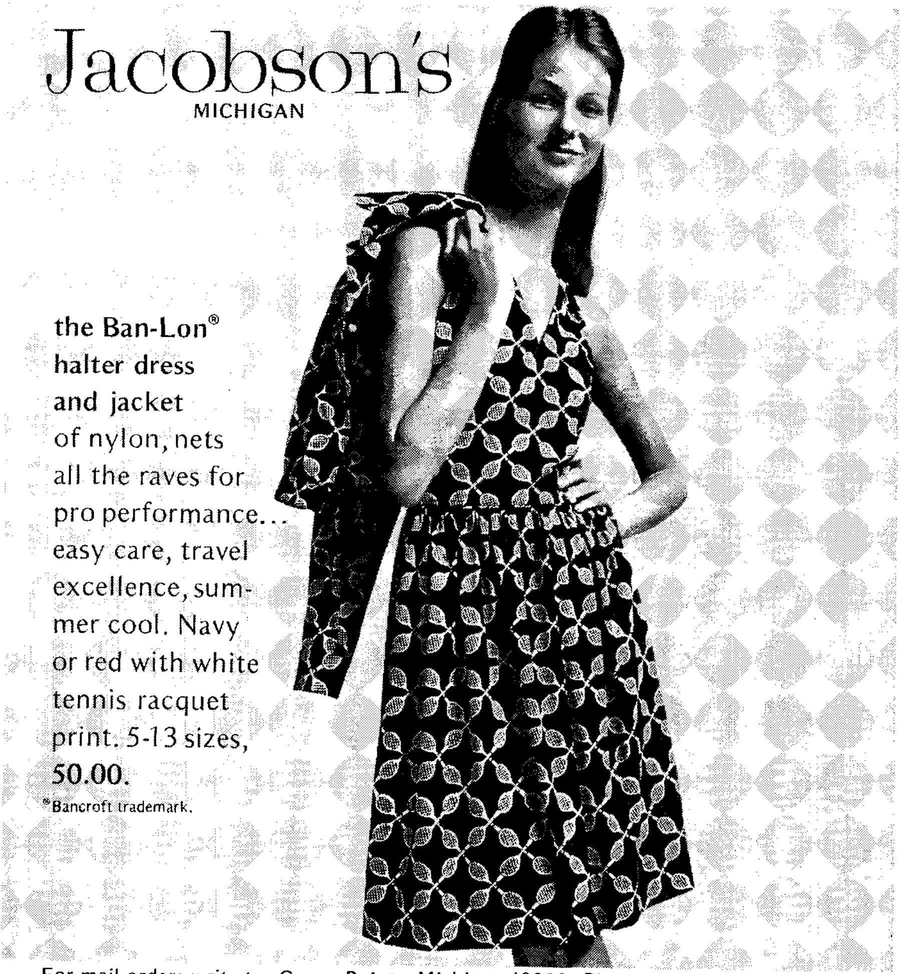

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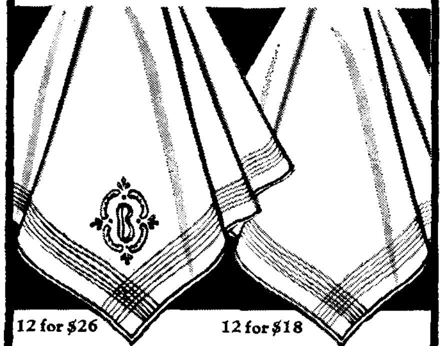

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and other places to meet in the city. Except for a brown board at the entrance, with freshly gilded letters announcing, in English, "Members' Notices," the International Club is in every particular a classic case of vanished splendor—a virtually unused white frame structure with peeling paint, landscaping gone to seed, an empty swimming pool, and a volleyball court where members used to play tennis. About Hao-jan, however, there is nothing faded. He is a muscular man of forty, with the broad face of a peasant; only a pen visible in his breast pocket suggested a writer. When I came into the club, he bounced up from his chair, spouted greetings, and never seemed to stop talking thereafter.

"The literary and art world of China consists of two kinds of people," he said. "There are the old intellectuals, and there are the people who came forth during the war and the construction period. The younger are more vigorous. Indeed, the old intellectuals are not vigorous at all, partly because of age, and partly because they have yet to become acclimated to the new situation. I belong to the younger group. I was the son of a peasant. It was at the end of the war of liberation against Japan that I became a writer. I was born in 1932. I had three years in primary school. In 1946, I joined the revolutionary forces. I was in Hopei Province, a hundred miles from Peking. Very few people in the district had any education. Since I had gone to primary school, they let me write propaganda in verse. At first, I was nervous. I started by writing small snatches for the operas, and even playing some parts. I also made up verses for wall posters. Later on, I wrote for newspapers. From 1949 to 1954, I combined work with study. I became obsessed with literature. I truly came to love it. In 1954, I went to work for a paper in Hopei Province, reporting on peasant activities and gathering material. In 1958, I published a collection of short stories. It was my first book—'The Magpie on the Twig.' With the publication of that book, I finally realized my dream of becoming a writer. I have never once laid down my pen since. I have worked steadily, and I love it. I have published seventeen books. 'The Sun Shines Bright' had a million three hundred thousand words. It sold a million copies. The booksellers told me that if we had published five million copies we would now have sold five million copies."

I asked Hao-jan whether he had had trouble during the Cultural Revolution and in previous periods of difficulty for

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writers. He said, "I've had some stormy days. At first, I was unsure of myself. After I was published and enjoyed some fame, I became very self-satisfied. I compared myself with some of the older writers, and I thought, I produce more than they do but they have a more comfortable life than I have. They tried to tempt me. They wanted me to divorce myself from the peasants. For a while, they nearly succeeded. I almost thought my aim in life was to reach their status—to write about historical subjects. But I went down into the countryside for a few years, and I came to see the truth. I came to see my own faults. I came to understand that literature and art should be only a spare part in the machinery of revolution."

MY talk with Hao-jan was translated by an interpreter who had been assigned to me by the Foreign Office and who went wherever I did. He was a pleasant person, and highly skilled, and he obviously had a certain official standing; he had, for example, been Edgar Snow's interpreter. It occurred to me that some of the lines I was hearing—lines like the one about literature's being "a spare part in the machinery of revolution," which was out of Lenin as cited by Mao—were being spoken less for my ears than for those of my interpreter. So I sought at least one entirely private meeting with a Chinese intellectual fluent in English. It so happened, either by quirk of circumstance or because my suspicions were unfounded or because the Chinese handle such things adroitly, that the man I was allowed to see alone would have been last on any list I might have made of people I thought the Chinese might offer for a solo interview. He was Ch'ien Wei-ch'ang, a well-known physicist who had been trained at, among other places, California Institute of Technology and who reputedly plays an important role in the Chinese missile program.

I had first met Dr. Ch'ien when I visited Tsinghua University, the leading technical school in Peking, where he is a professor and a vice-chairman of the Revolutionary Committee that runs the university. He was one of a group of professors and students who had been assembled to meet me. I had been told at Tsinghua that during the Cultural Revolution the institution had been transformed from an élite academy into a school for the people. There had been twelve thousand students, all graduates of the best middle schools in China. One professor told me, "They were what we call 'three-door ca-

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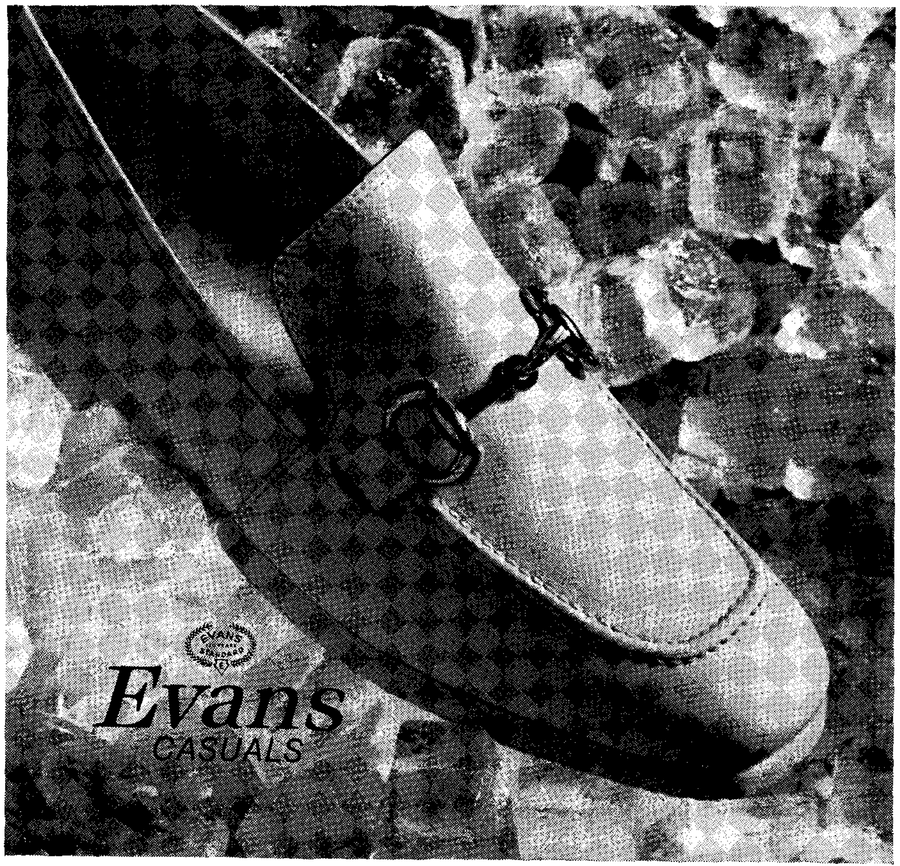

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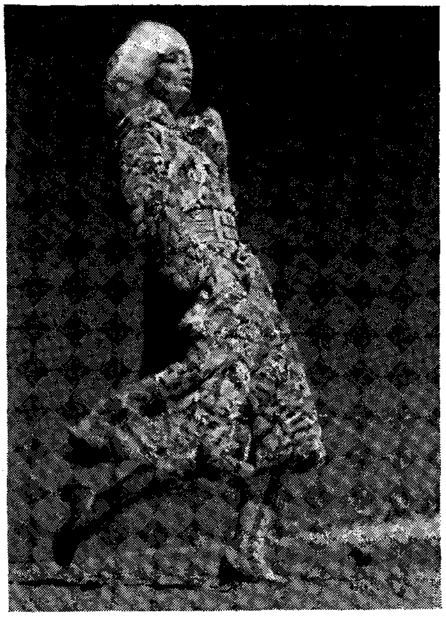

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dres'—that is, they went from the door of their home to the door of the university and on to the door of a government office." Between 1965 and 1971, students had been allowed to graduate but no new students had been admitted. This year, I was told, the university had begun again from scratch, with students chosen from the Army, the factories, and the agricultural communes. The basis of choice was ideological rather than academic; there were discussions, not examinations; and the students, far from being obliged to listen to their professors, were allowed to talk at any time.

I tried to probe such claims, but, perhaps because my approach was too brusque, I had little success. I asked a professor of political science what he was teaching his students about the role of Lin Piao in the Cultural Revolution and about Lin's sudden disappearance.

The professor said, "I have no comment to make on that."

A student jumped in and said to me, "You have no right to ask that question."

I asked a girl student who had come to the university from a state farm whether all the people in the countryside didn't want to come to the city.

She did not understand and did not reply. But one of her professors said, "I understand why you ask that question, because that's what I used to think. Life in the city is more comfortable than life in the country. Before the Cultural Revolution, I used to think of myself and my comfort. We even used to have a saying at the university about students who came from the country: 'In the first year, they lead simple lives; in the second year, they forget about the simple life; in the third year, they don't recognize their parents.' But that's not what the workers or peasants are thinking. We ask ourselves what is more important—personal comfort or to raise the standard of living of the eighty or ninety per cent of the Chinese people who live in the countryside."

Another professor said, "There are two ways to do things. There are people who plant what others eat, and there are people who eat what others plant. We prefer the first. You prefer the second."

I tried to get at the role of the Army on campus, particularly in the settling of scores between the various factions that had formed during the Cultural Revolution. My impression was that there had been something like pitched battles between troops and stu-

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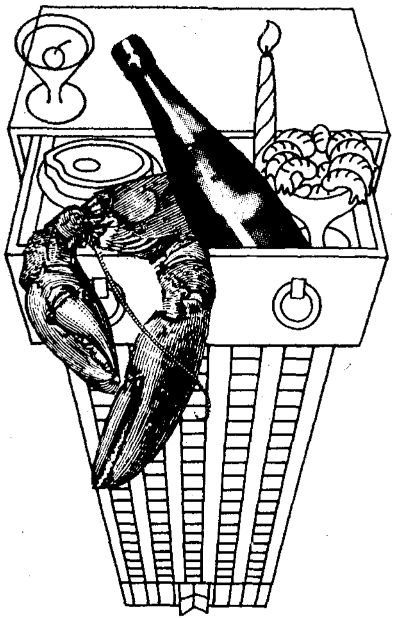

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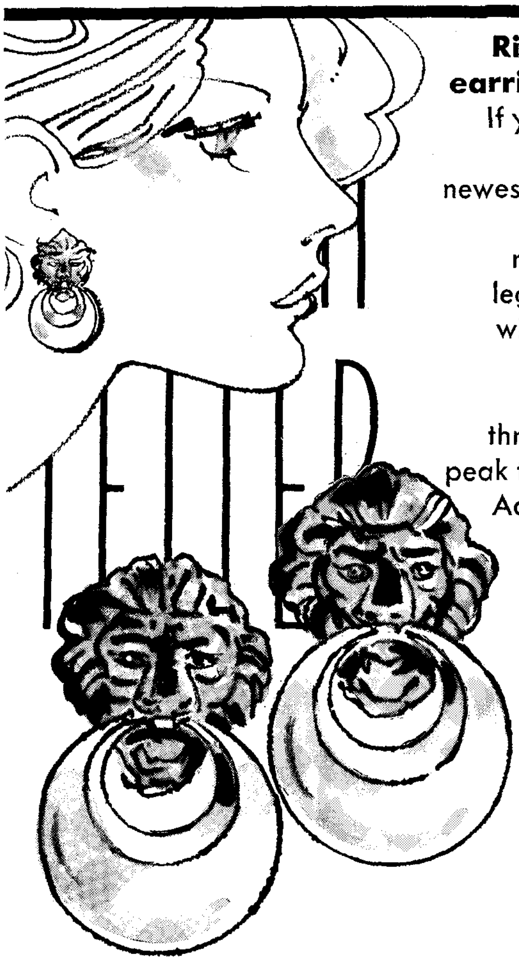
dents at Tsinghua. A student, however, told me, "The military men came to the university at a time when we were still fighting among ourselves. But they did not act as referees or umpires, saying who was right and who was wrong. They opened study classes, so we could discover for ourselves what was right and what was wrong. They had heart-to-heart talks with us."

I asked to see one of the Army officers serving on the university's Revolutionary Committee. He appeared, but refused to answer questions about his rank or his unit. When I asked him what he was doing at the university, he repeated a phrase from Mao: "My job is to support the left." When I asked him what he meant, he said, "Perhaps your understanding of the so-called left and the so-called right is different from ours."

At that point, I called it quits. Before leaving, I asked if I might visit the home of a professor. Professor Ch'ien, a mild, soft-spoken, white-haired man, who had been relatively silent and certainly not hostile, said I could come to his home. It turned out to be a charming house—bedroom, study, living room, and kitchen—arranged around a small courtyard. There were books everywhere, in English, Russian, and German as well as Chinese. Most of the material was technical—I noticed "The Theory of Atomic Collisions," by the English physicists N. F. Mott and H. S. Massey, and a set of the *Journal of Applied Mathematics and Physics*. There was also a set of Lu Hsün's works. On the walls were pictures of the heroes of the operas "Shachiapang" and "The Red Lantern." There was also a print of a well-known painting, "Spring Rain on the Li River," by Hsü Pei-hung, a Chinese artist who worked with the French Impressionists. Professor Ch'ien and I talked a little about how hard it was to keep up in physics and mathematics. It developed that in his California days he had known some physicists, including Robert Oppenheimer, whom I had known when I was at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. I asked Professor Ch'ien if he and I could get together for dinner. He seemed willing, so I extended a formal invitation through the Foreign Office. The invitation was accepted, and, to my surprise, the Foreign Office, for its part, accepted my suggestion that since it was my dinner, we wouldn't need the interpreter.

The dinner took place in a private



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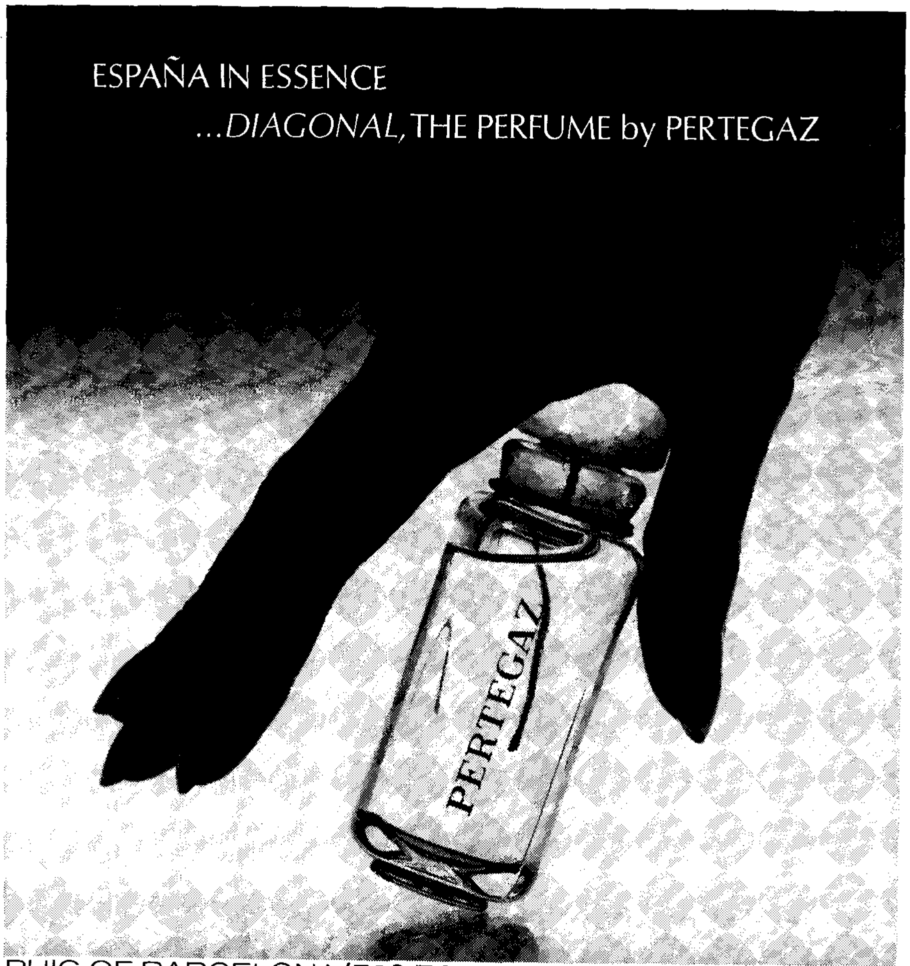

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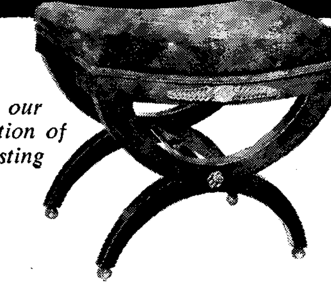

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room in the Minzu Restaurant, which I had chosen as a neutral meeting place, since the cuisine was Mongolian and I had first been taken there by a Russian diplomat. I started out by talking of the contrast between Lu Hsün, who seemed to me so original, and the best-selling novelist Hao-jan, whom I had seen earlier that day. Professor Ch'ien said, "Lu Hsün was living at a time of great turmoil and revolutionary consciousness. There were the hard times of the nineteen-thirties, the war against Japan, the imperialist presence in Shanghai, and the issue of whether China should follow a Socialist road or a capitalist road. All that was unsettled."

I said, "You make it sound as though it were easier to be a great writer at that time than now."

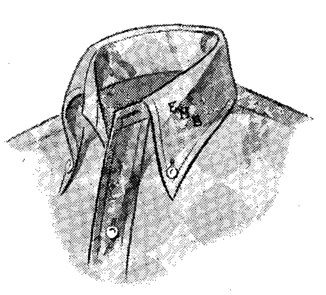
He said, "Of course. It was much easier in the bitter times of the nineteen-thirties to be a good Communist, a good revolutionary—a good anything. Now we have to keep educating our young people all the time. Otherwise they will slip backward. The purpose of the Cultural Revolution was to re-create the atmosphere of the nineteen-thirties for our young people. Now they know what a struggle is."

He then proceeded to criticize me, indirectly but unmistakably, for posing questions about Lin Piao and other figures in the leadership. "I have heard that you keep asking who did what, and what happened to whom," he said. "I must tell you that you will never learn anything by such questions. *Who's Who* counts for nothing in China. You have to ask which is the right road and which is the wrong road. That way you will learn. We are used to twenty years of changes. We don't pay much attention to who is up and who is down. Changes of that kind are not important."

I replied that I had difficulty taking seriously the notion of the right road and the wrong road, and, indeed, the whole formula that one divides into two. I pointed out that in the United States we usually had a wide variety of choices in any particular situation. "In my country, one often divides into nineteen or thirty-four or forty-seven or more," I said.

Professor Ch'ien said that "one divides into two" represented the class interest. In every situation, there was the interest of those who ruled and the interest of those who were ruled.

I objected that I didn't really see the class side of it, even in China. It seemed to me, I said, that when the Chinese nowadays spoke of landlords and rich



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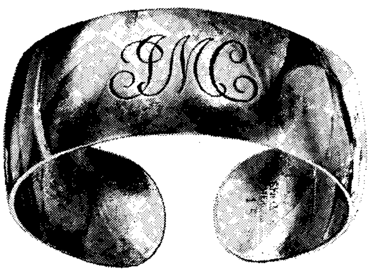

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peasants it was as though they were speaking of dragons, because, in fact, the landlords and rich peasants didn't exist anymore and couldn't have any real influence. He explained that it was mainly a matter of attitude—that all people had inside themselves thoughts and emotions that were part of the outlook of the ruling class. "I myself have those thoughts and emotions sometimes," he said. "So do you."

I insisted that I really didn't think that such an analysis was useful. I asked him who he thought ruled the United States.

"The monopolists," he said flatly.

I told him that in my view the United States was not run by the monopolists. I said, "If any single group runs the United States, it is the lower middle class. They have the majority. They dominate all the elections."

He said, "Well, we could debate that for a long time. But we can't settle it this evening, and we have only this evening to talk."

I asked him about China's work in space, observing that the Chinese had put up a satellite.

He corrected me. "No," he said. "We have two satellites. But they are only for scientific purposes."

I asked him if he found the satellites really useful scientifically. I said that some American scientists had doubts about the value of our space program, and felt that it was undertaken mainly for reasons of prestige.

He acknowledged the prestige element in the space program. "As far as the Chinese program goes," he said, "we have found that two satellites are enough."

I mentioned a statement that the Chinese had kept making throughout President Nixon's visit, and said I could not understand it. That was: "The American people are a great people, and the Chinese people are a great people." I said it didn't seem to me to mean much, because the Chinese also said the Russians were a great people. "Would you also say that the Japanese are a great people?" I asked.

He said, "Yes, the Japanese are a great people."

"But if you say everybody is a great people, it doesn't have any meaning," I said. "Then it's an empty phrase, like 'The East is Red.' "

He ignored that, saying, with great seriousness, "If you think about China and what we have thought about ourselves in the past, I think you will understand that it means a great deal for us to say that we are not greater than

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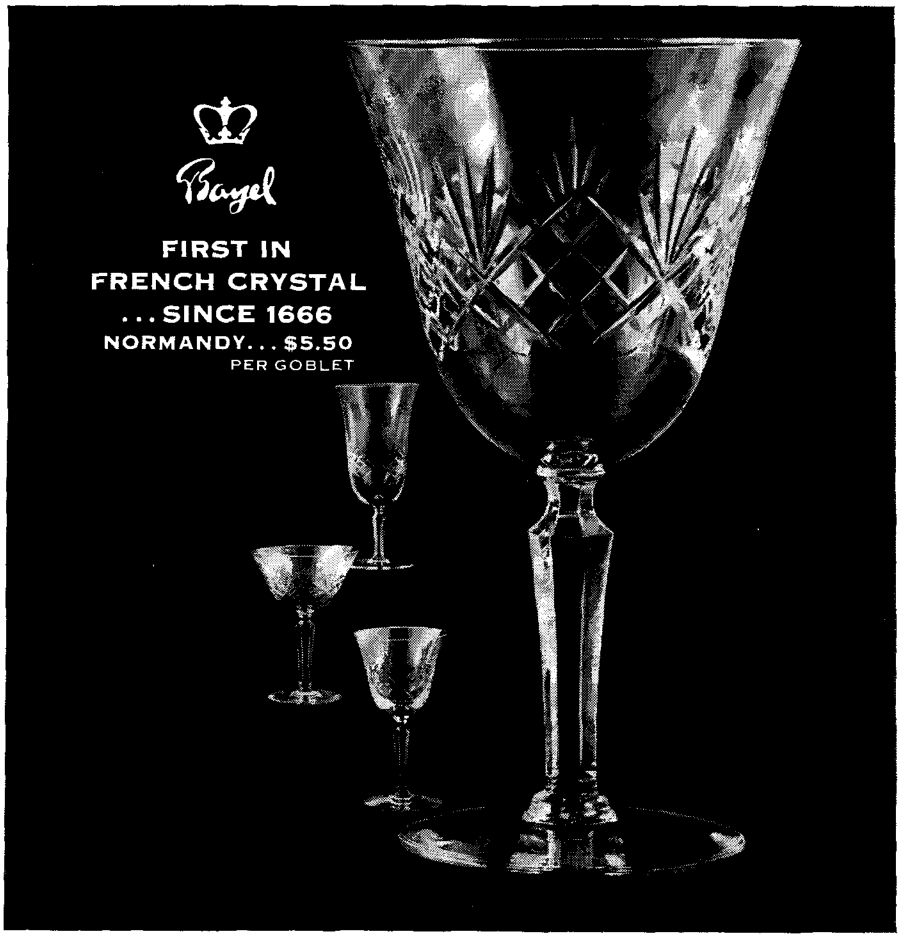

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you are. It is important for China to say that we are not greater than any other people. That is a fundamental principle."

I observed that another aspect of the Chinese approach that I didn't understand well was the matter of fundamental principles. I said, "You always insist on settling principles first. We believe in principles in the United States, but we think they are something you carry around in the back of the head, not talking about them very much. We think that in the interests of practical achievement it is sometimes a good idea not to let abstract ideas get in the way. We believe in settling principles last."

He said, "That is the great difference between us. When you aren't clear about principles, then you always have an endless number of petty arguments about details. That is why one doesn't divide into two for you. That is why you think that one divides into nineteen or thirty-four or forty-seven or more."

As we prepared to leave, I asked the restaurant to call me a cab. I offered the professor a lift. He smiled and shook his head. He pointed out a large brown car, which was clearly an official vehicle. He said, "No, I don't need a lift. I have my car."

It was not, of course, his car; no individual in China owns an automobile, and this one belonged to the university and had been made available to Professor Ch'ien for the evening. Still, the phrase "my car" was highly expressive of a certain attitude, which I had also sensed earlier when talking to Hao-jan. Speaking of the royalties he had made on his best-seller—the equivalent of about four thousand dollars in all—he told me that he had bought, among other things, three bicycles. That hint of frustrated consumerism made a link with what I had heard in Tachai about the need for mechanized agriculture to give me an impression of Chinese industry—an impression, strengthened by visits I paid to several plants, of a curiously relaxed system.

ONE factory I went to was a phosphate-fertilizer plant in Nanking. The manager stressed the fact that the plant was one of the oldest factories in China; it was started in 1934. He also said flatly that production could be increased only with new machinery. He pointed out that there was no room to expand along the crowded banks of the Yangtze. He allowed me to watch half a dozen workers with two forklift

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trucks standing idle instead of loading bags of fertilizer. And he demonstrated the special care that had to be taken with phosphorus because of its combustibility by taking some of the raw stuff from a barrel and skimming it across the factory yard so that it started small fires in several places.

In Shanghai, I visited a much more modern enterprise—the No. 1 Machine Tool Factory. Among its output are machines, produced under conditions of carefully regulated temperature and humidity, that can work to dimensions controlled to less than a thousandth of a millimetre. But my guides did not point with special pride to these machines. On the contrary, the pièce de résistance was a Workers University, set up during the Cultural Revolution, that provides a special three-year course in six subjects—mechanical drawing, hydraulics, electricity, advanced math, machine design, and English—for workers who have not been to a university.

An even more impressive factory is the Peking General Petrochemical Plant, an oil refinery that was built in 1968 in the bare hills about fifty miles west of Peking. The refinery produces an annual average of two and a half million tons of gasoline and diesel fuels, fifty thousand tons of lubricants, thirty thousand tons of synthetic rubber, and more than a hundred thousand tons of synthetic fibre. It has thirteen thousand workers, on the job in four shifts, night and day. It has vast storage tanks to hold oil shipped by rail from the Taching fields, in Manchuria; a complex cracking plant; and all kinds of machinery for processing and fabricating. There is a small computer to adjust the cracking machinery to variations in the flow and quality of the oil. There is even a plant for purification of the waste water.

The head of the Revolutionary Committee that runs the plant, Peng Shushen, took me around. He is a spare man of forty-seven, Gary Cooperish in build, who walks with a loose-limbed, swinging rhythm. He started off, unlike any other industrial manager I had ever met, by deprecating himself. "I'm a carpenter by trade," he said, "and I've had only three years of school." It later developed that he had previously been assistant manager of a refinery at Taching for eight years, and, before that, manager of a lumber mill in Tientsin for eleven years. He was able to describe the workings of the computer, and he said that with a better computer production would be higher. He spoke easily of the impact of the

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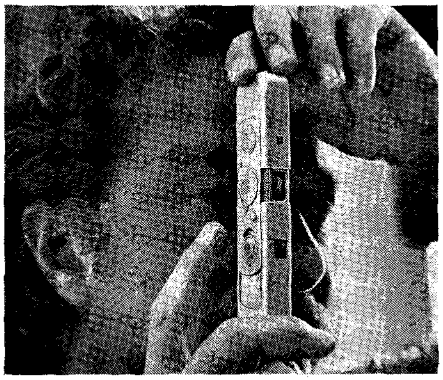

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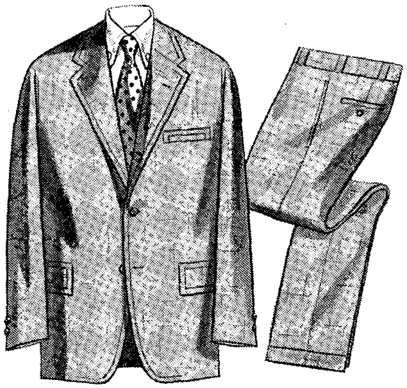

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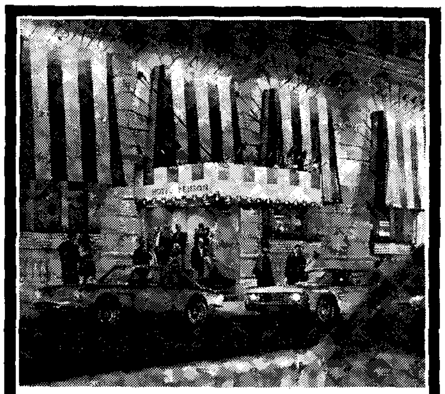
Cultural Revolution on the plant. "We didn't have much factionalism here," he said. "We started work here only in 1968, and by that time the Cultural Revolution was almost over. We had so much to do that there was little time for factional fights. In fact, we had some students who came to work for us after being trained at the university in Shanghai, and I was told that they started off from Shanghai very angry with one another but that by the time they got here they had settled half their differences."

I asked him to tell me a little about his family.

He said, "I have five children. The two oldest are in the Army. The others are in school. My wife is a housewife." He makes about fifty-five dollars a month—a little more than twice the average pay of an ordinary worker. He has the use of a car that belongs to the plant. He said, "I watch television often in the evening." (China now has between forty and fifty stations.)

On Revolutionary Committees such as the one that runs Peng's plant, I knew, there is nearly always a military man, and, at my request, Peng got hold of the one on his committee; he is Chu Wen-chun, a forty-four-year-old soldier, who told me he had a rank equivalent to lieutenant colonel. My information was that in many plants the military ran the show, but this was certainly not the case at Peking General Petrochemical. When Chu showed some hesitation in telling me what kinds of decisions he had to make on the Revolutionary Committee, Peng jumped right in. He cited the case of a decision on output for the previous month. The state had asked for three hundred thousand tons of oil products. That quota was discussed in the Revolutionary Committee. Some members felt that a higher target could be met. But in the end the decision was to go for the three hundred thousand tons. Chu assured me he had not made that decision. I came away with the strong feeling that Peng had.

I also came away with the strong feeling that heavy industry in China has a curious, almost unreal quality. Its workers show none of the disciplined intensity so familiar in Japan. Its plants do not strain for targets in the Russian fashion. Its managers conspicuously lack the king-size egos of American executives. It is a low-pressure system, seemingly detached from the obviously urgent needs of agriculture for tractors and fertilizers, and from the potential demand for consumer goods. Part of the reason, no



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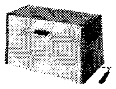

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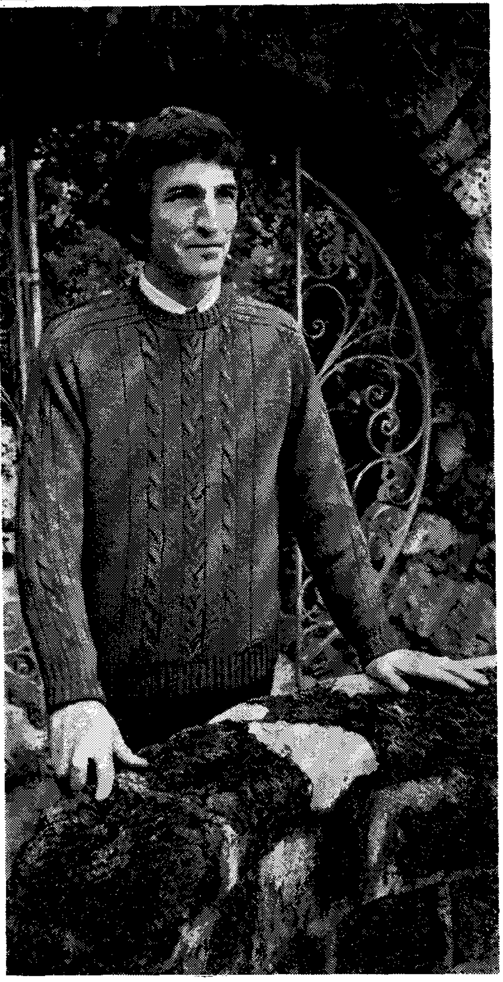
doubt, is that industry has little status in China. It ranks nowhere in the Confucian ethic, and it figures low in the Maoist scheme of things, which emphasizes agriculture and deëmphasizes almost anything that Russia, Japan, or the United States does well.

But there may be another reason for the strange state of industry in China; namely, that the central authorities don't have the means to make extreme demands. For the time being, at least, the Chinese leaders seem to have their hands full with a problem closer to home—the problem of the leadership itself. Despite Dr. Ch'ien's remark about *Who's Who*, people could hardly *not* be worried on this score. Twice in the past half-dozen years, what seemed to be well-established institutional lines of power were shattered. When Liu Shao-chi was humbled in the Cultural Revolution, a large section of the Communist Party organization went down with him. When Lin Piao disappeared last September, many high officers in the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the regional military commands also disappeared. One result is that China's most important national business is now managed by a tiny group of old men. Almost all the diplomats here agree that true power is vested in four people: Mao, who is seventy-eight; Chou, who is seventy-four; Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, also seventy-four, who handles military affairs; and Vice-Premier Li Hsien-nien, sixty-seven, who deals with economic matters. Mao seems concerned only with the largest policy questions, but the others handle affairs of all sizes and shapes. One evening during the President's visit, Chou was seen going over the proofs of the next day's issue of the *People's Daily*. I was told by people who ought to know that he personally decides which Americans are to be admitted, and when.

A second consequence of the purges is that the governmental table of organization now has many empty slots and others filled by acting officials. Technically, China is without a head of state, without a Defense Minister, without a Party leader for Peking, without an Interior Minister, and without a chief of economic planning. Even officials with some local responsibility seem unsure about who does what in the capital. During my visit to the General Petrochemical Plant, I asked Chu a couple of not altogether fair questions to see if he knew that the shakeup of last fall had taken Lin Piao out as Defense Minister and also removed Lin's former protégé, Huang Yung-



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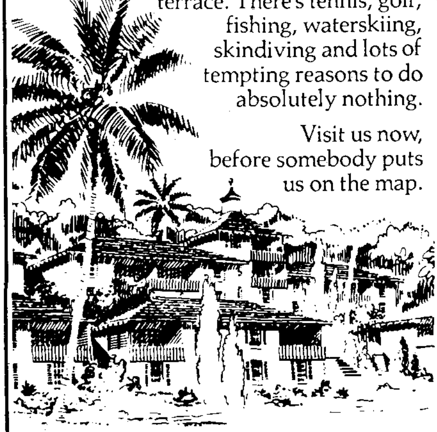

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sheng, as Chief of Staff of the People's Liberation Army. I asked Chu who the current Defense Minister was. Chu named Marshal Yeh Chien-ying. The second question was to name the current Chief of Staff. The officer named Wang Tung-hsing, a Politburo member known in the past as head of Mao's personal bodyguard. Later, I was told that he had made a mistake, and that he really meant Wang Hsin-ting, who was formally listed as Deputy Chief of Staff.

There is a prescribed means of filling vacancies and setting the machinery of government in formal order. It is to call a People's Congress, which would then approve a new Cabinet and also a new constitution, making some provision for the succession. I was told by some low-level officials that a decision to call a People's Congress had already been made. The Algerian ambassador, Chaïb Taleb Bendiab, who is perhaps the most thoughtful and well-informed diplomat in China, predicted flatly that the Congress would meet before the first of June. Other diplomats thought it would not be convened for at least a year. In any event, the leadership seems to be preoccupied with managing the succession in a way that will preserve the Chinese revolution against the threat of the Soviet Union, with its troop concentrations on the border and its revisionist doctrine. It was in that context that President Nixon's visit took place, and it seems clear that the Chinese have—for the time being, at least—broken a menacing encirclement by playing off Washington against Moscow. —JOSEPH KRAFT

•

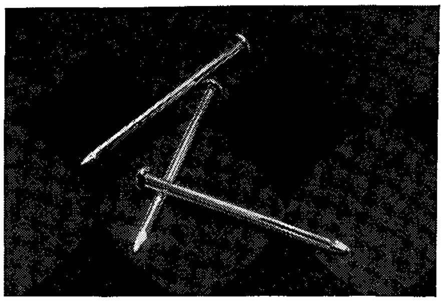
Greta Garbo, wearing a sailor's navy blue peacoat, followed in Bernstein's agitated footsteps. She was like a sleepwalker. Her splendid jawbone, jutting out of a cheap scarf knotted around her head, revealed skin smoother than the marble on a new tombstone. Eyes revealing two rows of strong white teeth, pecked at Fleur's receptive cheek, and then drifted vaguely into the drawing room. On her way she summoned a passing waiter, "I want some whisky and sugar."—"*Madame,*" *by Patrick O'Higgins, as serialized in the Philadelphia Daily News.*

That isn't going to do it.

•

The key shot in Jacklin's round was an eagle two on the 383-yard 4th hole. He hit a 6-iron 160 yards past the cup and the backspin caused the ball to back up into the hole.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Must be the longest backspin on record.



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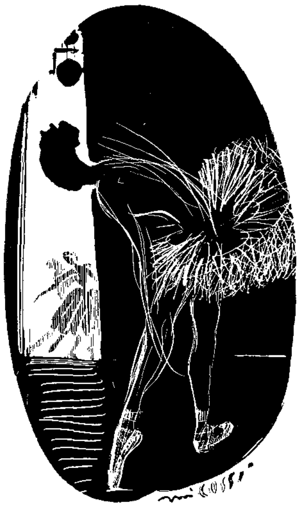
MUSICAL EVENTS

Grand Tour



THE Royal Ballet of London is always welcome, because, for one thing, it presents us with a kind of ballet that we do not get from our own companies—what might be termed "grand ballet," in the sense in which one speaks of "grand opera." This great company is not always as resourceful and original as our own troupes from a choreographic standpoint. But there is all that lavishness in scenery and costumes to recommend it, and, above all, there is that seemingly inexhaustible reservoir of dancing talent. On Monday night of last week, the Royal Ballet opened a season at the Metropolitan Opera House—not, as has been the case so often in the past, with Sir Frederick Ashton's "The Sleeping Beauty" but with a fairly engaging program of shorter works, involving nearly all the company's principal dancers except Dame Margot Fonteyn. The first item on the program was Nureyev's Act IV pas de deux from the Petipa "La Bayadère," with Merle Park and Mr. Nureyev himself in the leading roles. I have never found this work to be particularly enticing. It is conventional, old-fashioned ballet, and the slow entrance of all twenty-eight members of the corps de ballet, one after the other, is a bit agonizing. Once things got started, however, Miss Park and Mr. Nureyev did some brilliant dancing, to the obvious pleasure of a full first-night audience.

The second number was a New York première—"Triad," choreographed to Prokofieff's First Violin Concerto by Kenneth MacMillan, with Antoinette Sibley, Anthony Dowell, and Wayne Eagling in the principal roles. This was done before a background suggesting a forest of desiccated trees, and it seemed to me at first to represent a love triangle involving two homosexuals and a woman. At least, that was the impression given by the choreography. But on consulting the program I learned that the two men were brothers (awfully close brothers), and I assumed that the woman spoiled their relationship by making off with one of them and leaving the other forlorn. Miss Sibley and Mr. Dowell were splendid, while Mr. Eagling was slightly unpolished as the forlorn one. Mr. MacMillan is a great choreographer, but I do not think that "Triad" will go down in history as one of his finest works. Its movements and spatial relationships are not very original, and—for my taste, anyway—its story is trite.

The third item took us back to conventional ballet. It was a series of divertissements from "La Fille Mal Gardée," with choreography by Ashton, danced with enormous zest by Ann Jenner and David Wall. There were times when Miss Jenner resembled a puff of dandelion fuzz bouncing in the wind, so light was her performance. And Mr. Wall, who was new to me, was everything one could ask for as her partner.

The fourth item was the Bluebird pas de deux from "The Sleeping Beauty," the bright moment I always wait for in that rather tedious evening-length ballet. The dancers were Michael Coleman and Lesley Collier, and though Mr. Coleman did not have quite the elasticity of torso that Brian Shaw used to exhibit in the role of the male bluebird, both dancers were a pleasure to watch.

Then came another première, "The Mirror Walkers," choreographed by Peter Wright. This was danced by Miss Park and Donald MacLeary. This was a pleasant if not overwhelming bit. Its title is obscure to me.

After that, Lynn Seymour and Mr. Nureyev appeared in a hilarious circus number called "Side Show." I do not remember seeing Mr. Nureyev before in a humorous role. In this one, he wore a mustache, flexed his muscles, and played the part of a highly extroverted circus master. Miss Seymour, in tights and spangles, was introduced by him as the principal attraction. Both dancers performed prodigious feats, all with great élan, and I thought the whole thing very amusing. The choreography was by Mr. MacMillan, and the music was taken from Stravinsky's Suites for Chamber Orchestra, Nos. 1 and 2.

Finally, there was something called "Thaïs," choreographed by Ashton to the famous "Meditation" from the opera, and danced by Mr. Dowell and Miss Sibley. This proved to be a pas de deux by the monk who is the hero of the opera and the courtesan who is his downfall as well as his pupil in the ways of the spirit. It was beautifully danced, and, though I suspect that half of its effectiveness derives from the power of Massenet's melody, it is quite enchanting.

LAST Thursday night, the Royal Ballet introduced again its marvellous production of "Romeo and Juliet," with the moving score by Prokofieff, the adroit choreography by Mr. MacMillan, and the magnificent sets by Nicholas Georgiadis. The work had been considerably spruced up since I last saw it. There was a feeling of desperate reality about the swordplay of the first act, and there were several changes—most noticeably, those beef carcasses no longer hung in the marketplace but were simply carried across the stage. Many things about this refurbished production were great improvements on its slightly sagging predecessor. There was a Mercutio new to me, in the person of Mr. Coleman, who was ideal in the role. Among the stalwarts of past productions, there were Desmond Doyle's Tybalt, David Ashmole's Benvolio, Derek Rencher's Paris, Michael Somes's Lord Capulet, Georgina Parkinson's Lady Capulet, and Adrian Grater's Friar Laurence. For once, Dame Margot did not dance the role of Juliet, her place being taken by Miss Seymour. Mr. Nureyev was, as usual, the Romeo. Miss Seymour's Juliet is a childlike one, delightful in its way but lacking the strong delineation of character that Dame Margot brought to the role. Mr. Nureyev was his old self—pantherlike in his movements and brilliant most of the time, though his first act was not quite as good as his later dancing in the bedroom scene.

I LEFT this performance before it was over in order to sneak across the plaza to Philharmonic Hall to hear Gary Graffman play the solo part of Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" while Lorin Maazel conducted the New York Philharmonic. The Maazel tone, on which I remarked a couple of weeks ago, was still in evidence, and the orchestra played its part, which is fully as important as that of the piano, with great incisiveness and beautiful tone. There are

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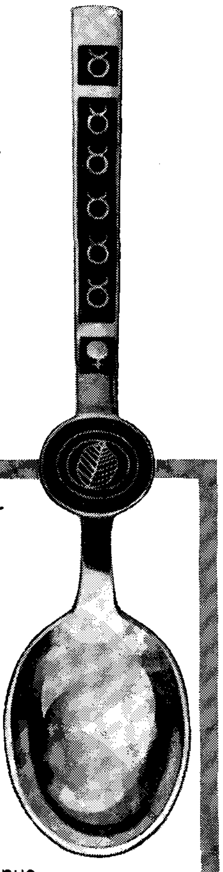

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perhaps a hundred young pianists around today who can make a smashing showpiece out of the "Rhapsody." There are far fewer who can make it the enthralling piece of music it can be—and *was,* under the fingers of its composer. Mr. Graffman is one of the chosen few. He played the work not for digital display but for its musical values, and the team of Maazel and Graffman produced one of the most memorable performances of it in recent years. The concert closed with the Three Dances from Falla's "The Three-Cornered Hat," conducted by Mr. Maazel with both sensitivity and brilliance.

LAST Friday night, I departed from my usual beat to attend a performance of Sir Edward German's operetta "Tom Jones," done by the Village Light Opera Group in the Fashion Institute of Technology Theatre, an attractive auditorium in a building on West Twenty-seventh Street. I had built up an affection for this group over the years, having attended, long ago, some of its Gilbert and Sullivan performances in the Judson Memorial Church. It is an amateur organization, but its productions are done with infectious enthusiasm and considerable skill. Edward German is, you might remember, the composer of the Three Dances for "Henry VIII," which were mandatory for Maypole dancing in my youth. After listening to his "Tom Jones," I am convinced, however, that *they* are his masterpiece. "Tom Jones" is a relic—an easygoing operetta from the first decade of this century, when things like Reginald De Koven's "Robin Hood" and Franz Lehár's "The Merry Widow" were all the rage. It follows the plot of Fielding's novel quite accurately, though some of the bawdiness that would have upset Victorian tastes has been removed. It has a few fairly good numbers, including "Here's a Paradox for Lovers," which is a model of English part writing, and it is full of such mystifying British expressions as "fa-la-la" "hey, derry down," and "merry, merry" this and that. In fact, it is, to quote one of its lines, "blithe and gay"—a tribute to the unshakable optimism of the English. Musically, it is not very distinguished; theatrically, it is mildly amusing, with a great deal of bedding down and chasing here and there. Nowhere do its lyrics achieve the urbanity and wit of W. S. Gilbert's; its fun is strictly innocent. Nevertheless, I enjoyed most of the evening, thanks to the efforts of Sara-Ann Noll as Sophia Western,

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JAZZ RECORDS

Hines for President

WHEN Earl Hines came East from Oakland eight years ago to give his celebrated concerts at the Little Theatre, he was in precarious condition. He had lost favor in much of the jazz world, both because he had been out of sight and mind and because jazz itself had changed a good deal in the decade since he had gone West. Always a supremely confident musician and showman, he had fallen prey to self-doubt; he was, in fact, thinking of quitting music altogether and going into shopkeeping with his wife. But two things put Hines back on his feet: his longtime friend and amanuensis the English critic Stanley Dance, who had kept after him by long-distance telephone and had set up the concerts (in his unobtrusive way, Dance has become a sort of postgraduate John Hammond, shepherding neglected and not-so-neglected swing-era musicians); and the concerts themselves, which, deservedly, received a rousing, risen-from-the-dead response. Within a year or so, Hines' life had turned completely around. He had made half a dozen recordings, he had had a triumphant European tour, and he had appeared at the Newport and Monterey Festivals—occasions that have not always signified musical conquests but that nonetheless are always News. Suddenly, he was everywhere: in night clubs, on television, at festivals, on record after record, at Duke Ellington's seventieth-birthday White House party. But the excitement at having one of the great masters of jazz back in whirling-dervish currency tended to obscure the fact that he was *playing* harder than he ever had and that year by year his style was growing denser and more complex and more exhilarating. No less than five unaccompanied solo recordings recently released—"Hines '65" and "Earl Hines Plays Duke Ellington" (Master Jazz Recordings MJR 8109 and 8114), "Earl Hines at Home" (Delmark DS-212), "My Tribute to Louis" (Audiophile AP 111), and "Quintessential Recording Session: Earl Hines" (Chiaroscuro 101)—document this brilliant growth. Indeed, the "Quintessential" album, supervised, with considerable magic, by Marian McPartland, is one of the great jazz recordings.

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style that Hines first exhibited in the late twenties in Chicago was hidden under Louis Armstrong's bushel. Hines' "trumpet-style" piano, as it was called, was said to be derived almost wholly from Armstrong's playing. But it is now clear that Hines and Armstrong borrowed from each other, and that Hines' style, a fusion of his own genius and what he had absorbed in Pittsburgh, where he grew up, was pretty well formed when he got to Chicago. It was and is an inventive wonder. Unlike such Eastern stride pianists as James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith and Fats Waller, who were still oompahing their way out of the intricate straitjacket of ragtime, Hines was completely fresh. He used free-floating tenths or sudden single-note stabs in his left hand and a mixture of chords and long, single-note lines in his right hand. The stride pianists were locked in seesaw rhythms, but Hines did anything he chose with the beat. He would break up passages with double-time spurts or with out-of-tempo explosions, all the while implying a metronomic beat. And he hand-painted these inventions with subtle and ingenious decorations. He often ended his phrases with little tremolos that had the graceful effect of a vibrato on a vibratoless instrument, and he had a continually undulating sense of dynamics. He would accent the central notes of certain phrases, back away for a measure or two, then underline several more notes, and all of this suggested breezes bellying across flat water. The looseness and joy and humor in his playing were also unprecedented; they signalled a new, hallelujah attack.

Then, over the next twenty years, a variety of things happened to Hines. He became the leader of a succession of good big bands, and his playing, though "featured," took a secondary place. (He told me, "I never considered myself a piano soloist anyway, so I was happy to just take my little eight bars and get off. It's the public that's pushed me out and made me a soloist.") At the same time, a group of masterly admirers began appearing—among them Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson and Mary Lou Williams and Nat Cole and Erroll Garner—and the great originator, obscured by these attentive encircling saplings, no longer seemed as startling and fresh. Even the handful of piano solos he recorded in the thirties and forties sounded discursive and mechanical, as did the random small-band recordings he made throughout the fifties.

Hines will be sixty-seven this year,

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and his late-inning, Henry James renaissance is unequalled in jazz history. (Other venerable musicians, such as Pee Wee Russell and Red Allen, turned in marvellous, new-look last decades, but they were younger when they did.) Hines' resurgence is indeed Jamesian, for his style has become involuted, rococo, and subtle to the point of elusiveness. It unfolds in orchestral layers, and its continual surprises demand intense listening. Despite the sheer mass of notes he now uses, his playing is never big-mouth or fatty. Indeed, he implies far more than he states. Hines may go along like this in a medium-tempo blues: He will play the first two choruses softly and out of tempo, unreeling spacious, placid chords that hold the kernel of the melody safely in their midst. By the third chorus, he will have eased into a steady beat—a beat, albeit, shielded by thick glass—and raised his volume. Then, using steady tenths in his left hand, he will stamp out a whole chorus of right-hand chords in between beats. He will suddenly vault into the upper register in the next chorus and wind rapidly through irregularly placed hammered-silver notes, while his left hand plays gentle, descending, on-the-beat chords that pass easily through a forest of harmonic changes. (There are so many extraordinary push-me-pull-you contrasts going on in such a chorus that it is impossible to grasp it one time through.) In the next chorus—bang!—up goes the volume again, and Hines breaks into a crazy-legged double-time-and-a-half run that may make several sweeps up and down the keyboard and that are punctuated by jabbing, off-beat single notes in the left hand. The lights get even brighter, and he will throw in several fast descending two-fingered glissandos (fat boys tearing down a slide), go into an arhythmic swirl of jagged chords and short, broken runs, and, as abruptly as he began it all, ease into

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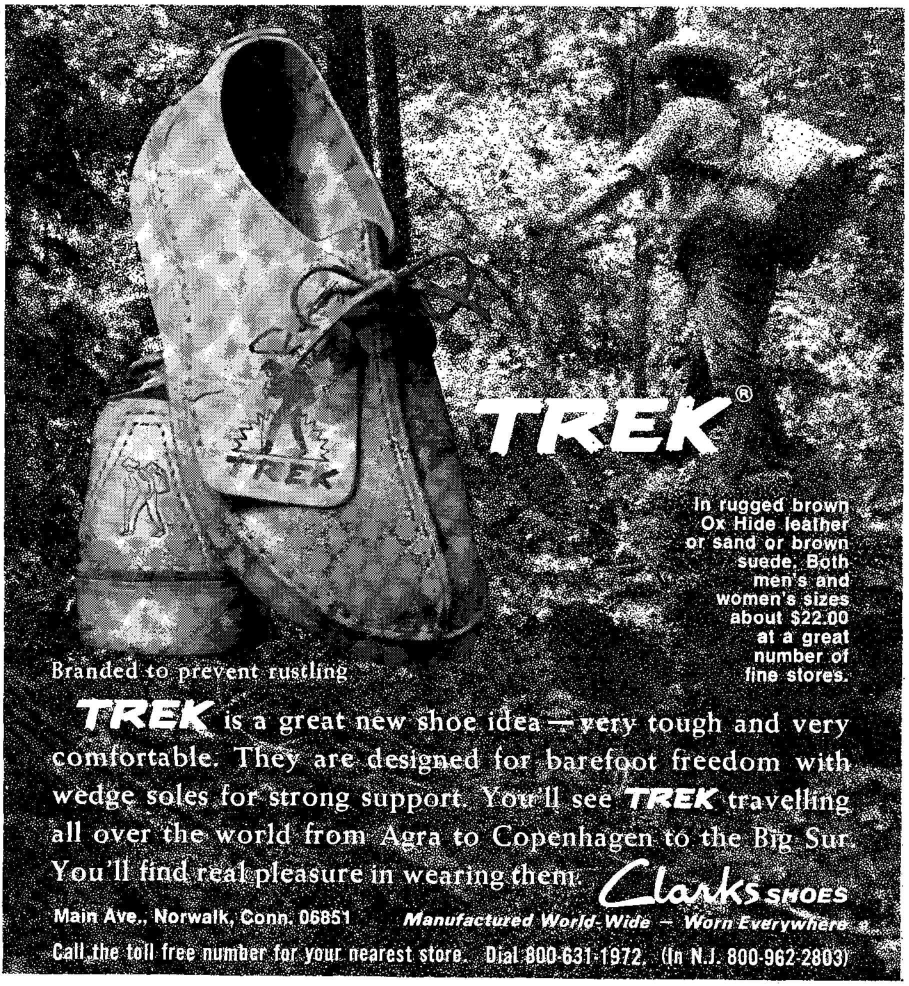

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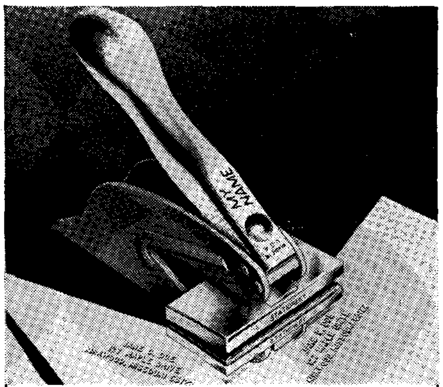

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an interlude of relaxed chords and poling single notes. But these choruses, which may be followed by eight or ten more before Hines has finished what he has to say, are irresistible in other ways. Each is a complete creation in itself, and yet each is lashed tightly to the next. Hines' sudden changes in dynamics, tempo, and texture are dramatic but not melodramatic; the ham lurking in the middle distance never gets any closer. And Hines, in a way I find unique, is a perfervid pianist; he gives the impression that he has shut himself up completely within his instrument, that he is issuing his chords and runs and glisses not merely through its keyboard and hammers and strings but directly from its soul.

MOST of the Hines records at hand are full of these beauties. The main exception is "Hines '65." It was made in London when Hines was still reconstituting himself, and it has a static, I-wish-I-could-get-going quality. There are traces of the mechanical mid-period Hines and strong suggestions of what is to come, but the crossing-over is not yet complete. It is good Ph.D. stuff. The four other records, made within the past two years or so, are the new Hines. "Earl Hines at Home" is of particular interest, for it was recorded in his living room on a fantastic Steinway built in 1904 and given to him by the executive editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The instrument has the wise sound of seasoned first-rate pianos, and it is obvious that Hines relishes every tone. Listen to his slow reading of that moon-eyed ballad from the early forties called "You'll Never Know." Hines makes a stately rhapsody out of it, padding around richly and comfortably in the lower registers—a series of distant booms—and then leaping into the highest octave, where the notes are round and alabaster. Hines is again at a superior Steinway in the "My Tribute to Louis" album. (The recording company carted the piano seventy miles across Wisconsin from Madison to Milwaukee, where the record was made twelve days after Armstrong's death.) He was meditating on his old colleague, for there are two affecting versions of "When It's Sleepy Time Down South"—the first bravura and rumbling and the second wistful and sad. There is a scattershot "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," and a wild, springing "A Kiss to Build a Dream On." The "Hines Plays Ellington" album is, barring two selections, an interesting instance of an improviser's being buffaloed by Ellington's sheer melodic strength as a composer. In "Sophisticated Lady," "Warm Valley," and "Come Sunday," Hines attempts to turn the melodies into his own channels. But they won't move, and he ends up encasing them in flourishes and embellishments—like Colonial houses engulfed in gingerbread trimmings. "C Jam Blues" and "Mood Indigo" are different. Both are free, plunging Hines; listen, in particular, to the opening and closing sections of "Mood Indigo," in which he coasts along out of tempo, developing a set of chords whose philosophical harmonies Ellington himself would admire. The "Quintessential Recording Session" album is precisely that. Hines reworks all eight of the tunes he set down on the famous 1928 QRS sides, and, unlike the revisions of their early work that elderly authors indulge in (Henry James's eccentric New York edition of his novels), each one of these is a masterpiece. Note how he drifts sidewise into "A Monday Date," and how, through a gradually rising volume and more and more complex figures, he eventually constructs a labyrinthine castle of sound; how, in the opening section of "Chimes in Blues," he plays a series of belling, delicate out-of-tempo chords that drift by like puffballs; how the very fast "Chicago High Life" nonetheless gives the effect of slow motion; and how the harmonies in "Off Time Blues" continually flex and unflex, changing back and forth from triads to cumbrous flatted ninths. The recording, with its knotted intensity, its imaginative brilliance, and its richness and control, appears to be a climactic achievement. But Hines may fool us again.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

A University of Rochester professor, John R. Huizenga, has been elected 1972 chairman of the American Chemical Society's Division of Nuclear Chemistry and Technology. Huizenga won an Atomic Energy Award in 1966 for his nuclear and cosmic science research. his pants pocket, and ran off.
—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

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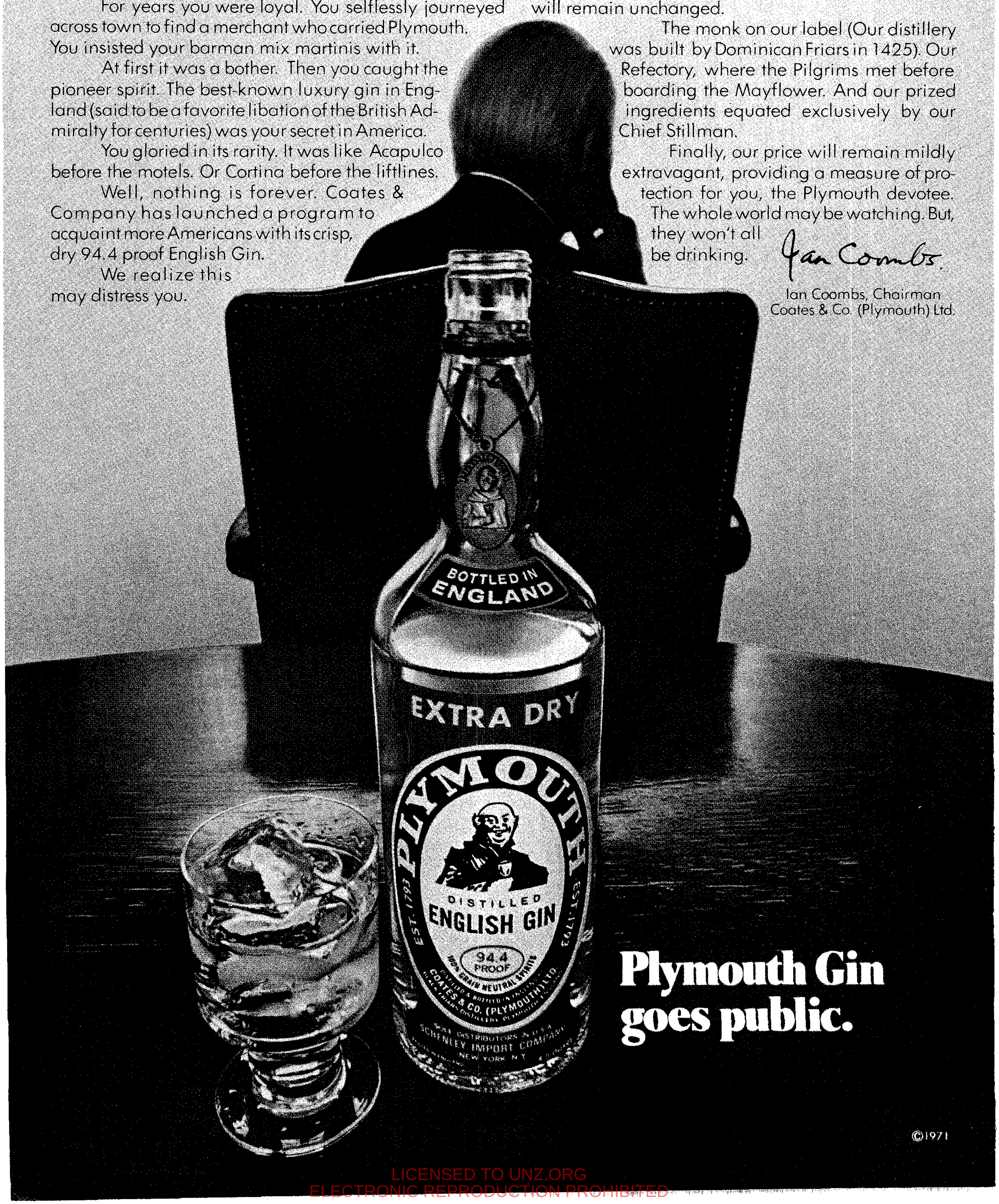
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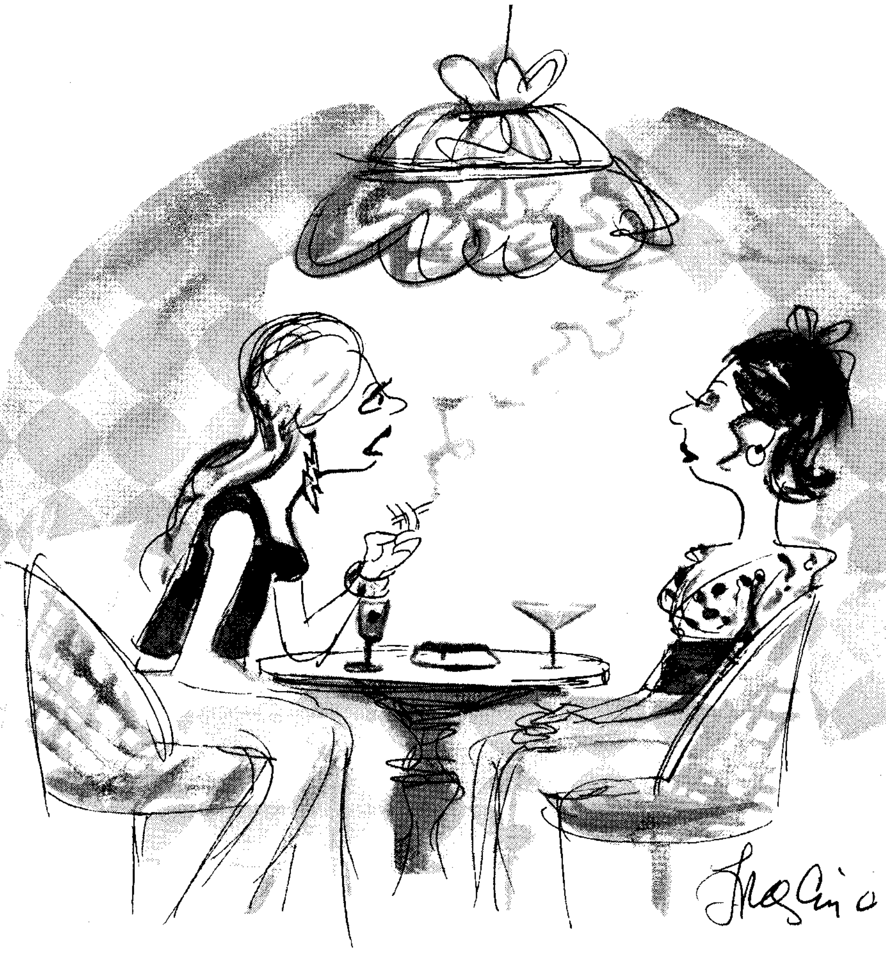
BOOKS

Commentary on a Glommentary

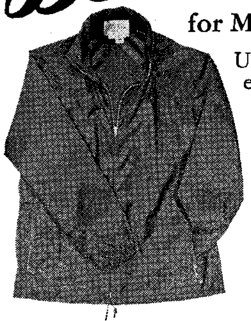
THE late Charles Abrams was an unusual, and useful, kind of American, an unlikely combination of hardheaded professionalism and softhearted imagination. He was a hybrid, by Adam Smith out of Fourier, a Robert McNamara with vision, and guts, but his closest historical ancestor was Robert Owen. Robert Owen, the Welsh millowner who, in the bleak dawn of the industrial revolution, treated the "hands" at his New Lanark textile works as complete persons, admitting them into a share of the profits (that there *were* profits, that he made idealism pay, was especially irritating to his businesslike competitors), who instigated the Factory Act of 1819, founded utopian communities in America, preached socialism, coöperation, and non-violence, and was a consistent traitor to his class throughout his long life; and Charles Abrams, the Jewish slum kid from Williamsburg who became a lawyer (what else?), made his pile in the rough-and-tumble Manhattan real-estate game, and then "switched from the profit to the prophet motive" (he was addicted to puns) and devoted himself to bucking the system on behalf of the underdog (end runs rather than confrontational drives through center were his style). In the thirties it was as counsel to Mayor LaGuardia's Housing Authority; in the forties as a muckraking writer for the *Post* ("Moses—or Houses?" was typical) and a chronic pain in the corporate neck of Metropolitan Life, which had built Stuyvesant Town with financial assistance from the city (and Robert Moses' blessing) and then refused to accept Negro tenants—a double play Abrams thought immoral, and which he finally helped persuade the State Legislature, in 1950, to declare at least illegal; in the fifties as Governor Harriman's rent administrator and as chairman of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination; in the sixties as perhaps the most celebrated and certainly the most globe-trotting housing consultant to the United Nations as well as a professor of urbanology (as he called it; he liked neologisms for the same reason he delighted in puns—because he loved words) at Columbia, M.I.T., Pennsylvania, Harvard.

Like Owen, Abrams conducted his campaigns against the Establishment from the strong position of an insider. His operations were on a much smaller ideological scale; everything like that is smaller now, probably because the materialistic scale is so much larger. Owen began with guerrilla raids, but the grandly hopeful spirit of his age soon pushed him into a full-dress campaign to replace the entire existing social order with an ideal one. By "ideal" he meant "sensible," as when he ended "The World a Great Lunatic Asylum," in the first issue of *Robert Owen's Journal*, November 2, 1850, "To change this lunatic asylum into a rational world will be the work to be accomplished by this journal." Abrams shared Owen's faith in reason and his assumption that the trouble with the status quo was that it just didn't make sense, but his utopianism never got beyond the guerrilla stage. It was a modest, kitchen-garden affair compared to the grandiose landscaping of Owen and Fourier and Saint-Simon. Or Marx-Engels, who dismissed the visions of the others as "Utopian Socialism" compared to their own, which were solidly based on Science, Historical Materialism, and The Dialectic, and which now appear, if intentions are matched against results, as optimistically insubstantial as the Fourierist experiments at Brook Farm, Massachusetts, and Red Bank, New Jersey, or the Owenite one at New Harmony, Indiana—and considerably less harmless.

Abrams' deficiency in ideological sweep I attribute to a superabundance of common sense plus a feeling for the *Zeitgeist*. Common sense is a liability in periods of radical change—"revolutionary situations," we Trotskyists used to call them in the thirties, when sugarplum visions danced in our heads of a new edition of 1776, 1789, and 1917—but an asset in the unrevolutionary doldrums he lived in and we still do. The analogue to Robespierre and Lenin today, if, again, results rather than intentions are considered, is not Mark Rudd but Ralph Nader. Rudd's cop-fighting, bomb-making Weathermen have vanished underground, romantic



"So I asked him point-blank to marry me, and do you know what he said? He said 'No.' Not 'You're a sweet girl, and I like you a lot, but I just don't think I'm right for you,' or anything like that. Just 'No.' What a sicky!"



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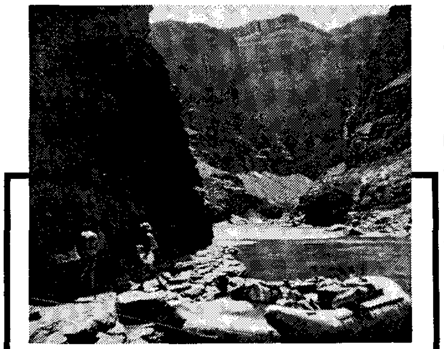

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outlaws in a prosaic age, so ineffectual that their one known fatal outrage blew up only themselves. But Nader's Raiders, bourgeois law-school types who throw subpoenas and explode press releases, are changing things above ground quite effectively.

IN the last years of his life, Charlie Abrams—can't think of him as "Charles," still less as "Professor" or "Commissioner," and even "Mr." sounds too formal for a distinguished but undignified old party (in England he would have been a lifetime peer, Lord Williamsburg) who greeted female dinner guests "Hiya, baby!"—devoted his spare time, when he wasn't teaching or U.N.-travelling, to a work in which he tried to sum up his long and intimate experience with cities. I think he succeeded—with the assistance of Robert Kolodny, a younger colleague at Columbia—and that this labor of love, published as "The Language of Cities: A Glossary of Terms" (Viking), does for its subject what Fowler's "Modern English Usage" did for its, which is quite a lot. Like Fowler's compendium, "The Language of Cities" is a reference work that can be browsed in with pleasure. It is both readable and authoritative, freshly personal and solidly expert, the product of someone with an energetically wide-ranging mind so familiar with the subject, because of long immersion, that he feels freely at home, as in his own living room, and so can venture lengthy divagations that at first glance seem whimsically self-indulgent but at second glance seem to the significant point. The publishers have provided a handsome format—wide margins, elegantly modern typography—that invites such non-utilitarian reading. The title is accurate and euphonious, but I wish they had been a little more daring (and more respectful of Charlie's wishes) and had replaced "Glossary" with the neologism he invented to describe his last work: "Glommentary," a portmanteau word that neatly combines "glossary" with "commentary," expressing very well the peculiar objective-subjective mixture that distinguishes the book. Besides, it's a rich, resounding word—dense, mysterious, redolent of arcane scholarship. A pity to lose it before it was born.

I have another complaint, one that applies to most American books today: the painful contrast between the jacket, or dust cover, and the binding it (fortunately) conceals. The jacket, as usual, is attractive, ingenious, sophisticated in design, and the product of thought

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and taste; it is also—as a sales poster to compete, visually, in bookstores—functional. The binding, as usual, too, is tacky, perfunctory, and unfunctional. Needlessly big, dramatic white lettering sprawls down the black spine (needless because few purchasers are prurient enough to lift the jacket and inspect the naked binding before buying), and sprawls *sidewise*, for God's sake, because only thus can such huge type be accommodated—a designer's practical joke, which is giving habitual users of library stacks (libraries must, for utilitarian reasons, remove the jacket) a permanent list to starboard known as scholar's neck. The cover, in a pathetic effort at variety, is a muddy maroon, and on it is stamped Charlie's unimpressive, schoolboyish signature—a perfunctory stab at instant individuality that has become a banality in the designing of book covers. (In frankly commercial circles, it's called "personalizing.") Why this aesthetic superiority of jacket over binding today? I'd guess that the jacket is the sales poster, and our publishers care about sales, while the binding is the book, and our publishers . . .

Of Charlie Abrams' many books, "The Language of Cities" is the most interesting, basic, and likely to endure, yet it has sold less than five thousand copies after a year. One would think the libraries alone would account for more than that. Nor has it been reviewed as extensively as one might expect, considering its author's reputation, its importance, and its originality. In fact, it has hardly been reviewed at all. The professional journals gave it some play, but I've found only two reviews of any length in the lay press: *Book World* and the *Wall Street Journal*. This paucity of reviews may explain the book's failure to sell, but what explains the paucity? I have three guesses. (1) Dictionaries are hard to review: too broad a scope, too much varied learning for one critic to handle, and where's the plot line, the thesis, the message, the topical nub? I suspect many editors just couldn't find reviewers who came through. (2) Its very originality may have worked against it with buyers—and reviewers. Anything new is always offputting and upsetting. Cf. the initial sales (and the reviews) of Melville's "Moby Dick" and, a century later, James Agee's "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men." (3) "The worst of the urban crisis is that everyone is getting bored with it," Wolf Von Eckardt begins his discerning review in *Book World*, his point being that the lethally dull and inexpressive sociologese

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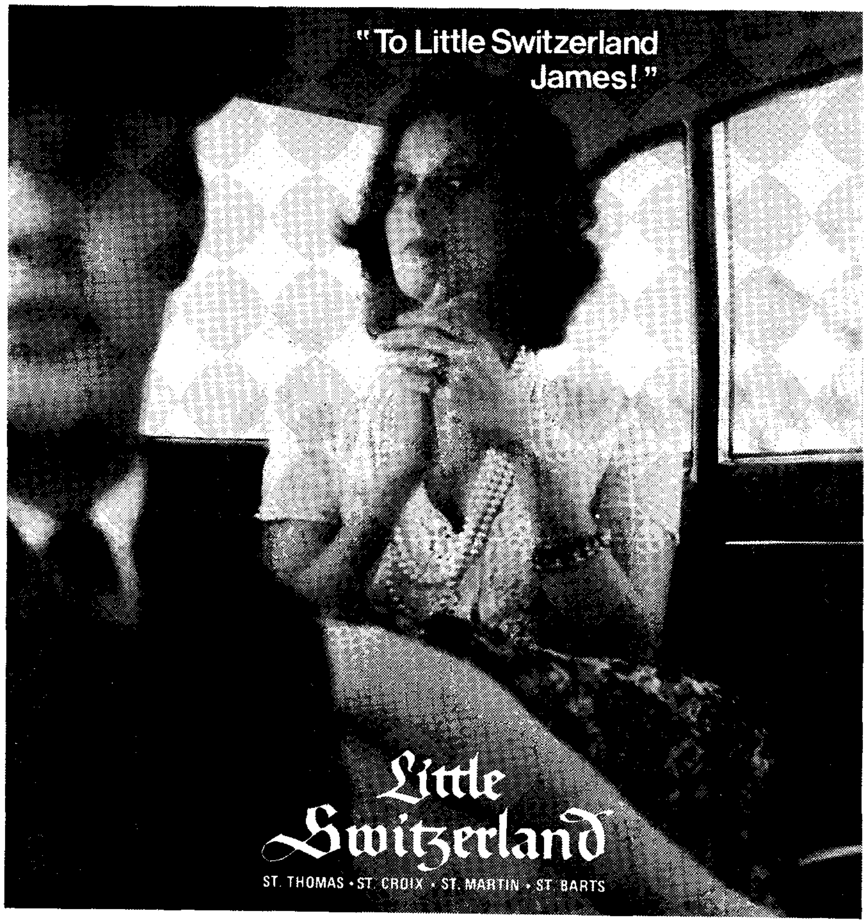
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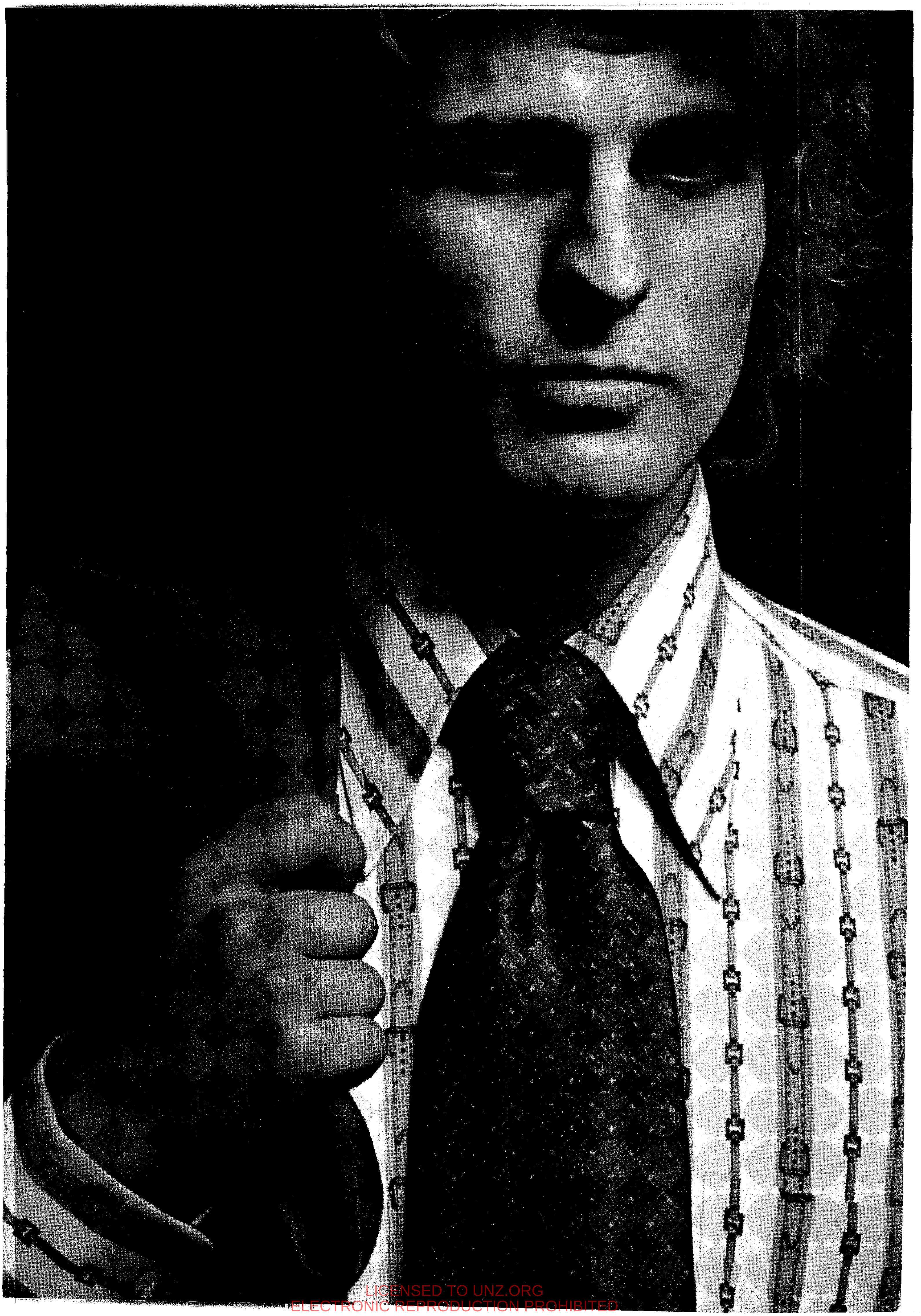

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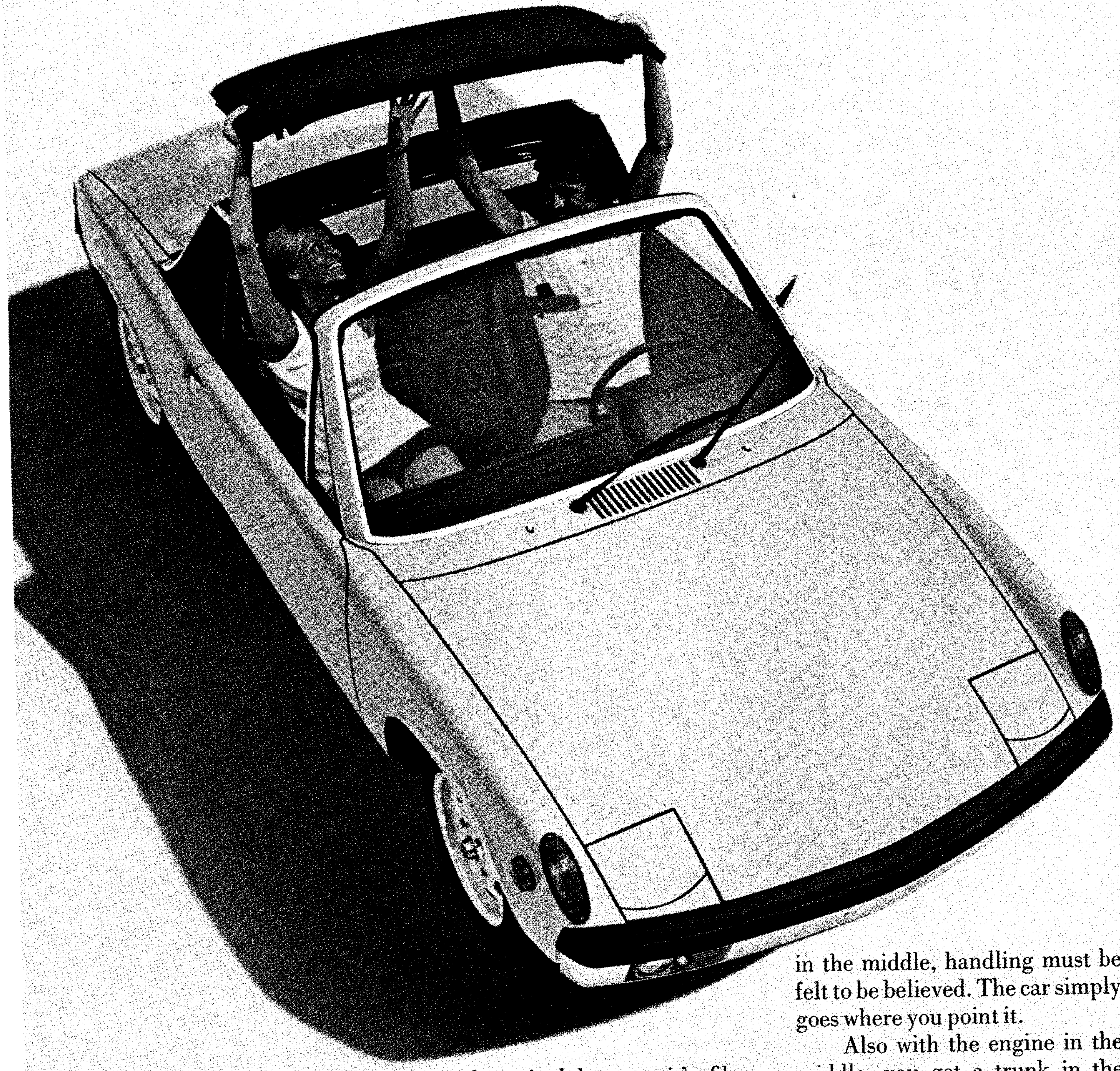

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developed by urbanological experts is a language that "not only corrupts ours but also numbs our interest in their problems." Charlie's lingo—everyday, standard English, used with precision and a few twists—he hails with the desperate joy of a desert wanderer sighting water at last. It's not a mirage, and let's hope it's not too late. The reading public, and the reviewers, are about to get another chance: Avon Books is bringing out a paperback edition.

THERE are almost six hundred entries in "The Language of Cities;" i.e., that many terms are glommented on, alphabetically. Speaking as a lay expert on cities (I've lived in our biggest ever since I was born, in 1906, at Riverside Drive and 121st Street—a concerned layman, you might say), these entries seem useful to the general reader, me, in several ways:

I. *They combine qualities rarely combined by encyclopedists since Diderot or lexicographers since Dr. Johnson:* (*a*) *concision,* (*b*) *expertness,* (*c*) *imagination, and* (*d*) *wit.*

The first entry, ABANDONMENT, happens to display these qualities. Let me parse it:

(a) "The relinquishment of ownership and control of property. Property may be abandoned because there are no heirs to claim it or because the owner no longer wants it." Elegantly concise—a simple definition of a simple concept. Or so one thinks until Charlie roughs it up with some curious data:

(b) "Desertion of real property is occurring at an alarming rate in a number of American cities due to vandalism of vacant units, lack of neighborhood safety, and inadequacy of the profit margin. Parts of New York City's Brownsville, East New York, and South Bronx look as if they have been bombed, with an estimated four thousand to five thousand buildings . . . vacant and abandoned in 1968. Among the structures are perfectly sound, solid elevator buildings built to modern standards in the nineteen-twenties. The owners simply stopped collecting rents and disappeared from the scene."

But it's more complicated than that: (c) "Abandoning personal property is easier than abandoning a building. Real property carries with it responsibilities. They cannot be 'surrendered' unless there is someone to accept the surrender, and the city will not always assume the responsibility. Nor is the mortgagee usually willing to foreclose, for he thereby assumes the penalties for not keeping a building in repair."

The entry ends with a typical flick

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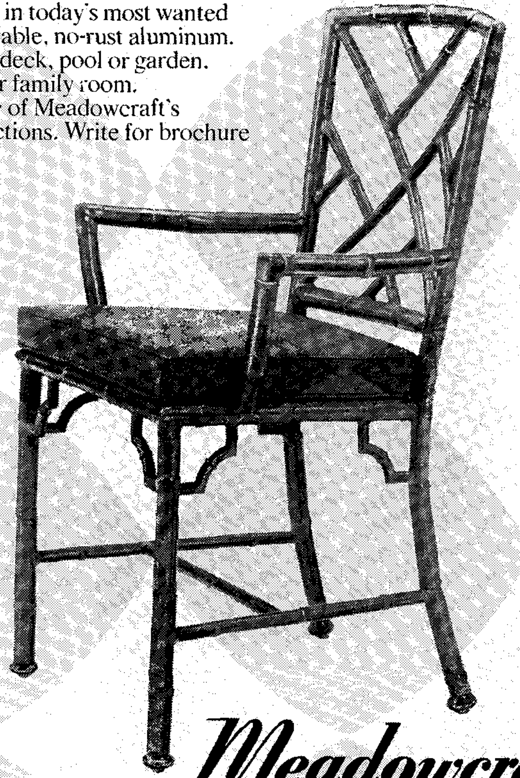

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of wit: (d) "In this sense, abandonment of real estate can be compared to abandonment of a wife—the obligations continue; one cannot 'abandon with abandon.' "

II. *They define (i.e., "set limits to," the literal meaning of the Latin "definire") the big subjects by breaking them down into subdivisions that can be more conveniently surveyed.*

There are twenty-four big subjects (two pages or more), from ARCHITECTURE to ZONING. That the longest (over five pages) are CITY, HOUSING, LAND, TAX, and URBAN is what might be expected; like its compiler, Charlie's glommentary is centric first, eccentric second—a good second. His practical, businesslike mind-set means that TAX gets seven pages to CITY's six, and that MORTGAGE ties with ARCHITECTURE at four pages each. But his extra-business (and equally practical) alter ego promotes to big-subject status such unlikely recruits as POLICE POWER, RIOT, SOCIALISM, and SQUATTER. It also infects many a page with gratuitous, off-key grace notes of imagination.

The two longest subjects, HOUSING and LAND, begin with laconic definitions ("shelter inhabited by man," "the solid portion of the earth's surface") which exfoliate into twenty-one and twenty subdivisions, respectively, including LANDLORD: "The presence of 'lord' in the word was prestigious in England but out of tune in the United States. . . . Today it carries a disparaging note, and landlords prefer to call themselves owners, builders, etc. . . . 'Slumlord' has now won its way into the language. Landlord was once a figure of speech for God ('the great Landlord')."

CITY's six pages include CITY, FLOATING, which conflates Buckminster Fuller's parascientific fantasies with prescientific realities in Hong Kong and on the Amazon. Also with Neolithic lake dwellings: "The Neolithic Houses built on stilts were provided with pitched roofs, walls plastered with clay, fireplaces, and porches. They measured seven hundred and fifty square feet, which would meet F.H.A. specifications, and if built in Miami today could rent for fifteen hundred dollars per season."

The master definition of COMMUNITY has a typical Charliean, or Carlist, ending—he tends to finish strong, permitting himself, after he has conscientiously served up the meat and potatoes, a ruminative *bonne bouche* for dessert: "Community, finally, is that mythical state of social wholeness in which each

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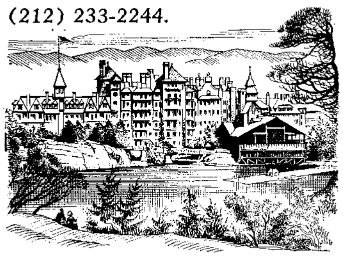

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member has his place and in which life is regulated by coöperation rather than by competition and conflict. It has had brief and intermittent flowerings through history but always seems to be in decline at any given historical present. Thus community is that which each generation feels it must rediscover and re-create." This brief passage displays the four cardinal virtues noted above: concision, expertise, imagination, and wit. I don't see how it could be improved on.

PLANNER's five pages are one entry (by far the longest), with twenty paragraphs, each about one species of the genus, including such exotica as The Advocacy Planner, "a recent specialist who represents the interests of a neighborhood or local group in any public action affecting it. . . . His idealistic approach is admirable, but his sense of realism and his biases should be carefully weighed against his experience." Which tepid words of wisdom ought to be, but won't be, carefully weighed by the followers of Brother Baraka, *ci-devant* LeRoi Jones, of Newark, New Jersey.

SOCIALISM (two pages, twice as long as CAPITALISM—hmm!) begins judiciously ("a word of many meanings"), runs through them magisterially (Christian, Fabian, Utopian, Marxian, Guild, State, and Municipal—the last of which he unaccountably fails to note was also called, less reverently, Sewer Socialism, as in Bridgeport and Milwaukee), continues with a closely reasoned page on the actual historical meanings to actual persons of this noble abstraction, and ends judiciously, "The issue . . . is not whether there should be socialism or capitalism, but socialism for whom? *Cui Bono?*" The Carlist motto is *Cui Bono?* The Carlist coat of arms is a question mark rampant, gules, on a field of gold, crossed by a bar sinister, or left deviation. The Carlist house flag is the Jolly Roger with cap & bells superimposed on skull & bones.

The fifteen subdivisions under TAX include a full page on TAX, SINGLE, a sympathetic critique of Henry George's one-shot solution to capitalism's problems that was once in the running with Marx's. The exposition seemed crystal clear, but I couldn't grasp the theory any more firmly than when I wrestled with it thirty years ago. I just can't believe that a tax on *land*, for goodness' sake, could be that important. I'm a city boy.

The longest of the seventeen subdivisions of URBAN is a brilliant two-and-a-half-page essay on URBAN RE-

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NEWAL. One sentence has a special resonance for me: "Glasgow's formula in 1866 was virtually the same as the modern American version: the whole of the ancient town was rebuilt by a program under which Parliament not only authorized purchase and demolition of slum property . . . but sold the property to private parties for rebuilding." This explains why, of all the British cities I've visited, Glasgow was the most depressing—and I include Manchester, which was no Venice, either, but slightly less dismal than Glasgow. It has been said that "getting drunk is the quickest way of getting out of Manchester," but escaping Glasgow would take more than liquor. The ancient high-rise slums of Edinburgh, a scandal in Boswell's day, are gloomy and grimy, but they have a ramshackle dignity because they were built by people, not planners. Disorderly squalor is less dispiriting than the mean, antiseptic order the Victorian planners imposed upon central Glasgow on assumptions that doubtless seemed as "advanced" in their time as those that sustain our own urban demolitionists.

III. *The entries answer questions of terminology I've been curious about and introduce unfamiliar terms I find useful and—uh—relevant.*

I knew what EMINENT DOMAIN means but not why the adjective: "It is an attribute of sovereignty and is eminent in the sense that it is paramount." The cross-references to CONDEMNATION, CONFISCATION, and EXPROPRIATION distinguish between the practical applications of the theory with precise information that indignant editorialists should consult before they indignate. The reader is advised to follow up the cross-references, by the way. They are useful and minimal, not the usual academic LEAFRAKING ("wasteful labor").

ATTIC derives from Attica, of course, but it is interesting to follow the history connecting Phidias's temple to Chatterton's garret.

ENTAIL I knew from nineteenth-century English novels—O Entail, what crimes were committed in thy name!—and I was relieved to learn that our founding fathers had limited it to "two lives in being." Jolly democratic!

ADVERSE POSSESSION might be useful to know about if you're a very patient rip-off artist and if your victim is very absentminded. It seems that *if* you have "a basis of claim," however tenuous, or "a color of right," however pale, to a property, *and if* you

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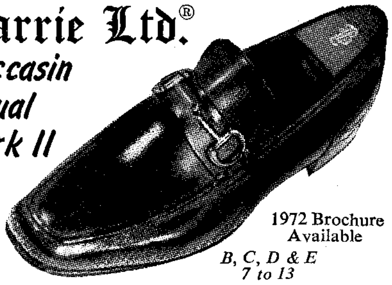

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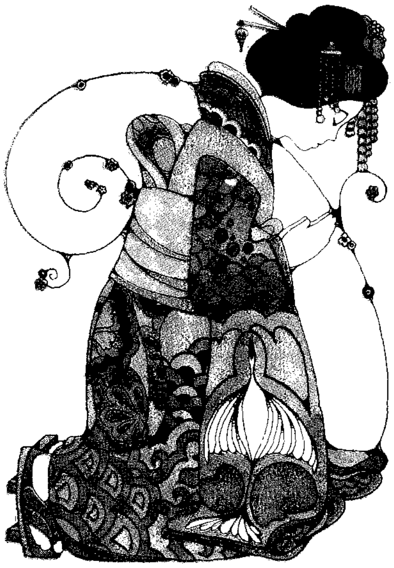

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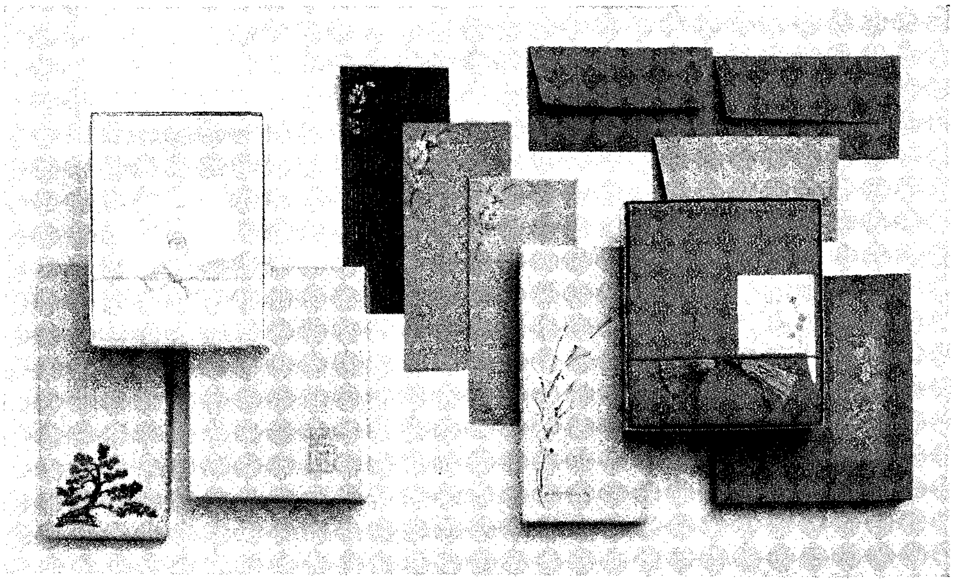

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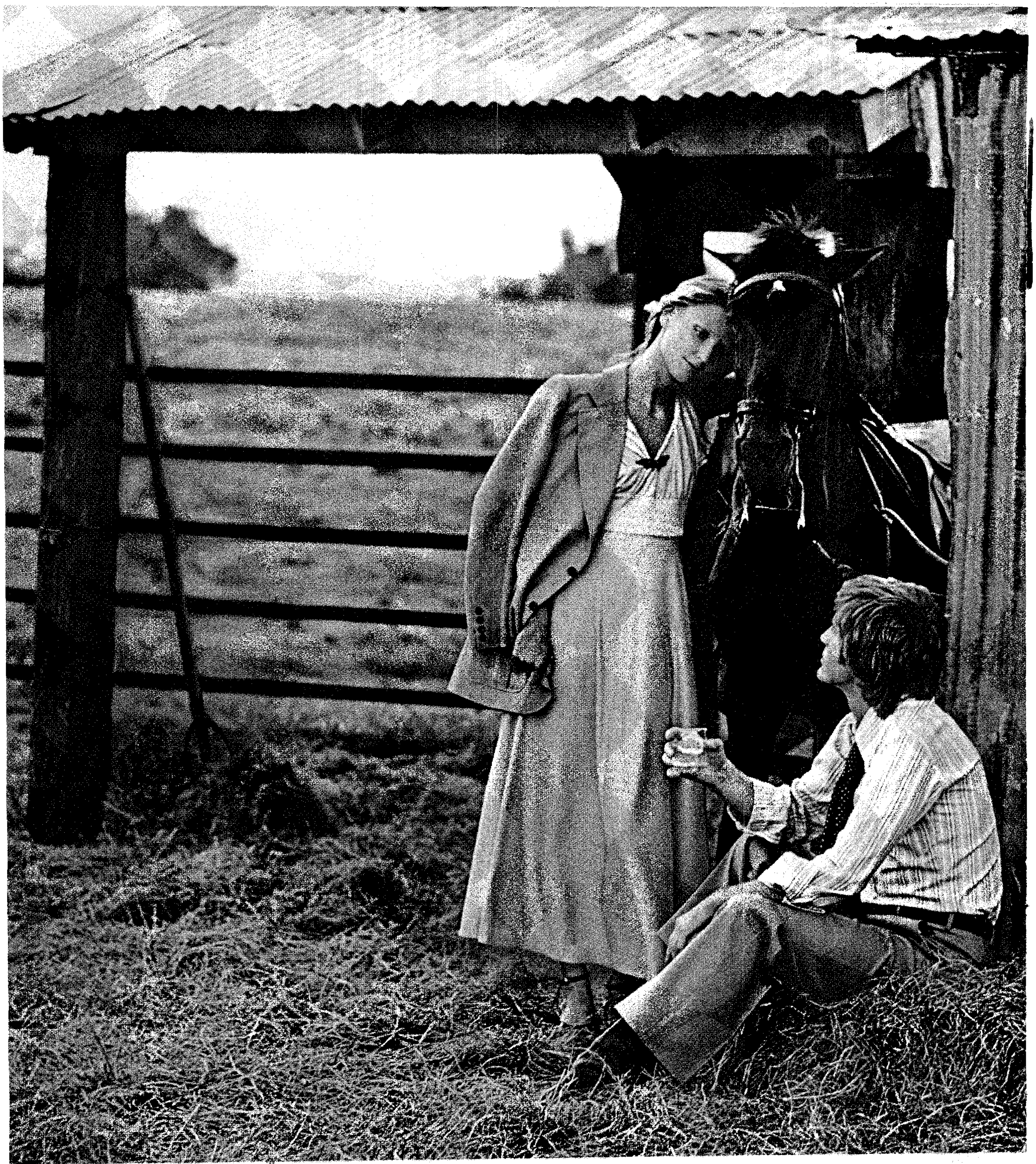

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have occupied it for "a prescribed number of years," *and if* the owner hasn't objected, *and if* he hasn't, on the other hand, consented (which means he can withdraw his permission later), *then* it's yours. An unlikely conjunction, one might think, but it must happen sometimes, else why are there legal ground rules about it? As Balzac demonstrated, in eighteen volumes, property makes men behave strangely.

JERRY-BUILDING "has no connection with anyone named Jerry or his building firm, but was probably derived from 'jury,' meaning 'for temporary use,' usually in an emergency." I now understand those "jury-rigged" rudders and masts in sea tales. They always baffled me because I tried to connect them with the only "jury" I knew—did the crew take a vote? Our author doesn't go into the etymology, but I looked it up—even the omissions are stimulating—and found two unrelated Latin roots: the law-court "jury" is from "*jurare*," "to swear," while "jury-rigged" comes from "*adjutare*," "to help." A willful, untamable language, ours, whimsically recalcitrant about rules and unimpressed by lawgivers in the Académie Française style, who would have sorted out such absurd confusions. But not even the clear minds and strong wills of Dean Swift and Dr. Johnson were able, though each tried mightily, to reduce English to a sensible language like French. So both "jury"s persist, with "jerry" adding his Bronx cheer.

I knew what "BLUE-SKY" LAWS are but not why: "from a remark by the proponent of the first such law in Kansas (1911), who warned that some land companies sought to 'capitalize the blue skies.' "

FRONT MONEY I should have guessed: "The money an applicant for a government project must show to demonstrate his ability to proceed. . . . (See SEED MONEY.)" Which is Carlistically defined as "the initial nominal capital required to sow a building operation. . . . Like seed, [it] is small and its anticipated fruit is profit."

BOYCOTT, GERRYMANDER, and BOONDOGGLING I already knew (though I wish we'd been given the etymology of the last, which has always puzzled me; "*moon*doggling," yes, dogs baying at the moon, hence lunatic enterprises, but what's a *boon*dog and why is he a metaphor for make-work?) and I guessed HAUSSMANNIZATION and BRONXIFICATION ("term of contempt, embracing not only the people of the Bronx—Jews, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Negroes, etc.—but also the

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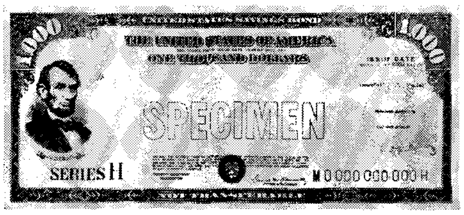

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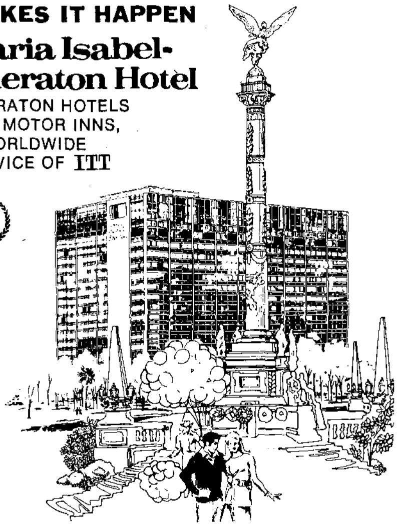

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dense and uninspired structures that housed them").

The meaning of COVENANT, AESOPIAN (an agreement between property owners "legal on its face but . . . actually designed to exclude people of certain races and colors" and now illegal, thanks partly to the author's efforts) I deduced from my Trotskyist period; we knew that "Aesopian language" was a style used by politically disaffected writers under the czars (and Stalin) in which the meaning was not in the lines but between them.

A CADASTRE is "a register of a nation's real property with details on each parcel's area, owner, and value." Unlikely I'll ever need CADASTRE, but, like Carroll's White Knight, I want to be prepared against all contingencies, including shark bites, hiving bees, and U.N. parleys. It's a U.N. kind of word: "Don't you agree, Nigel (or Tino or Jomo or Sven), that a thorough cadastre of Upper Ghana and lower Upper Volta—in depth, of course—might move the border dispute off the pin? I mean seriously. I mean it's worth trying." But why no reference in the entry to William the Conqueror's Domesday Book, the super and/or *ur* cadastre, the first and only historically important one? . . . I had got this far before I caught up the other day, in my disorderly files, with "A Tip from the Conqueror," by Judith Younger, in the *Nation* of March 3, 1969, which reports on a land census about to be conducted in the Soviet Union—"the Russians call it a *cadastre*"—on the Conqueror's model: "Draft Principles of Land Legislation" was its official title, a stylistic comedown from "Domesday Book." Whether they went through with it and, if they did, what the findings were I don't know—not important, I'm sure. William's cadastrian census-takers I'd trust more than the Politburo's, for historical reasons: less pressure on them to cook the books, because the bureaucratic apparatus was less progressively articulated. In any case, CADASTRE is a term more current than I'd thought.

TORRENS SYSTEM is "a system for registering titles, the marketability of which is then guaranteed by the government," that was introduced in 1857 by Sir Robert Torrens in South Australia. It has spread to "a number of states in the United States," but not, alas, to New York, as I know because I had to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for an otiose, supererogatory, BOONDOGGLING, and LEAFRAKING "title search" into the ancient history of the half acre of land I have lately bought in East Hampton—a title no-

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body except maybe the Shinnecock Indians had ever questioned. As our realistic author explains, "In the United States, title-guaranty companies . . . look with competitive disfavor at Torrens titles." I daresay.

IV. *The entries cover territory most* URBANOLOGISTS (*"one who claims to be an expert on the woes of the urban problem and professes to have the answers" is the subacid definition*) *wouldn't dream of including in a reference work: the human context that urbanologists should, but rarely do, put first.* (*The only exceptions I can think of are Jane Jacobs and Lewis Mumford.*) *Many entries wouldn't be there at all in a less sensibly idiosyncratic glommentary, and the treatment of standard entries is constantly roughed up by relevant irrelevancies in the Carlist style.*

HIPPIES gets a full page Abbie Hoffman could accept; it praises their ethic of "living, loving, and sharing" and their creative use of city streets as theatres for it. "Perhaps someday urban renewal will be more broadly defined," it ends, "not simply as the demolition of buildings, but the renewal of the human spirit, the provision of space for social assemblage."

"In ordinary usage a midday meal," LUNCH begins, "but in entrepreneurial language a vital urban institution in which contacts are made firm . . . information obtained, and differences ironed out." It ends, "The paucity of decent restaurants for the stenographers *et al.* has begun to worry downtown planners . . . though little evidence of corrective action has yet appeared." Our author is, as usual, sensitive to the needs of top *and* bottom dogs.

NOISE gets almost two pages of data and ruminations; the definition from which they grow is laconic and, I think, unimprovable: "Sound without value."

STREET begins soberly—"a public way leading from the house to the world outside"—but then gets down to Carlist business: "In American cities the street is the palatinate of the automobile, but in the older cities of the world, particularly in Asia, it is the mass dining room . . . the display room for wares, the social meeting place and the recreational outlet . . . and a theatre of action. . . . In Europe and in a few older cities in the United States the street is still respected." It concludes with a placatory recognition of our city planners' problems with STREET but also a suggestion that they be more imaginative in their solutions: "It is inefficient for its many new tasks but still

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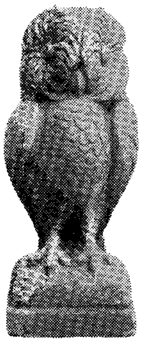

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vital; it is often exasperating but it is a way of life." A balanced, humanistic appraisal. Quite a contrast to Procrustean bulldozers (dozing bulls?) like the superannuated Mr. Moses or the unhappily still vigorous Mr. Edward J. Logue, who, having masterfully messed up Boston, is now applying his ominous energies to our neck of the woods: "New York's Mr. Urban Renewal" was the title of a respectful Profile in the New York *Times Magazine* of March 1, 1970.

The entry on SLUM warns against "emphasis on physical conditions" as the sole criterion, pointing out that Watts, though "physically sturdy," is a slum because it is isolated from the rest of Los Angeles by poor public transportation. But this entry oddly fails to develop the converse: that a district may be physically squalid but socially viable if its inhabitants feel themselves a community. The omission is odd because Charlie grew up in such a slum that wasn't really a slum—Williamsburg. According to Bernard Taper's Profile in *The New Yorker* (February 4 and 11, 1967), Charlie didn't know he was a product of the slums until 1933, when, as counsel for LaGuardia's Housing Authority, "he was called upon to draw up a legal definition of a slum area and . . . it dawned on him that the definition fitted his own old home and neighborhood perfectly." And there was the walking tour of the lower East Side around Houston Street he once took me on; he was a great city walker (see the full-page entry on PEDESTRIAN, and don't miss the cross-reference to STREETWALKER). I remember his delight in the raucous street life and his knowledge of the neighborhoods, as easily intimate as was an old-style English vicar's of his parish, and the smoked whitefish we bought at a garish, bustling delicatessen, like a Dickensian oyster house, that everybody knew was the right place for smoked whitefish, and his running commentary, modulating between alarm and contempt, on a then current threat to urban-renew all this shabby, lively disorder into clean, well-lighted housing projects. On rereading the SLUM entry, I find he did get in "The word 'slum' is a piece of cant" and "Abhorrence of slums has often led to reckless destruction and . . . severe housing shortages." Good, but not good enough for him.

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One is recorded in the preface to "The Language of Cities": "I paid a visit to my old friend Louis Winnick of the Ford Foundation, which had previously helped me complete two other studies, and made a modest request to enable me to defray the cost of a research assistant and stenographer. To my consternation Winnick rejected my proposal but proposed a four-hundred-thousand-dollar grant instead. What he evidently wanted was a 'project' entailing the hiring of a team of scholars for the production of a definitive urban dictionary—authentic, scholarly, impersonal, and precisely the opposite of what I was then prepared to do. I rejected the offer." That it's easier to get a grandiosely large grant from a foundation than a sensibly small one is hardly news (see my series in this magazine on, actually, the Ford Foundation), but it is news when an applicant turns down a grant because he is unwilling to inflate his project into an academically respectable BOONDOGGLE and also makes the four-hundred-thousand-dollar misunderstanding public—not polemically but as an amusing contretemps between friends. I never came across anything like it in the rather dreary year I spent researching the foundation scene.

The other decision appears in the most personal section of his will. He directed that his body be cremated because, he explained—he always explained—he thought cemeteries a wasteful use of real estate our society could no longer afford. So he refused to add his own square feet, however few, to the ever-increasing encroachment of the dead on the LEBENSRAUM (q.v.) of the living.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

END ZONE, by Don DeLillo (Houghton Mifflin). A humorous pastiche of jargon, clichés, slang, wisecracks, and strange flights of lyricism, all having to do with several months spent by a football player named Gary Harkness at an obscure college in west Texas. The book gives us football in its raw form, without a sportswriter's gloss. "Footbawl," shouts a coach. "This is footbawl. You thow it, you ketch it, you kick it. Footbawl. Footbawl. Footbawl." Much of the book is parody ("What we want to do is establish a planning procedures approach whereby we neutralize the defense," says a coach. "We'll be employing a lot of play-

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action and some pass-run options off the sweep. We'll be using a minimum number of sprint-outs because the passing philosophy here is based on the pocket concept and we don't want to inflate the injury potential which is what you do if your quarterback strays from the pocket and if he can't run real well, which most don't"), but other parts seem to find poetry in jargon ("And of course it remains the author's permanent duty to unbox the lexicon for all eyes to see—a cryptic ticking mechanism in search of a revolution"). The book is an attempt to get *into* football, sometimes critically and sometimes with pleasure. It also explores the similarities between football and warfare, and Gary's dialogues with his Air Force R.O.T.C. instructor are just as jargon-filled as, though somewhat more sober than, his practice sessions with his coaches. Mr. DeLillo is fascinated by the violence in both football and warfare, but he seems undecided what to do about it. Parts of this book, greatly rearranged, appeared as a short story in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE FIRST DECADE: A REPORT ON INDEPENDENT BLACK AFRICA, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Norton). Following a not very heartfelt apology for writing a survey of an entire continent after a visit of just over two months, the author plunges into his report. He travelled through some fourteen African countries, from Senegal, in the west, to Ethiopia; he talked to everybody in sight; and he kept his eyes open. What interested him primarily, aside from the big question of whether these numerous proud and poor countries will be able to make a go of it in the long run, was what black Africans said about themselves and their problems—how they viewed the conflict of nationalisms and the future of Pan-Africanism, what they felt about their former colonial masters and about foreigners in general, how they proposed to compete with countries that have the edge on them economically and technologically. Mr. Kahn does not go in for any long-view predictions, but the general feeling one gets from this book is of optimism.

TOLSTOY, MY FATHER, by Ilya Tolstoy, translated from the Russian by Ann Dunnigan (Cowles). Growing up at Yasnaya Polyana, as this excellent memoir makes clear, was a tragic novel—the first section all sun

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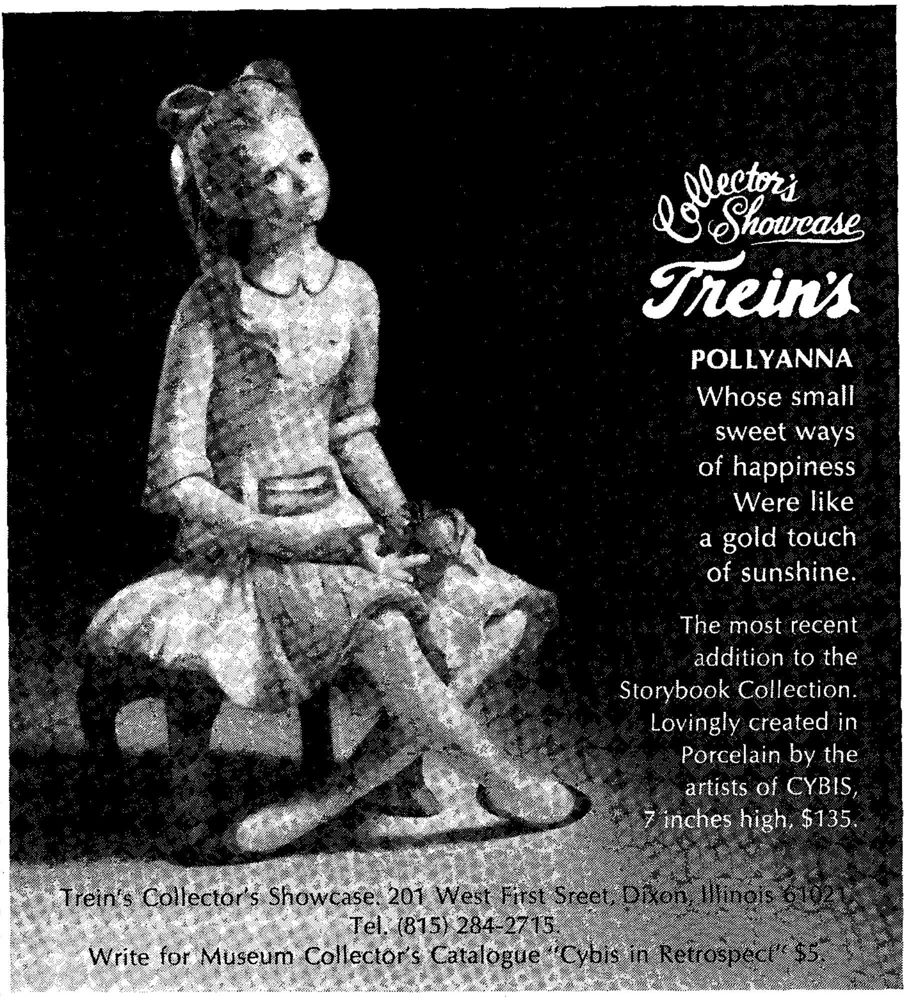
and fun, and the last (inexplicably to the characters) a variegated torment. The author, the famous novelist's third child, recalls the happiness of an establishment that was generous rather than grand, squirearchical rather than noble, in the years when his father was content to be Count Leo Tolstoy, who wrote fiction and took the rest of his upper-class life as it came—hunting, supervising his estates, romping with his children, entertaining family and friends. Tolstoy *père* was a man of exceptional vitality, whose power exerted an extraordinary influence on his children. His conversion to his own brand of Christianity, and his rejection of everything that had formerly rejoiced him, was distressing and incomprehensible to the children, while the rift that his Tolstoyism caused between him and his wife was simply heartbreaking. This work was completed in 1933, long after the deaths of both parents, but in it the feelings that their quarrel created are still very much alive. Perhaps it is to be expected that children of great men have rough times; Ilya, who inherited some of his father's literary gifts, succeeds in explaining exactly his kind of rough time and showing the reader what it was like to live under the spell of a genius who was sympathetic, infuriating, lovable, and awe-inspiring.

THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP, by Stanley Loomis (Doubleday). The friendship Mr. Loomis celebrates is that of Count Hans-Axel von Fersen, the Swedish diplomatic loiterer in Paris, and Marie Antoinette, the Austrian Queen of France, and it was indeed a fatal one. It was Fersen, an intimate of Versailles and probable lover of the Queen, who arranged the almost unbelievably mismanaged flight of the Royal Family in the second year of the Revolution. Secrecy was imperative (but the flight was postponed from week to week, and the plan became known to most of Paris), it was to be made after dark (and the final choice was June 20th, the shortest night of the year), the flight was to be inconspicuous (but the party travelled in a mammoth coach drawn by six horses, with a staff of two maids, three equerries, a governess, and a hairdresser), and at every halt for fresh horses the King, who had hardly ever been away from home before, stuck his inquisitive head out the window. Mr. Loomis sees this flight as comedy, even low comedy, but he also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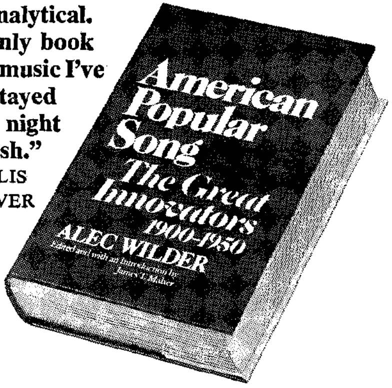
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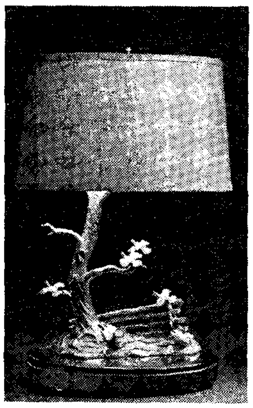
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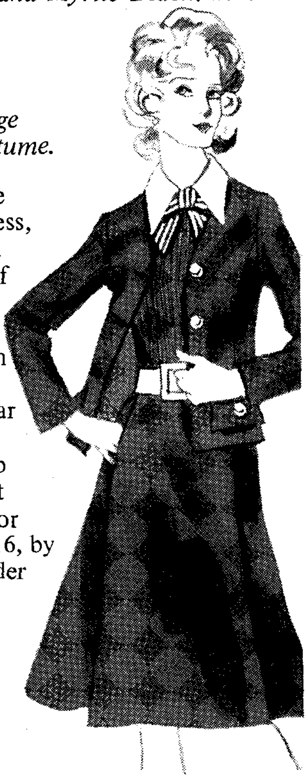

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recognizes it as blind, exasperating, pathetic; he is kind to the amiably bumbling Louis XVI and his foolish, charming consort. And he follows the remote and often enigmatic Fersen through the ensuing years to his horrible end—kicked to death by a political mob in Stockholm—on June 20, 1810, the nineteenth anniversary of the flight. This is clear-eyed history and honest biography.

Music and Musical Life in Soviet Russia 1917-70, by Boris Schwarz (Norton). An exhaustive study of the twists and turns of Soviet musical policy since the Revolution. As a frequent visitor to Russia, Dr. Schwarz, a concert violinist and conductor as well as a professor of music at Queens College, is an eminently qualified observer. Not surprisingly, his book is a record of incredible bungling and vacillation on the part of Soviet bureaucrats, many of them composers. The Party line has swung from "Soviet realism" to relaxation of official supervision and back again. Composers of great talent, like Shostakovich and Prokofieff, have flourished in spite of it, and so have some lesser ones, like Khrennikov, Miaskovsky, and Kabalevsky. The post-Stalin liberalization has not really resulted in any wholesale experimentation by composers. Only since 1965 have younger Russian composers been able to imitate Webern and John Cage, and their music is not often performed or listened to (a situation that is not so different from that in the West). There is a certain method in the madness of bureaucratic control—the idea that music should be accessible to the masses. But the spectacle that Dr. Schwarz presents is not an elevating one to Western eyes. Thirteen dollars and fifty cents.

Note: "Hawaii: The Sugar-Coated Fortress," by Francine du Plessix Gray, has been published by Random House. The contents of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Horizon Press has published "The De-definition of Art: Action Art to Pop to Earthworks," a collection of articles written for this magazine by Harold Rosenberg.

•

One half of an abandoned apartment building at the Pruitt-Igoe public housing project in St. Louis was destroyed by explosives yesterday in an experimental program by the federal government to see if the buildings can be made more livable for tenants.—*Kansas City* (*Mo.*) *Times.*

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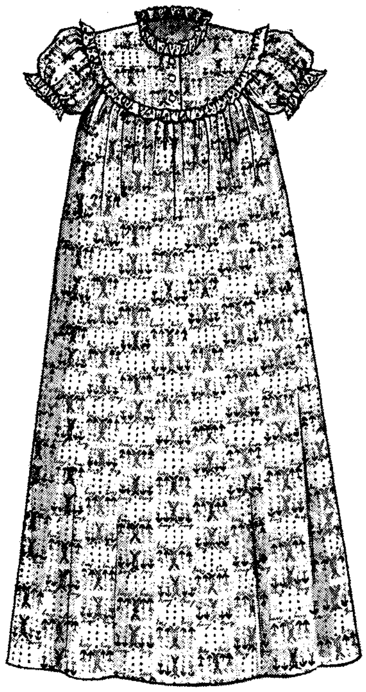

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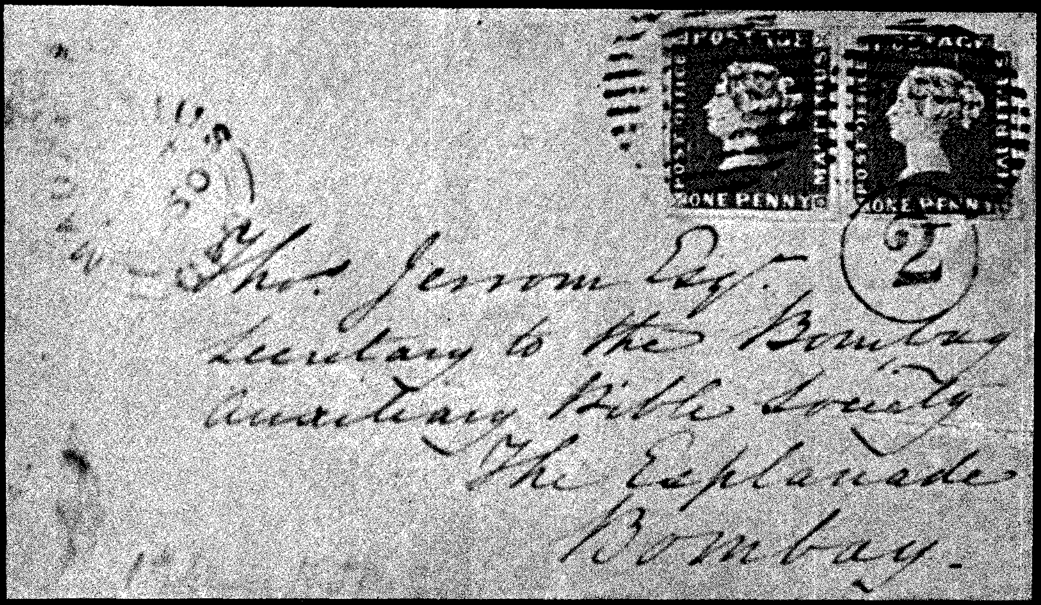
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